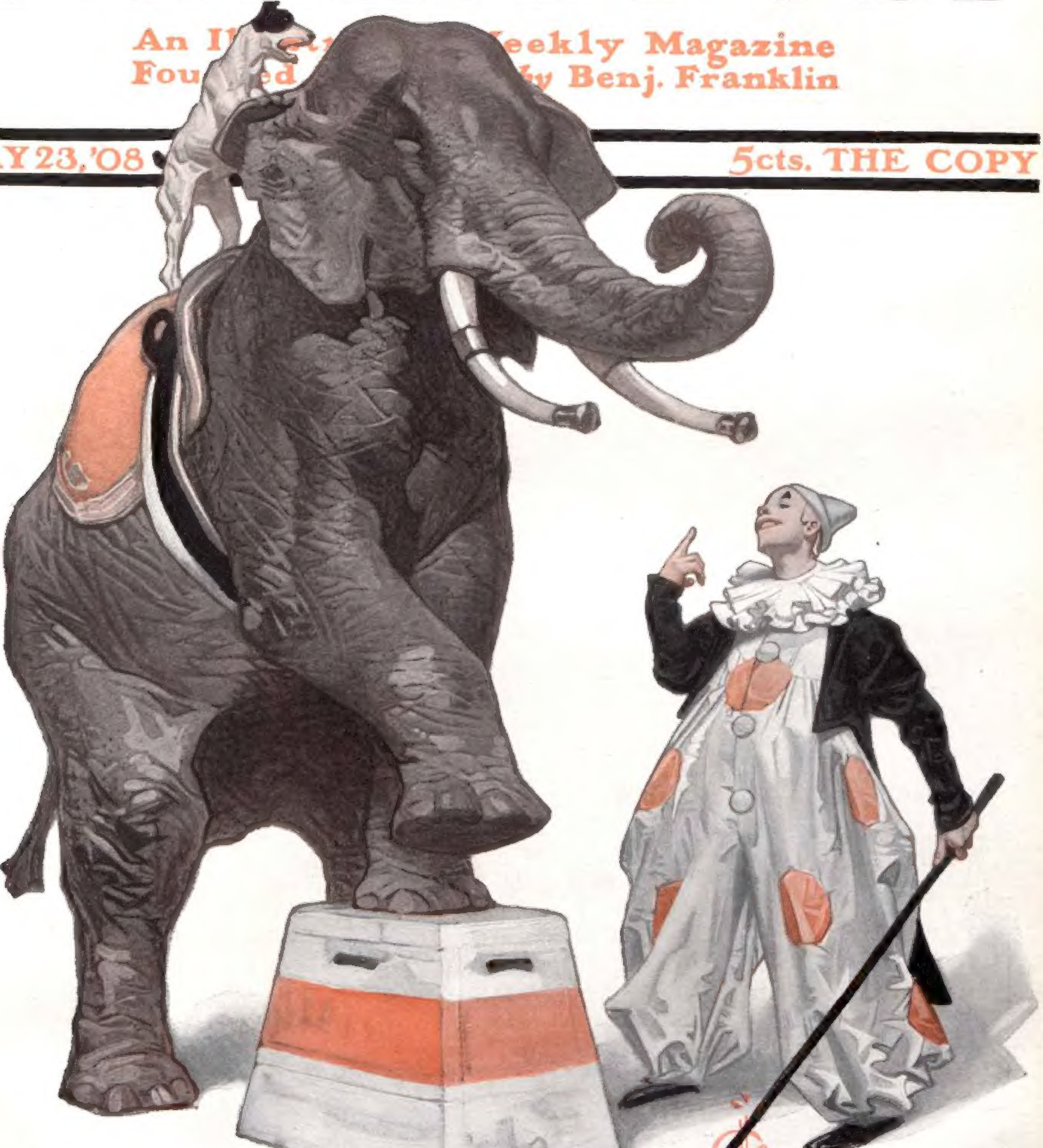
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Il eekly Magazine
Fou ed y Benj. Franklin

MAY 23,'08 5cts. THE COPY



DRAWN BY
J. C. LEYENDECKER

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Complaints About Poor Paint

The time to complain to your painter about the paint he uses is *before he puts it on the house.*

The man who pays the bill should not shirk the responsibility of choosing the paint. True, the painter ought to know paint better than the banker, the professional man or the merchant, and if he is a genuine, trained painter, he does know. The trouble is, the houseowner often deliberately bars the competent, honest painter from the job by accepting a bid which he ought to know would make an honest job impossible.

Inform yourself on paint, secure your bids on the basis of Pure White Lead and Pure Linseed Oil, and then (quite important) *see that you get them.*

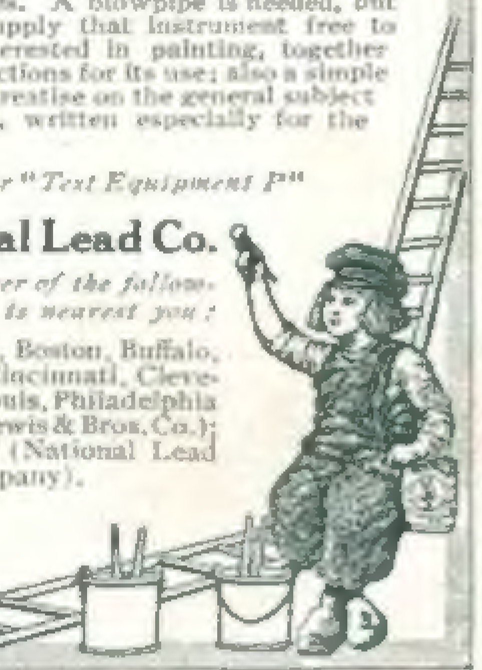
The purity of White Lead can be definitely determined even by the novice, in two minutes. A blowpipe is needed, but we will supply that instrument free to anyone interested in painting, together with instructions for its use; also a simple and direct treatise on the general subject of painting, written especially for the laymen.

Ask for "Test Equipment P"

National Lead Co.

in whichever of the following cities is nearest you:

New York, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, St. Louis, Philadelphia (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.); Pittsburgh (National Lead & Oil Company).



VIOLIN of Smooth, Fine Tone

The purchase of a violin is an important thing. Why not get the best musical value to be had? The Lyon & Healy Cremonatone Violin is world-famous, and if you will read its history you will understand why it excels all imitations and why soloists everywhere gladly pay its price, which is $100.

FROM

The Student Violin is also the leader in its class—price $15. Let us send you our Musical Handbook, which tells all about violins and all other musical instruments. 312 pages, 1100 illustrations.

LYON & HEALY
95 Adams Street, CHICAGO

Apollo Lawn Sweeper

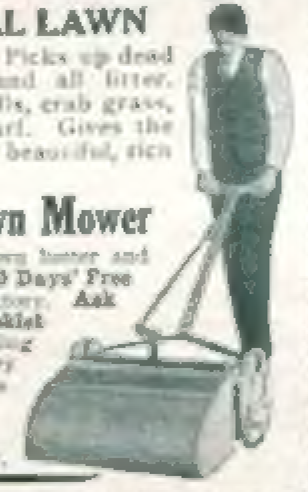
MAKES THE IDEAL LAWN

Sweeps like a carpet-sweeper. Picks up dead grass, leaves, sticks, stones and all litter. Takes out worm casts, ant hills, crab grass, etc. Actually improves the turf. Gives the lawn a chance to take on that beautiful, rich green, velvety appearance.

Runs Easier than a Lawn Mower

A boy can run it, cleaning the lawn better and faster than three men with rakes. **30 Days' Free Trial.** Money back if not satisfactory. **Ask Your Dealer, or Write Us for Booklet** showing the Apollo at work and telling all about it. Agents wanted in every state—exclusive territory—profits large. Write today to

THE GREENE MFG. CO.,
405 Sycamore St. Springfield, O.



DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

That's all we want to know

Now, **we will not** give you any **grand prize**—or a lot of **free stuff** if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you **rich in a week.** But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can **make money**, send a copy of this picture, with 10c. in stamps for **portfolio** of **cartoons** and **sample lesson plate**, and let us explain.

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning,
313 Kingmoore Bldg., Cleveland, O.

YOU can secure absolute and lasting cleanliness of the teeth and mouth by using the Sanitol Tooth Preparations.

YOU can add to the comfort and beauty of the body through the services of the elegant Sanitol Toilet Preparations.

SANITOL TOOTH & TOILET PREPARATIONS

fifteen in the family, all good

Select them today at your druggist or at any toilet counter.

SANITOL HYGIENIC SOAP
SANITOL SHAVING CREME
SANITOL SHAVING FOAM
SANITOL
SANITOL ANTISEPTIC SHAVING STICK
SANITOL BATH POWDER
Sanitol Toilet Powder
SANITOL TOOTH POWDER
Sanitol
SANITOL FACE POWDER

Easy Money

This machine makes it for you while you eat, sleep or attend to other business.

The Only Practical Cigar Seller

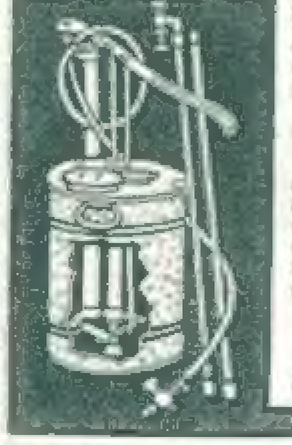
yet devised. Delivers cigars in perfect condition. Arranged for any size of coin, according to order. Compact and beautiful. Made of nickel or copper as you wish. Costs $10—Lasts always. It rejects "slugs" and "bad money."

Some owners make $50 per week

Get in quick and secure good territory. Going fast. Write today.

Automatic Vending Machine Company
2-12 Industrial Bldg., Indianapolis

AUTO-SPRAY



Paint or White-Wash YOUR BUILDINGS

Save two-thirds the labor cost. This Auto-Spray will do it better and quicker than 5 men with brushes. Capacity 8 gals. Easily carried from place to place. Spray reaches all crevices—brushes do not. The

AUTO-SPRAY MACHINE

Sprays Trees, Vegetables, etc.

as well as it handles white-wash and cold-water paint. Pressure enough for tallest trees, suitable for all purposes. Low in price, satisfaction guaranteed. We make all styles and sizes of sprayers.

Write today for particulars.

THE E. C. BROWN CO.
22 Jay St., Rochester, N.Y.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address **Chicago Correspondence Schools, 721 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.**

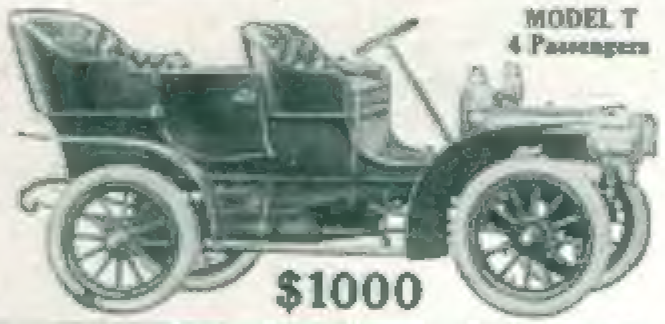
Chicago Beach Hotel

American or European Plan

Finest Hotel on the Great Lakes An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—ten minutes' ride from city, close to great South Park System. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gayety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing, music and other amusements. Table always the best. Nearly 1000 feet of veranda overlooking Lake Michigan beach. For handsomely illustrated booklet address the Manager,

51st Blvd. and Lake Shore, Chicago

For Real Economy Get a CADILLAC



MODEL T
4 Passengers

$1000

Repair Cost, 50 Cents a Week—Over 18 Miles per Gallon of Gasoline

Actual figures are the strongest argument for economy. Here they are—averages obtained from the *sworn* reports of a large number of single-cylinder Cadillac owners, taken at random from all over the United States, covering all imaginable road conditions—mountains, hills, sand, snow, mud. The story they tell is of vital interest to every prospective purchaser. Read it in

"The Truth About the Automobile and What it Costs to Maintain One"

sent free on request for Booklet No. 26.

These figures—by disinterested people—conclusively *prove* Cadillac economy. The cars themselves prove their service and durability. You see these sturdy, rugged little machines everywhere—always thoroughly alive to any test or requirement—*always going.* There are 16,000 in daily use; many of them in their sixth season, yet they are just as smooth, powerful and reliable as ever, with never even a suggestion of failing.

Capable of thirty miles an hour; offers the fullest complement of that pleasure, convenience and recreation which only a car like the Cadillac can afford. Described in catalog T 26.

Prices include pair dash oil lamps, tail lamp and horn.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.
Member A. L. A. M.

MODEL S
Runabout

$850

What difference does it make—isn't a business letter just the same on foolscap? The wording is the same, but the effect may be different; and the vital thing in a business letter is its effect. The scale is often turned by a momentary pleasure.

The standard paper for business stationery

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

"Look for this water-mark"

brings your proposition to a busy man's desk as the fine illustrations of a magazine carry its articles. "Win the eye," said a master in diplomacy, "and the eye will plead with the ear."

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND is an inexpensive advocate; it wins a great many cases.

That it pays always to use OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND for commercial stationery is the testimony of prudent business men.

Prove this for yourself—have your printer show you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens, or better still, write us for a copy. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. Please write on your present letterhead.

Hampshire
Paper Company

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively.

South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

STALL'S BOOKS

SELF AND SEX SERIES

Subjects that should be understood by every person and information properly given which should not be hidden by false or foolish modesty. Commended by highest medical authorities.

4 BOOKS TO MEN
By Sylvanus Stall, D.D.

- What a Young Boy Ought to Know.
- What a Young Man Ought to Know.
- What a Young Husband Ought to Know.
- What a Man of 45 Ought to Know.

4 BOOKS TO WOMEN
By Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M.D., and Mrs. Emma F. A. Drake, M.D.

- What a Young Girl Ought to Know.
- What a Young Woman Ought to Know.
- What a Young Wife Ought to Know.
- What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know.

$1 per copy, post free. Table of contents free.
In Other Languages. These books are being translated into seven languages in Asia and several in Europe. *Now ready:* In **Swedish**, Young Boy, Young Husband, Young Girl, Young Wife; price $1.25 each, post free. In **Dutch**, Young Man, Young Husband, Man of 45, Woman of 45; price $1 each, post free. In preparation, German, French, Spanish, Italian.

Vir Publishing Co., 1144 Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

Allen's Kushion Komfort Shoe

For Men and Women

Its Style, Shape; Resilient Cork Inner Sole; Felt Cushion Center Sole; Damp-proof Outer Sole; Cushion Rubber Heel, make it the most attractive and comfortable shoe ever offered to the public. If you are not wearing this shoe **Try a Pair.** Write us for catalogue.

Agents Wanted An exceptional opportunity for active agents, either men or women, to handle this **Quick Seller.** Write at once for terms to

Kushion Komfort Shoe Co., 11 R South St., Boston, Mass.

PATENTS that PROTECT

Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6cts. stamps

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

Cooks All Meats Most Tenderly

For Puddings

Drop Dumplings
Cottage Puddings
Fruit Dumplings
Suet, Etc., Etc.

Steams the Finest Puddings You Ever Ate

Cooks Every Kind of Fowl and Vegetable Most Deliciously

Cook Without Fire
With A Demonstrated Successful
Chatham Fireless Cooker

Following are a Few of the Foods which can be Cooked Most Deliciously and Easily in a Fireless Cooker

As shown in our free book of recipes.

Beans Tomatoes Cabbage
Potatoes Corn String-Beans
Peas Onions Turnips
Beets, etc.

Oat Meal Sago
Tapioca Rice, etc.

All Fowl Fish Pork
Veal Beef Ham
Corn Beef, etc.

In fact, every food or combination of foods that you ever wish to steam, boil or stew, can be most economically and satisfactorily cooked in a "Chatham"

Over two years' experience of housewives all over the United States has demonstrated that the **Chatham Fireless Cooker** will most satisfactorily

Cook 75% of the Family Food—Save 75% on Fuel Bills—Save 75% Time and Trouble—Food 75% Better Cooked

YOU can do all this—and more—and keep COOL while doing it—with the **Chatham Fireless Cooker**—the ideal adjunct to the regular kitchen stove or range. Every kitchen should contain a **Chatham Fireless Cooker**—the greatest labor-saving—fuel-saving—and trouble-saving device known in the preparation of the daily meals.

Take any one of a hundred different foods that are boiled—steamed or stewed. Heat them thoroughly on the regular range for a few minutes—then put them into an air-tight metal compartment of the **Chatham Fireless Cooker**—and they will continue to cook until thoroughly done, without any further time—trouble—or fuel. No danger of burning or boiling dry—no waste of the natural flavor of the food in the steam. All of the nutriment is retained in the food, which is cooked to a tenderness unattainable by any other method of cooking.

Best Way for Cooking Beans

For Example—Beans can be cooked in a **Chatham Fireless Cooker** better than in any other way. Instead of burning fuel all day to cook beans the ordinary way until they are thoroughly done, all you've got to do is to put your pork and beans in a pot and heat them through on an ordinary fire for five or ten minutes. Then place in the **"Chatham"** and leave them for a few hours. Take them out and **brown them on top** in the oven for a few minutes and serve. You'll find them cooked thoroughly—all their natural flavor retained and they will be **more palatable and digestible** than if cooked in **any other way.**

Best for Cooking Cereals

There is nothing like a **Chatham Fireless Cooker** for cooking any kind of Cereal. Just heat the cereal through on your stove or range at night and set the vessel in your **Chatham Fireless Cooker.** In the morning you take it out steaming hot for breakfast and you'll find that it has been more deliciously and thoroughly cooked than you have ever had it before. This is true not only of **Cereals** but also of many kinds of Breads—Puddings—Soups—Meats—Poultry—Fish and Vegetables of all kinds.

No experience is necessary to use a **Chatham Fireless Cooker.** And a **Chatham Fireless Cooker** makes possible on your table many of the foods containing the highest percentage of nutrition, but often ruled out by housewives because they take such a large amount of fuel and so many hours of cooking by ordinary methods.

Book of Recipes with Each Chatham

A Book of over 100 Tried and Proved Recipes for the **Chatham Fireless Cooker** by a Celebrated Expert in Domestic Science **comes with each cooker,** which is guaranteed to give many years of permanent satisfaction.

For Sale by Best Dealers Everywhere

The **Chatham Fireless Cooker** may be seen almost everywhere at leading dealers—department stores—stove dealers—hardware dealers—furniture dealers and general stores.

But if you find it impossible to secure one from your dealer, write at once to us and **we will see that you are promptly supplied—freight prepaid** from the factory or one of our many large warehouses in leading cities.

We shall be glad to send you a copy of our **Chatham Fireless Cooker** Book and full information, price, etc. If you do not find **Chatham Fireless Cookers** at your dealers be sure to **write us at once.** Address the nearest office.

The Manson Campbell Company

Manufacturers

Main Offices and Factories — Detroit, Michigan, and Chatham, Ontario

Branch Offices and Warehouses:—
82 East Third St., St. Paul, Minn.
1308 West Eleventh St., Kansas City, Mo.
405 Pioneer Building, Seattle, Wash. (For Washington Only)
Geo. W. Fooht Machinery Co., Portland, Ore. (For Oregon Only)

You Will Find the Greatest Interest in this FREE BOOK

Manson Campbell Co.

Mail to Nearest Office Shown Here at Your Right

You may send me, postpaid, without cost or obligation, your **FREE BOOK** about **Chatham Fireless Cookers** as announced in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

My Dealer's Name is ....

His Address is ....

My Name is ....

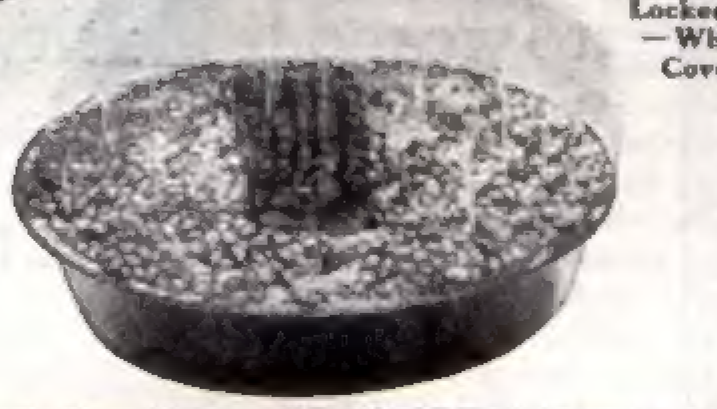
Address ....

City .... State ....

Cut or Tear Out This Free Coupon and Mail Today for Our Big FREE BOOK

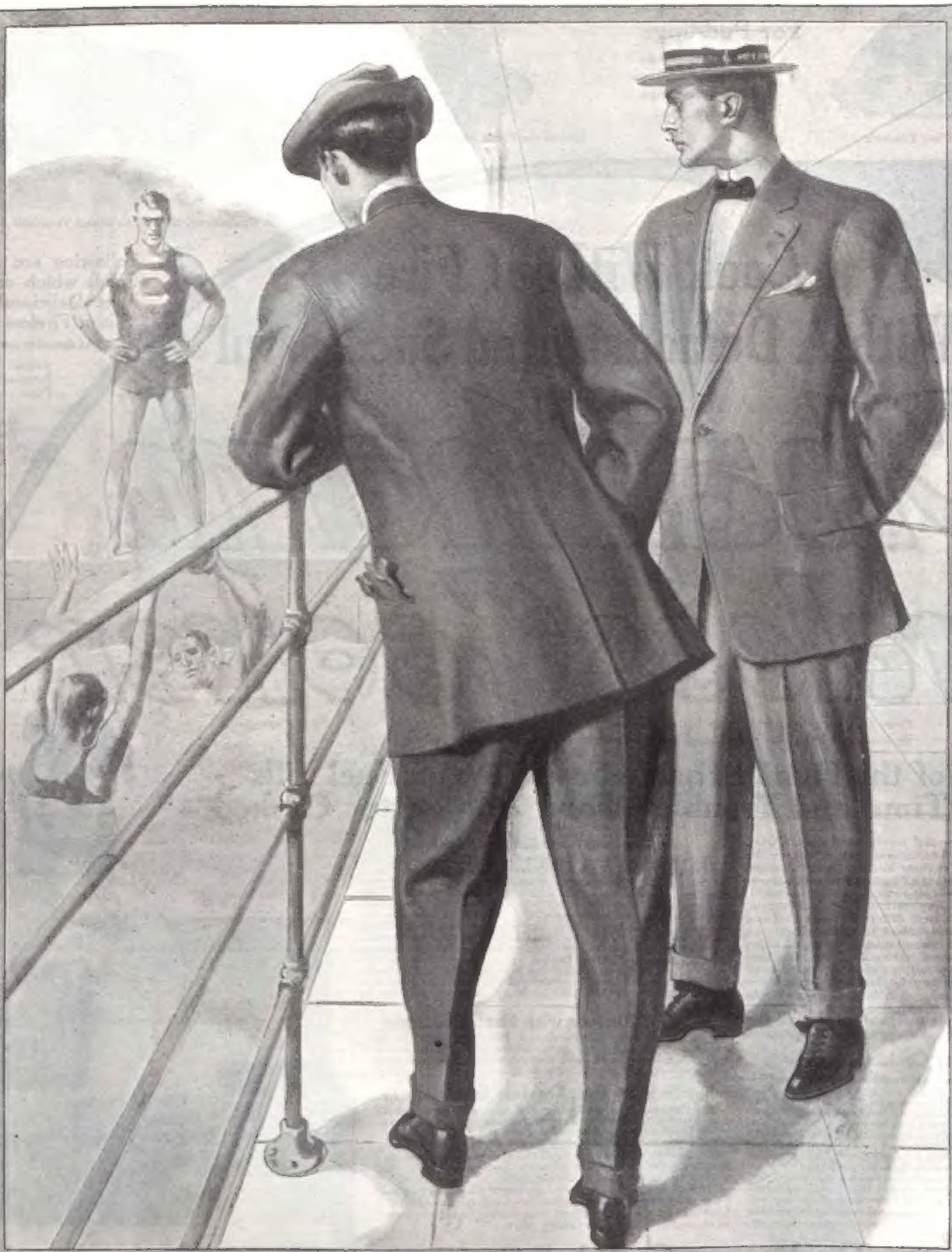
Complete Chatham Fireless Cooker Outfit

Three Splendid Graniteware Cooking Vessels With Patent Locked Aluminum Tops—Whole Inside Cooker Covered and Can't Rust



Positively the Finest Way in the World to Cook Beans and Breakfast Foods

Beans Cooked in a "Chatham" Retain All Their Natural Delicious Flavor. This is the Only Way to Make Beans Most Digestible



Copyright 1908 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

CLUB-MEN, college men, business men—any who care what their clothes are, as well as how they look—ought to wear our Varsity; not only smart style, but all-wool quality.

Our Style Book shows several good models; send six cents for a copy.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D' 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

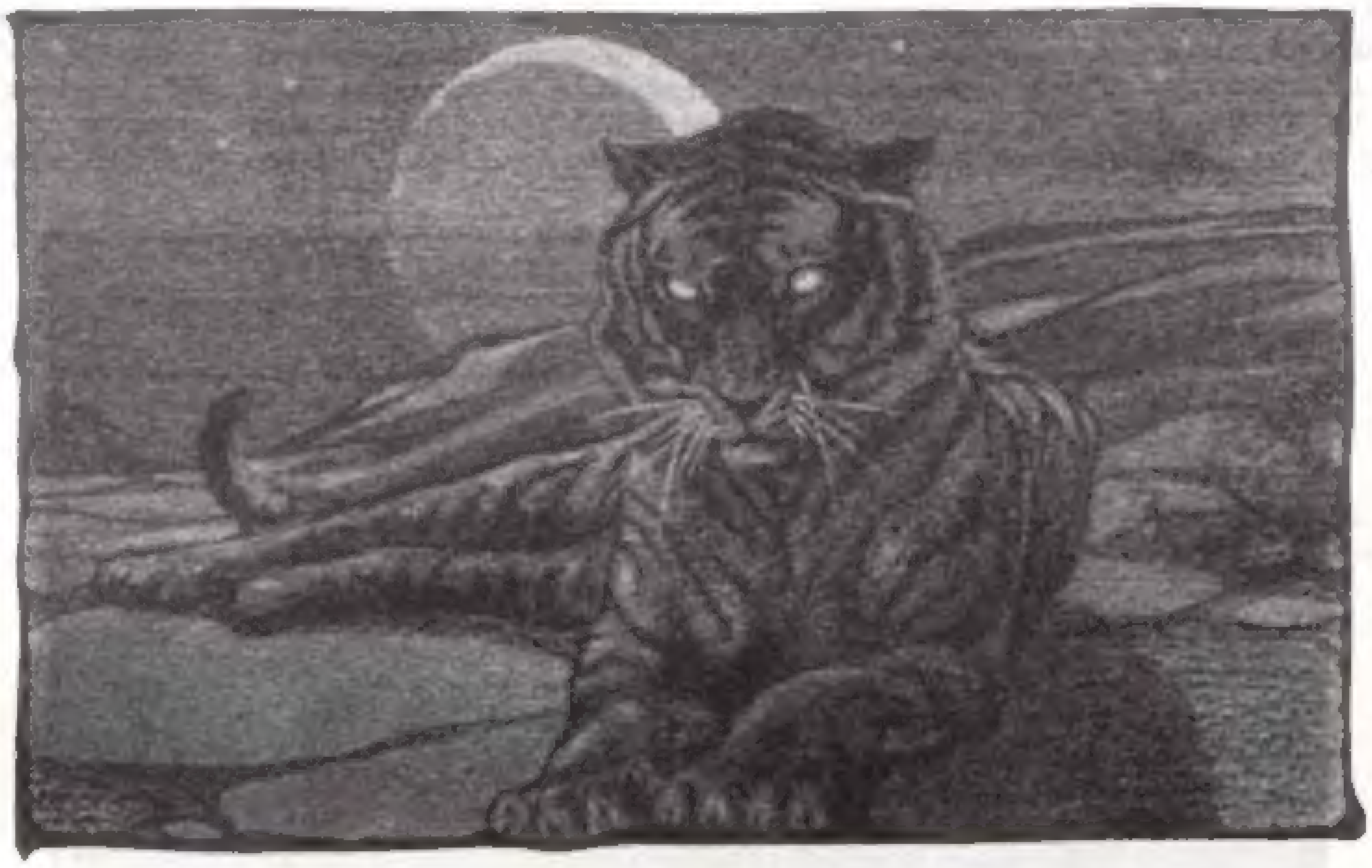
Volume 180 PHILADELPHIA, MAY 23, 1908 Number 47

Copyright, 1908, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY in the United States and Great Britain.

THE TIGER GOD

By W. A. Fraser

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BRANSOM



NAMELESS dread hung over the five villages of Gopal, and its roads gathered the smooth dust that settles in silent places. The sacred waters of the "River of Joy," the Mahanadi, flowed through the land red in sullen anger. When night came the villagers huddled close to the smouldering fires of cow-dung chips, and, breathing the acrid smoke, whispered that Bhairava rode in evil on his black steed with the black hound at his heels. Gopal's ruler, the Thakore, now poured brandy into his champagne to forget; but wine is transient in its relief, and the anger of the gods, once roused, is persistent. And the Brahmans had said that the gods were offended: the River Mother, and Ganesha, the village deity, even Siva, the god of gods when it came to a matter of wrath.

It was the Dweller at the Gate that put this hush of whispering fear over all Gopal—a tiger; a man-eater, who nightly made his rounds of the five villages, taking his toll of a human life—as a cobra strikes, without warning. Even in the broad light of day he killed with appalling ferocity. From a bullock-cart, or the back of a buffalo, or from a grain-field, a man would be swept and swallowed up forever in the gloom of the jungle. The man-eater had come into a terrible knowledge of how easy it was to slay the lord of creation and how sweet his flesh.

It was surely a sudden frown of the gods, for he that was now the Dweller at the Gate for years had been called the Protector, living at peace with the men of the five villages, only taking toll of their cattle when the hot months shriveled the jungle so that the sambur and the antelope and the barking deer passed to the hills. In those days, when his deep, sonorous "A-e-ough, a-e-ough!" was heard nightly in the jungle, the villagers would nod in content and say, "Khudawand (my lord), the watchman, is going his rounds, and no evil eater of men or killer of cattle will afflict us."

And when a wood-chopper met the Protector on a jungle path he would say without fear: "My lord, pass in peace; spare not the bullocks if thou art hungry, for we give them in offering."

The tiger, corpulent epicure, at peace with his hunger, would blink his big, yellow eyes solemnly, and if he were in the mood give the right-of-way to the creature with a voice that somehow caused him dread.

To Indra, the Gond huntsman, whose people worship the tiger, the Protector was a veritable embodied deity. He built a little hut in the jungle, and placed within a vermilion-daubed stone image, and dedicated it by the sacrifice of a goat to the Protector as a habitation, that he might not enter the villages.

There was tribal enmity between Indra and Amar the *mahout*. His tribe, the Bhumias, held the elephant as a jungle deity; and all this homage to the tiger angered him. "Wait you, Bahadar," he said many times, to the big tusker he rode—"wait till something offends this goat-eater and eater of dogs, and then we shall see."

The elephant would wink at Amar as much as to say, "Yes, wait, little brother," and chew with gusto the two-pound wheat cakes that were his ration. Then, one day, happened the kill of Gobia, the herdsman. One who had been with him told the story for the hundredth time that night, as the villagers sat around the fire.

"We were coming up out of the rice-field," he said, "and a terrible creature without a tail plucked Gobia from the back of a buffalo."

"Since when does the Protector carry his tail between his legs?" Amar sneered.

Indra's round, negroid face wrinkled with ferocity at the aspersion on the tiger.

"A Bhumia, a low-caste picker of tigers' skulls!" he snarled, and spat in the fire.

"Even so, Indra, not a worshiper of an eater of our brothers," Amar answered quietly.

Indra leaned forward, drew a round, potlike circle to represent an elephant's footprint on the ground, touched it with his palm, and then placed the hand ironically to his forehead. The others laughed at this mockery of Amar's obeisance to the elephant god.

"True, Indra," he retorted, "but it is a tribute to one of peace, not an eater of men. The clean wheat cakes and the leaves from the pipal tree does Bahadar eat."

"And nothing else?" queried Indra, his animal eyes snapping with vicious cunning.

"And of the young bamboo—that is all."

"Only that this lie is like the one of the Protector, Amar. What of the black ball of opium that daily Bahadar must have to keep sweet his temper? How came it that the Thakore *sahib* bought him at the Sonpore fair? Oh, Amar, I recognize an old acquaintance. When I was *shikari* to the officers at Jubbulpore, this same beast was a man-killer, and chained to a post."

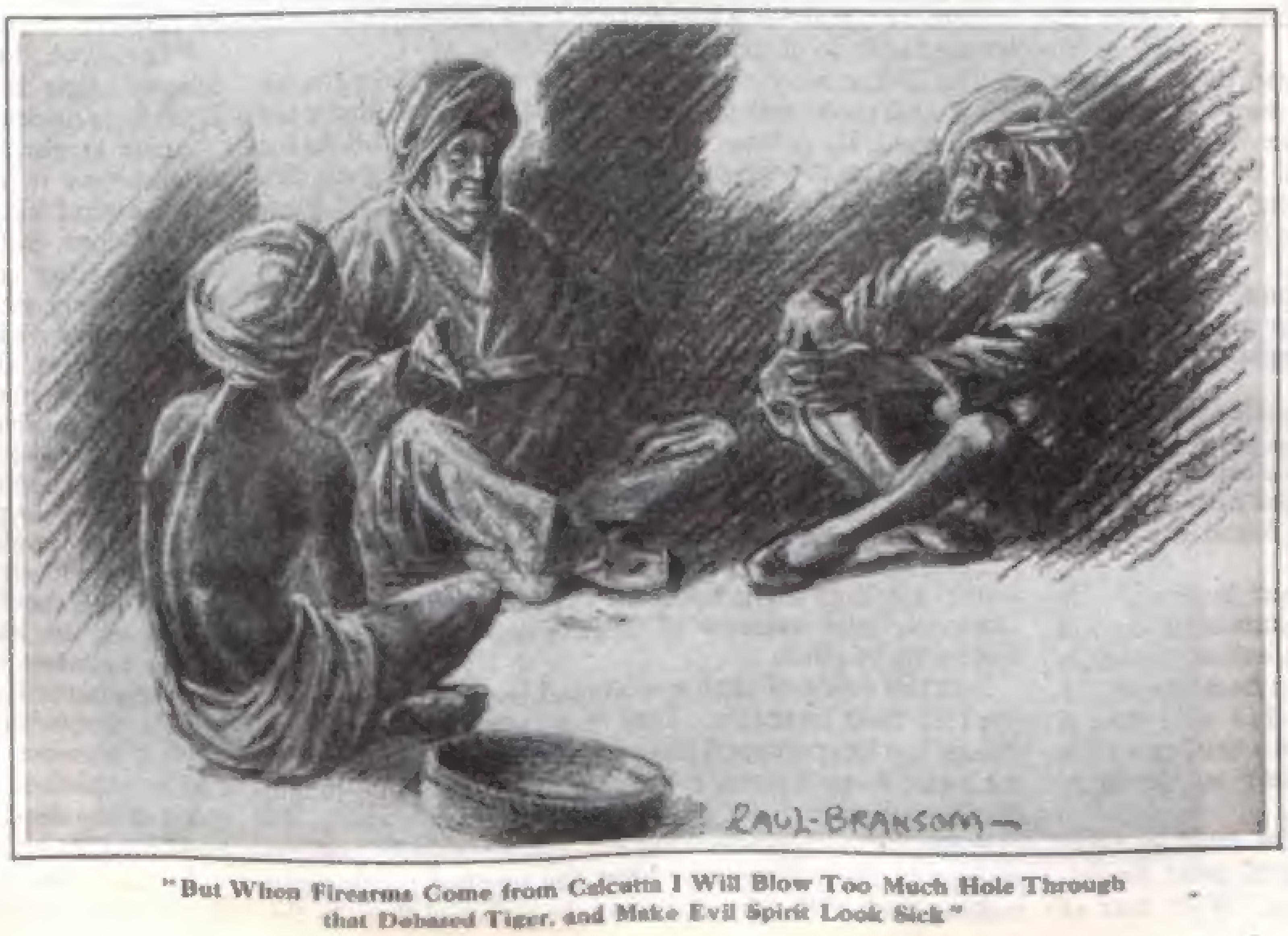
As Amar opened his lips in anger, a smothered cry cut the night air from the far side of the village. The men gazed into each other's faces with an inquiring look of fright. It was not repeated; the solemn night held only the tonk of cowbells, as the herded cattle moved restlessly.

"It was a jackal," Indra said presently.

"Or a child that cried out in sleep," another added.

But a sense of evil that floated in the air like the acrid smoke stilled their tongues, and they left the fire to seek their homes.

As they had talked, on the far side of the village a girl sitting on the threshold of a mud hut saw a huge form creeping with a catlike movement toward her through the gloom. She was paralyzed with fear; her legs were leaden things that clung to the rude sal plank on which she sat. She tried to cry out, but terror paralyzed her tongue.



"But When Firearms Come from Calcutta I Will Blow Too Much Hole Through that Debased Tiger, and Make Evil Spirit Look Sick"

Like a bird fascinated by a snake, she could just sit and stare, wide-eyed, at the horrible monster, that surely, foot by foot, was wriggling, belly to earth, toward her. Suddenly there was a hurtling rush; a huge form shot through the black night; just a faint, gasping cry from the girl, and then the stillness in which the men had risen from the fire.

It was an hour before the mother, returning from gossip, missed the child.

In the morning the trail of the slayer, insolently laid in the dust of the street, led to a little ravine in the jungle, that held in its hollow a string of cowry beads, a strand of blood-matted hair, and two little yellow palms stretched out as if in pleading.

"Look you," Indra said, "this is the work of a panther. Big and square are the footprints of the Protector, while these are the shape of an egg. Indeed, it is a female panther or a tigress."

"Or the young of an elephant, Indra," Amar sneered from his perch on Bahadar's neck. "Never mind, my Pearl in the Lotus," he added, patting the massive forehead; "when the king gives the order we will find this slayer and string him on thy tusks of ivory."

A fierce conflict of words followed, the villagers taking sides; some believing with Indra that it was a new enemy, whilst others listened to Amar that it was the Protector turned man-eater. There was but one way to deal with the terrible condition—appeal to the village priest, Yogi Byro. Whether it were a tiger or a panther, the gods must have a hand in it, else it would not be. Byro was a Yogi of the most finished manufacture—he looked the part from the long talons on his fingers to the matted locks which hung in unclean neglect about his scrawny shoulders, almost hiding the sacred thread that looped thrice from his left shoulder to his right loin. It was not the cotton thread of the Brahmans; just the woolen cord of the Vaisaya caste. Byro would have put his soul in pawn for the holy cotton symbol of the elect, but in all but this little accident of birth he was one likely to stand well in the favor of the gods. Across his forehead ran the red-and-white lines of the Siva sect; a girdle of the sacred durba grass encircled his waist; a pair of tongs, with jangling iron rings, was always in his hand as a wand. He had taken the thirty-third degree in the Ganges worship—he was a son of Mother Gunja, having made a pilgrimage the full length of the river's sacred banks. From Gangootri, its birthplace, he had followed the right bank to the mouth, and then back to Gangootri by the left. It was a devotional jaunt of six years.

Fifty years of asceticism—sitting at the feet of Gurus, acquiring the art of exorcising demons, periods of fasting, meditation at sacred shrines, participation in the mystic rites of the Linga worshipers—had ripened him into a Yogi that even the Brahmans of Gopal indorsed as the real thing.

Therefore in their tribulation the villagers sought the intercession of the priest.

"Tie to a sacred pipal tree in the edge of the jungle a young buffalo as a sacrifice to the tiger; not an old animal, lest you offend the gods," the Yogi advised. "And to-night I will make the appeal."

A buffalo calf was tied in the jungle, and that night the Yogi headed a procession of villagers carrying cymbals and tomtoms and conch shells, that marched by the light of bamboo torches three times around the village, the priest praising in a monotonous singsong the tiger and calling on him as a Protector to drive out this slayer of the people.

At noon the next day Indra said: "Come, brothers, the sun scorches the jungle, and the Protector will be asleep in some cool place. We will go forth on elephants to see if a kill was made."

So Kasim, another huntsman, Indra with his gun, and, bearing horns to frighten the Destroyer, a party went out.

The buffalo was gone, and following a broad trail left by the dragged carcass they came upon the head and forequarters in the ravine where they had found the cowry beads.

"The kitchen of the Protector!" Amar laughed. He slipped from the elephant's back, and examining the kill said: "This is the trick of a tiger. The bullock's neck is broken, and with one wrench of the jaws from above. A panther is but a throat-cutter. Indra has said that a panther killed her of the village, but does a thief carry his loot to the hiding-place of another thief; so the same made the kill of both."

"Stealer of an elephant's food!" Indra cried in rage; "the village should bury thee as a saint of great knowledge, and build a shrine above thy bones. Wait, man of the jungle; let the gods who have this matter in hand have their way for a little, please."

For a week there was no kill of a human being. Indra got very drunk on native spirits over this seeming vindication of his jungle gods. Then came word that a man had been struck down at his doorstep in the next village.

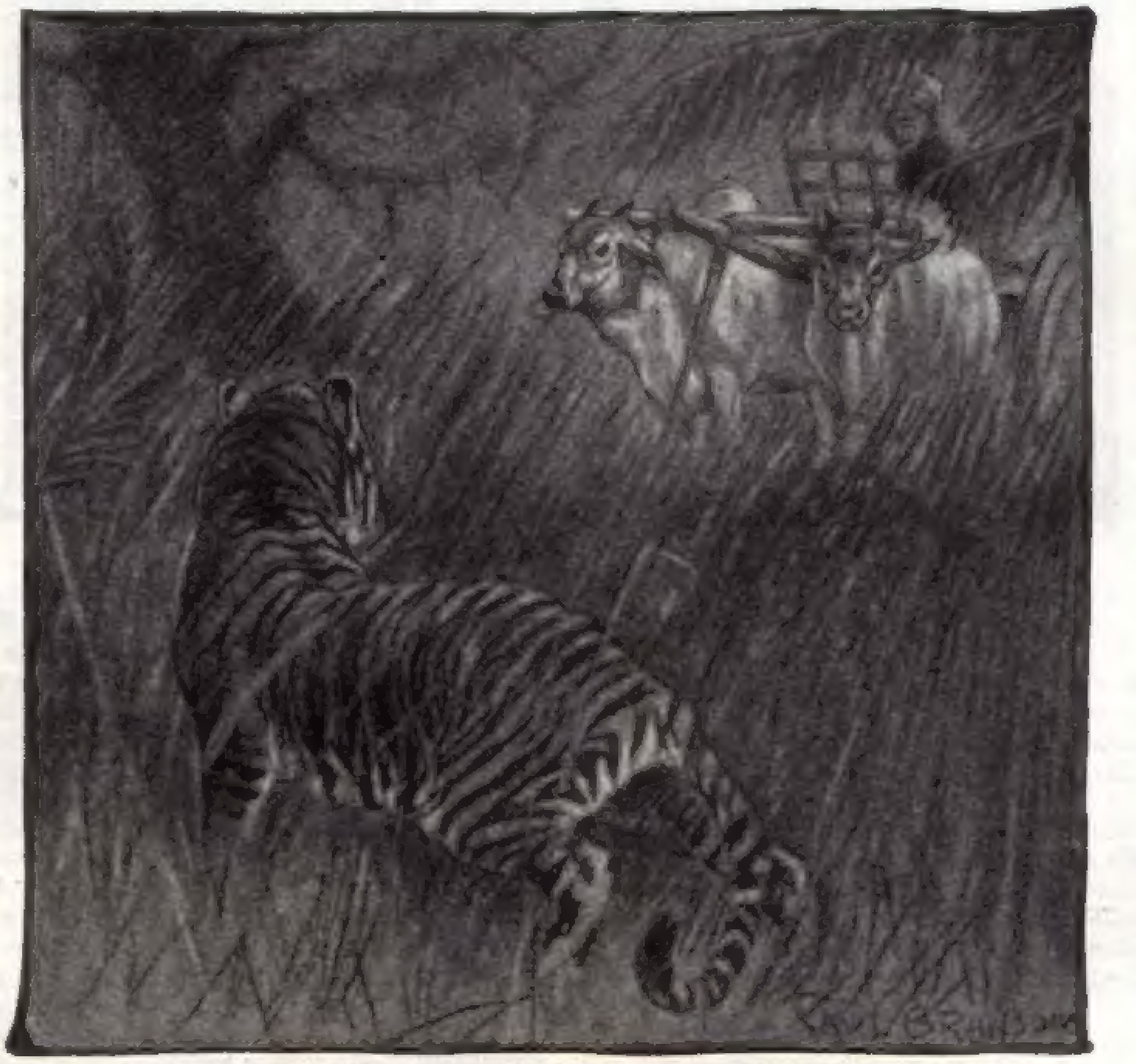
Indra maintained that it was the panther that had been driven from Gopal by the Protector; but Amar sneered: "Go forth into the jungle without fear, then, Indra, thou and the others. Why keep close within the stockade the buffalo and the cows? Art thou not one to kiss the tiger, having made sacrifice to him? I alone go into the jungle."

Then, of all the five villages, toll of human life was taken by this devil of the jungle. The roads were practically closed—no one dared travel by them; even on their own thresholds women and children sat in fear. Cattle were herded in the villages, and the fields of grain were left to the mercy of the wild pig and the deer.

As Amar the *mahout* had said, he alone went forth on Bahadar to gather boughs from the pipal and leaves of the young bamboos to feed the elephants.

The Thakore had a secretary, Baboo Ghose, and, while it was a question of angry gods to be propitiated by sacrifice, he had imbibed—like all of his class—advanced ideas.

"These jungle fellows, they think that depraved tiger receives instructions from supernatural god," Baboo Ghose said to the Thakore; "but that is all bunkalorum, your Highness. We must get firearms and one thousand bullets, and make big bag of that tiger; destroy him with strong fusillade of many guns."



The Man-Eater Had Come into a Terrible Knowledge of How Easy it was to Slay the Lord of Creation and How Sweet His Flesh

The Baboo received permission to send to Calcutta for rifles, and made out an indent culled from an illustrated catalogue. He ordered guns as he would have books for a library—a dozen, of assorted makes, saying to the Thakore: "When these munitions of war coming, your Highness, we will take the elephants and beat the jungle damn fine. I have seen plenty hunt of the *sahibs*. Once I have shoot a wild boar that killed five hundred people; that was in Assam. Firearms of nickel-covered bullet, also exploding shell, is proper utensil for slaying tiger."

And while they waited for these rifles with which Baboo Ghose was to slay the Destroyer, the tiger kept up his destruction.

It was the full moon of the month of Kartica, when to bathe in the Mahanadi was to inhale holiness through the pores, and a party of villagers, with the usual instruments of noisy defense, and accompanied by Kasim, went to the river; for Yogi Byro had said that the affliction of the Destroyer was because of their want of holiness and bestowing of alms.

But the evil god that was abroad seemed to have got wind of their intention. Less than half a mile from the village the tiger stopped the party of pilgrims, and sent it back one less; Omrao remaining to assuage the jungle devil's appetite.

Indra, who cared nothing for the river god, had remained in the village, and when the terrified party came rushing back with cries of dismay, he gathered them in the bright lights of the little sweet-shop where they were wont to sit of an evening.

"Near to the size of a buffalo, the Destroyer," a villager claimed; "and when we were stopped there in the path this monster rolled in play on the earth, picking out which of us seemed the best in his eye for the eating."

"Thou wert too thin, Ramia," Indra commented. "But where was Kasim with his long gun and beard that has frightened many a poor villager to the extortion of a rupee?"

"Kasim had passed to a wild-plum tree, Indra."

"Plums are not forbidden to a Mussulman," Indra commented dryly.

Kasim, brushing his warlike beard fiercely, cried in anger: "I did but as the *sahibs* do for the slaying of a tiger. In the tree I could drive at him with my long gun, which I did, putting him to flight so that all but Omrao escaped."

But the strange part of the villagers' testimony was that no two agreed as to the appearance of the animal. He was black, he was red, he was white; and in species ranged from a tiger to a mongoose.

Amar, turning to Indra, said: "I, who was here in the village, can describe to thee, Indra, the eater of Omrao. Of a height so," and he held his arm straight out from the shoulder; "two hands and a half, Indra. And on his forehead is a white moon that makes a saddle for the sitting of an evil spirit as it rides with the Destroyer. And the folds of his belly trail the ground as he walks, because of the fat bullocks and the buffalo he has eaten." Amar broke off to laugh. "'Nersingha, Lord of the Jungle, the Tiger God,' thou callest him. Here comes Baboo Ghose; from him we will have what manner of ancestors this eater of dogs and of children possessed."

"Thou art a fool, Amar!" Indra cried; "a tiger is but a tiger."

The Baboo came into the circle, and Amar asked maliciously: "Pundit, how is it that this tiger, who is an eater of people, is in Indra's mind a god?"

"Jungle people got false gods," Baboo Ghose answered; "and they got story that a prince was born with tiger face and went to live in the jungle. He caught beautiful women from any tribe and his descendants are the Baghel people and the Sondia people. But when firearms come from Calcutta I will blow too much hole through that debased tiger, and make evil spirit look sick. I will show you, Kasim, how to make *shikar*. Now you fellows with torches and some horn, come to make the road light for me to my bungalow."

"There," Indra sneered, when the fat Baboo, walking in the centre of the torch-bearers, had disappeared down the road, "a woman-man, who writes in books of the tax thieving, is to kill the Lord of the Jungle! And even now he walks in fear."

II

NEXT day a party, fortified, as they always traveled the road now with their instruments of noise, went to look if perhaps part of the body of Omrao were left. Strangely, he had not been dragged from where the Destroyer had struck him down. The legs had been eaten, leaving but the trunk.

"Look you, brothers," cried Indra, "did we not hear calls of anger from the Protector hereabout last night? Even here he drove the panther from the body of Omrao."

Amar laughed scornfully. "'Tis but the whim of an animal that is overfed. But if Indra says that it is a panther that kills here with a free hand, indeed we, who are children, say it is so too, and ask Indra, who is a *shikari*, eating the Thakore's salt for that work, to slay with his long gun this thief from an outside jungle. If the tiger drove him away last night, to-night he will return for the rest of Omrao. Does a man keep bullocks and drag the plow himself? Does a Thakore feed two *shikaris* to hide themselves in fear when the jungle-dwellers feed upon his people?"

Indra grasped the little axe in his belt in rage, for, being a Gond, he was possessed of courage.

"By the twelve-and-a-half gods of my people," he swore, "I will sit in a *machan* to-night over this that was Omrao, and shoot this evil slayer. I am not like a Bhumia that from the back of an elephant talks of strength, or sitting between his tusks speak of courage. My people have the name Koitor, which means men."

This proposition of sitting up over the dead man raised much discussion. They appealed to Yogi Byro, the priest, and he explained that it might be done by first laying the spirit of the dead. And for sufficient alms given to him in trust for Siva he instructed them in this rite.

A carp was caught from a large tank, and Omrao's spirit was transferred to the carp while the fish was still alive. Then the fish was killed, boiled to a fluid and with much incantation from the Yogi, poured over a little funeral pyre. This would appease dead Omrao, and prevent his spirit from joining issue with the slayer, as was the way of men that were killed by tigers.

Indra wove the limbs of the wild mango tree, under which lay the body, into a *machan*. Then he took a goat to the little jungle shrine, and poured spirits over the sacrificial animal's head till it nodded three times to the stone god. Then he slit the goat's throat, and the hot blood recrimsoned the dull red of the stone. The goat's flesh was eaten in a feast.

Suddenly, as they feasted, a gourd of country spirits having eased a little of the gloom that was over the village, the harsh "miaow" of a peacock's evening call fell on their ears, and Indra, springing to his feet, said: "Come, brothers, we must go to the slaying of this panther. First, I will load the long gun."

From a bison horn Indra poured coarse powder down the small-bore of his muzzle-loader till it stood six fingers, and rammed home a wad of dry leaves. This was followed by two bullets. In a little gazelle horn he carried the fine powder for the pan of the matchlock.

Amar watched this preparation cynically. "Now we shall know," he declared; "for if the Destroyer is Indra's tiger god he will turn the two bullets to one side and nothing will happen. But if it is, as Indra says, a panther, then he will have him dead there in the morning."

Ordinarily, in going to a *machan*, Indra would have counseled quiet stealth; but when the jungle creature took its toll off the very streets of the village why should it now be driven away by noise? So the villagers went with Indra and left him crouched on his *machan* in the mango tree above the gruesome bait.

"It would have been better," Kasim boasted as they tramped back, "that I had waited; I, a Mussulman, having no fancies of animal gods, would shoot whatever came."

"Perhaps the jungle pigs will come," Amar said maliciously. "Can a Mussulman touch swine even with a gun?"

The villagers sat most of the night following the subject of Indra and the Destroyer. Once—it was toward morning—they heard the deep boom of a gun. And then, when the sun had scorched its way upward, a huge circle of molten fire, the Gond came creeping dejectedly into the village, his face drawn and more apelike than ever.

"We heard thy long gun, Indra," Bara, who was the maker of cowbells, said.

"And Bahadar has eaten more than usual of wheat cakes," Amar added, "thinking that his strength would be needed if perchance a tiger were to be padded on his back for the bringing in."

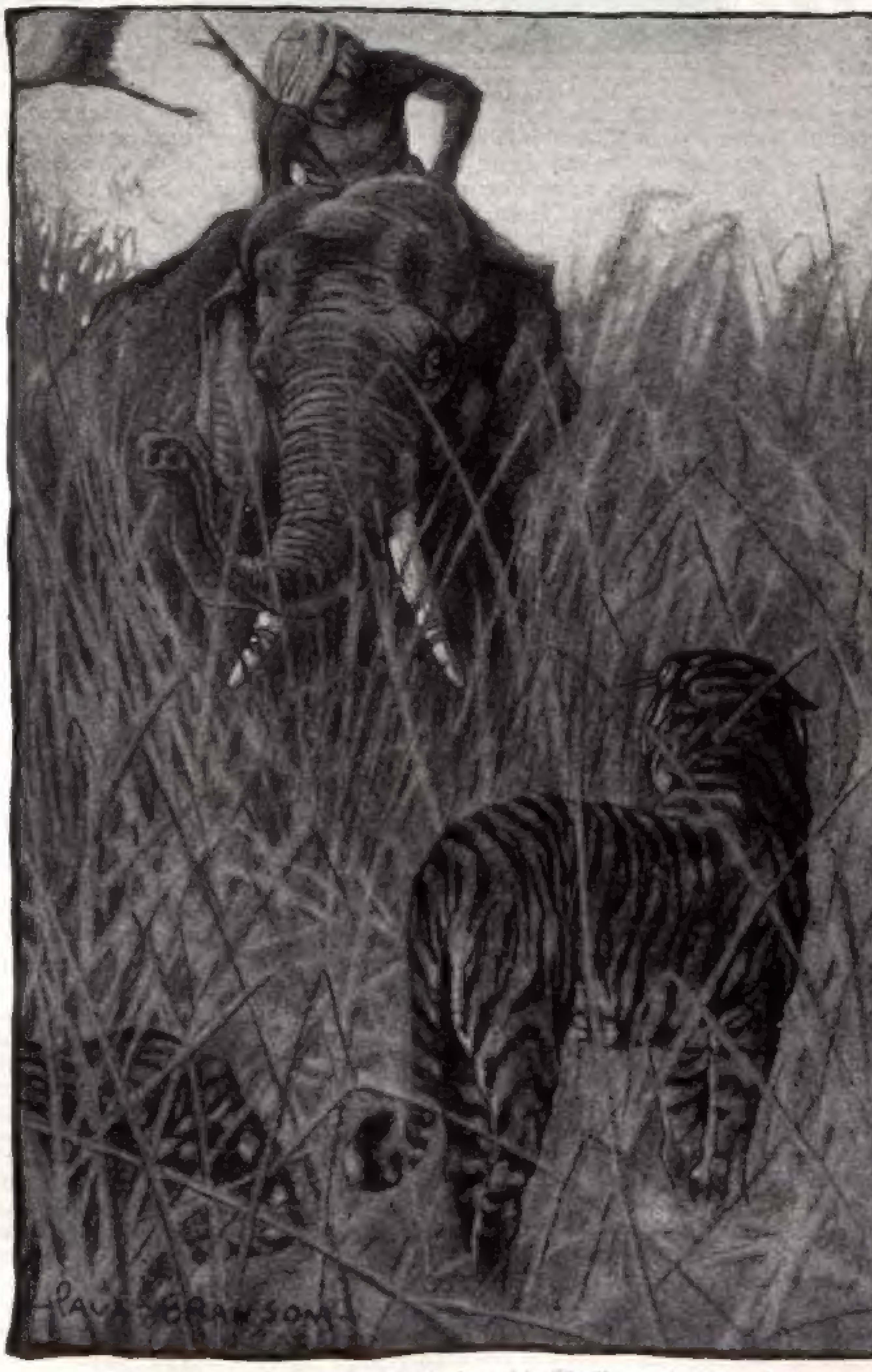
"That is no way to discourse," Baboo Ghose objected; "Indra is brave man. Sit quiet here, everybody; and now, Indra, relate the narrative."

"In the jungle," commenced the Gond, "there is a meddlesome creature such as is in every village—the hyena. And last night his ugly, slobbering mouth was eager to finish what was left of Omrao. But for such as him I had taken the silent reproof, a bow with the stinging arrow, its point dipped in the cobra death. Then for a time it was quiet—that is, save for the foolish slave people of the jungle; like possessed ones, a whole family of monkeys scolded and swore at me."

"Perhaps," interrupted Amar, "they were searching for a brother that was lost."

The Baboo frowned at the *mahout*, and without noticing the taunt Indra continued: "It was past the hour of midnight when the *fayoo* called with his trembling note of fear, and then indeed I knew that something evil was afoot. There was a moon, as you know, brothers, and into its light along the path came, with sneaking creep, a panther. I knew at once that it was not the Protector, for he walks as one having the right. I was not afraid, Baboo, and with the long gun quite ready waited in patience. But as the panther came close Omrao rose up from the ground so that he sat, and raising an arm pointed to me in the *machan*."

The little red-and-yellow streaked eyes of the Gond, burning with the fanatical fire of his belief, peered from under his shaggy eyebrows till his listeners shivered in dread. The Baboo coughed nervously. Even Amar took surreptitiously from a fold in his loin-cloth a tiny black pellet of opium which he had filched from Bahadar's allowance, and swallowed it to steady his nerves.



He Touched the Elephant in the Neck, and in Obedience the Huge Fellow Backed Slowly Away

"The panther raised his eyes and glared my way," Indra continued; "then he turned and passed back over the path, and Omrao fell back just as a dead man falls."

"But we hear firearms," the Baboo interjected.

"It was this way, Baboo. I was angered that Omrao should act thus when we had done all that was proper in the matter of laying his spirit; so, coming quickly down from the *machan*, with the little axe I cut a stake and made his hands fast to the earth."

The Baboo cried out involuntarily in terror.

"Then back to the *machan* I climbed. I knew full well what the panther would do; he would wait, thinking that whatever enemy was in the tree would go away. And soon back he came, watching for warning from Omrao; but this time he lay like a proper dead man. And as the panther reached for it I drove at him with the gun. His was a cry of a hurt. He will be found dead somewhere in the jungle. Also in proof, yonder is the body of Omrao."

"Better proof, Indra, would have been the body of the tiger. But, of course, those of us who believe that thou settled with Omrao that way also believe that the Destroyer now lies dead yonder." Amar's face carried a look of meek acceptance of the whole story as he said this; and the Baboo, turning to the Mussulman, said: "Kasim, you are a brave man—many times you have told of killing tiger in Assam—you and Amar and some low-caste fellows better go into the jungle and make the panther that Indra has wounded most properly dead."

A look of terror came into the Mussulman's eyes, quite at variance with the truculent sweep of his dyed beard.

"Not so, Baboo Ghose," he objected; "a tiger belongs to the one who has wounded it—it is his to finish, and receive the reward of twenty-five rupees from the Government. No, indeed, I am not one to take the honor of a kill from a brother *shikari*."

The Baboo, using the Bengali speech, which the Gond did not understand, asked of Kasim: "Is this tale of Indra's a matter of too much liquor, or has he slain the Destroyer?"

"Of Omrao and the evil spirit I know nothing, Baboo," Kasim answered, "nor of these Hindu gods—there is but one God, and Mahomet is his priest. But we shall know to-day or the day that follows, for the legs of Omrao will not long keep the slayer at peace with his stomach."

Amar stretched his arms with a yawn, tightened his loin-cloth, and turning to Tonkia, an assistant *mahout*, said: "Come, brother, we who have not become bow-legged from the weight of swords and guns will go with Bahadar and Begum into the jungle for food for the elephants. Kasim and Indra will shoot tigers here in the bazar."

III

IN HALF an hour, Amar on Bahadar, and Tonkia guiding a female elephant, Begum, were making their way through the jungle toward a hill where grew the feathery bamboos the elephants were so fond of, when suddenly Bahadar cocked his ears and stretched out his huge trunk, waving it back and forth as though he felt the air. Then he stopped and stamped with his foot.

"Ho, ho! Khudawand," Amar exclaimed, "that descendant of a union between a hyena and a jackal hides somewhere hereabout. Is that it, father of gods, temple of the jungle? Ai, ai! push forward, my lord; drive deeper into the jungle this eater of children!"

At a hunch from Amar's knees under his ears and a gentle touch from the iron hook, Bahadar walked slowly forward. There were little fretful squeaks of fear from Begum, who now also had winded something.

Just at the edge of the bamboos Bahadar again stopped and tapped the earth in significant irritation. Above Amar's head in the limbs of a sal tree a black-faced monkey scolded and jabbered, clutching angrily at his long, white side-whiskers, seemingly in a great rage about something. His chiding was seconded by the harsh croaks of a dozen crows that swooped from tree to tree, their sharp bead eyes always fixed on a certain part of the bamboo cover ahead.

Amar lifted his voice to call back to Tonkia: "Here is a strange happening, brother. That baboon-faced little Gond has spoken the truth whilst even he himself thinks it is a lie. By all these signs yonder, within is a tiger, and wounded."

Then addressing the elephant he commanded: "My Lord, Pillar of Strength, pass up something—a stone, or a billet of wood, till I see if yonder thief is able to clean our path of his vile body."

He tugged at the leaflike ear with a pinch of his toes, and the elephant passed up to his hand two sticks of the black ebony wood. With a slanderous reference to the tiger's ancestry Amar threw one of the heavy sticks into a thick clump of young bamboos. It was answered by a snarling growl that acted with galvanic force on Bahadar's temper. His huge frame seemed to stiffen in intensity. He answered the tiger's growl with a fierce trumpet note of rage that caused the monkey to race to the top of the sal tree, and dive with a cry of fear far down into the feathery lap of a tamarind. Even the crows rose in a black cloud, and cawing their discontent swooped away to the deeper jungle. Begum, with a shrill note of fear, had whisked about and fled.

Amar had an elemental feeling that a time for the trying out of great things had come. His faith in the massive superiority of the creature he sat was a union of association and fanatical fervor. Seizing his steel goad in one hand and the long knife in the other, he urged Bahadar forward. The elephant curled his trunk tightly between his tusks, and sweeping the bamboos to earth like a steam roller, lurched straight ahead.

Amar heard a muffled roar—it was like a hoarse cough. The sun, falling in a golden shaft through the open space of the trampled bamboos, fell upon a medley of red and black and tawny brown that seemed to have got inextricably mixed up with the dull hue of Bahadar's head. Once a fearful stench, as of putrid carrion, smote the *mahout's* nostrils till his stomach retched. Half dreamily he realized it was the tiger's hot breath as the striped demon struggled and fought to reach the elephant's back; but Bahadar's trunk had wound about his loins like the coil of a python.

Amar struck with his goad where he saw a pair of gleaming yellow eyes. Then

(*Continued on Page 22*)

WHY PLAYS FAIL

By Daniel Frohman

The Faults of Some Recent Plays Pointed Out by a Manager

THE careers of most plays are alike up to a certain point; then, fortunately, they differ. The author conceives a plot and enthuses over it. He takes it to a manager. Once the latter invests money he, too, enthuses. The cast is engaged, parts assigned, and weeks of toil and much money are spent. Then, with hope and apprehension balancing in the scales, they await the opening night. It comes. The curtain rises hopefully and drops either amid plaudits of approval or silent disappointment. The critics may praise or condemn as they see fit. But the verdict from which there is no appeal is given by the public. Yet why do plays fail?

A curious legend sometimes follows a big success. The play has been rejected by Managers A, B, C and D. People say that the managers are all wrong. On the contrary, Manager A very likely saw a great fault in the work —one he deemed insurmountable. He frankly pointed it out to the playwright, who, being a sensible fellow, corrected it and passed the work on to Manager B. Manager B developed a crop of complaints and made suggestions which the author availed himself of and handed the manuscript to Manager C. Thus the weak points of the play were fortified, the strong ones emphasized, and when it reached the stage it was an available bit of work—possibly a great success. But one rarely hears of the collaboration of the men to whose helpful suggestions the success of the play is largely due. Instead, these managers are charged with stupidity, lack of discernment, and as being unable to recognize masterpieces. Nevertheless, mistakes in judgment are usual in the theatrical as well as in the publishing business. A man who can pick out "winners" would be worth a fabulous salary.

Plays are built up. It is the business of everybody, from stage manager to scene shifter, just as it is that of the author, to help along the illusion. Dion Boucicault, who made more money out of his plays than any living author, said that, when he produced a play, he was always alive to suggestions from managers, actors or property men—that he had pursued this policy from the time he wrote London Assurance, and that it paid. The trouble is that many authors, eager for production and profit, project their works with such haste that the revisions suggested by managers are only those which would naturally have occurred to themselves had they allowed more time for the incubating process. Shakespeare was a practical dramatist and manager. He wrote for his kind and for his company and for his box-office. Very likely he sat at the prompt table at rehearsals and rearranged, transposed and readjusted scenes and situations to comply with the demands that the rehearsals revealed to him. It may be that some of his greatest lines occurred to him during this building-up process. I don't say they did, but it was possible, for nothing brings an author into such close contact with the issues of his work as the practical development of it at rehearsals in its raw stage in the theatre.

The Popular Play a Thing of Mystery

NOR does the amount of work put into a play foreshadow its success. The most popular plays are often accidents. Few masterpieces were designed as such. The unexpected, the surprising, effective and far-reaching frequently come out in a play during its rehearsal and give it value. It is often said of plays that fail that "they read well."

Conversation is the bane of the drama. But dialogue, growing out of the action of the story, is quite another thing. Many plays have little apparent dramatic significance when read, yet in the coördination of their parts and the peculiar structure of their ethical purposes produce results sometimes no less surprising to their authors than to their managers. Accidents at rehearsals, either with lines, scenery or properties, frequently change, develop or suggest "effects." Such details often prove of great value.

The subtle quality of a play is the essence embodied in the feeling it produces, rather than in lines and arbitrary physical action. That this quality is elusive is shown by the varying fate of the works of successful authors. If one could capture it and imprison this essence in a bottle like a magic imp, and invoke it at pleasure, the mystery of play-writing would be solved. The old saying of managers that the road to success would be easy if every bad play failed and every good play succeeded, would be obsolete, since there would be no more bad plays. But we have no bottle-imp to guide or restrain us.

It was hard to believe that the author of The Music Master and The Lion and the Mouse ever could help succeeding; yet, right on the heels of these remarkable plays, came from the same pen The Daughters of Men and The Step-Sister, two of the most instant failures we have had for many a day. Yet they embodied elements that showed thought and intelligence. Were the author a new man he would be hailed with great acclaim. But who doubts that Mr. Klein is now wiser and more skillful by reason of these very failures. It is not possible to analyze the cause of the fate of these plays, but one may suggest it. The chief character in The Lion and the Mouse remotely suggested one of the great financial magnates, whose name is a magical household word. It touched upon wealth and its abuse of power, and portrayed the sympathetic struggle of a young girl in overcoming this power in an effective, but theatrical, way—a story that never fails of human interest. The play was greatly helped by environment. Its subject was, so to speak, in the swim of public interest and thought. It was, in a sense, a topical play, yet, in the struggle of the weak against the strong, it involved the broader quality of sympathy. Even with all these qualities of success in its favor, the play had to be rewritten four or five times, both before and after rehearsals had begun, and, from a manuscript that seemed doubtful in the first writing, became, after final revision during active rehearsal, a great success. On the other hand, The Music Master is based upon the universal and eternal quality of human nature — the love of the father for the child (the father being portrayed with great charm and sympathy), and depends in no sense upon any topical or local element.

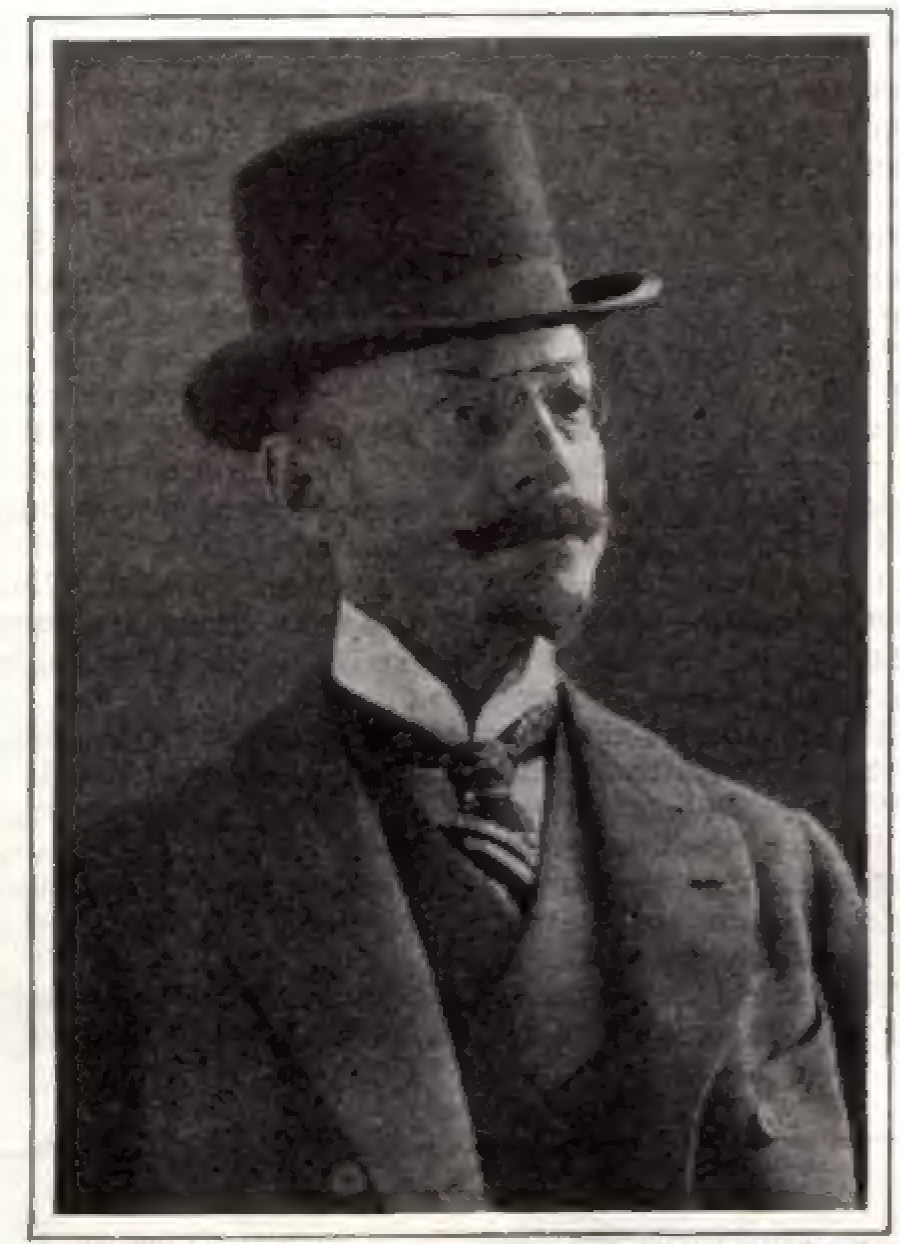


PHOTO. BY ALFRED ELLIS & WALERY COPYRIGHT, LONDON, ENGLAND

Mr. Daniel Frohman

Causes and Effects of Some Failures

THE Daughters of Men failed because it postulated a subject in connection with capital and labor, yet gave no solution, leaving the play at the end just where it was at the beginning. The same author's Step-Sister met with disaster because the action of the characters seemed based upon illogical and unreasonable motives.

Augustus Thomas, one of our most brilliant and successful authors, a master of stagecraft, versed in the ethics of the drama, and a man with broad views of life, author of several splendid dramas and numerous comedies, early in the fall produced an undoubted failure—The Ranger. This was a remarkably realistic and photographic portrayal of Mexican life and American character on the boundary—yet the play failed. Why? Because the hero accomplished nothing. He was always on the point of doing something, yet never did it. The suspense arising from the danger that surrounded him and his sweetheart among the Mexicans was, by not being properly handled, never satisfied. Yet, otherwise, the play reflected Mr. Thomas' graphic skill. On the other hand, The Witching Hour, which Mr. Thomas also wrote, can hardly be regarded an attractive subject for stage purposes—hypnotism, thought transference, prenatal influence, and the like. But its bright and telling dialogue, and the interesting relations of the well-drawn characters to each other in the development of the plans for their happiness, proved effective even far beyond the abstract qualities of the subject.

The long run of The Man of the Hour was due to the significant local political conditions which it purported to reveal. It was purely topical, though it possessed also strong general dramatic qualities, and as reflecting local political conditions it is interesting. Plays of this nature are only of transient value, yet these "transient" plays earn more money than literary masterpieces.

The Three of Us, by Rachel Crothers, was a marked success, running for a long season in New York. It owed its popularity to the struggle of an honest, independent girl, who, firm and safe in her own consciousness of rectitude, fought her way to happiness against compromising surroundings, thus winning broad sympathy for sound common-sense. Yet The Coming of Mrs. Pat by the same author was an instant failure. The characters in this play were not convincing because their motives were not altogether reasonable. Yet some of its homely touches were most charming. However, the author need not shrink from so worthy a failure. One can afford to be proud of such as a splendid attempt.

Why Successful Playwrights Fall Down

THE Worth of a Woman, by David Graham Phillips, was an ambitious play, but failed because it was not based on a pleasant subject—one that did not find favor with audiences. This is true of many plays that treat of phases of life which, while they exist, are not good material for general audiences. It must be remembered that the success of a play is due largely to its attractiveness, as a subject for discussion around the family hearthstone, since in this way it gets its most valuable advertising. To be sure, this is a business point of view rather than an artistic one, but it is essential. Unfortunately the "problem" play or the freak drama always suggest subjects that are not only often immoral, but portray phases of life which, though common, are grim and unattractive, if not actually repulsive. We know that life is not happy for everybody concerned, that poverty, distress, immorality exist, but the dramatic elements of these conditions are neither attractive nor essential in plays. The stage should reflect life, not as it is, but as it should be.

But there are also wholesome problem plays. The fairy pantomimes are problem plays—symbolical of vice and virtue. All plays are, of course, constructed on certain symbolical theses, reflected in the theatrical movements and motives of the stage characters. The evils of greed, the virtue and vice of love, the promptings of remorse, the quality of renunciation, the masquerade of hypocrisy—are all factors in the making of attractive problem plays. They need not be necessarily clinical studies because they postulate "problems." The Prince and Cinderella's Glass Slipper is a problem fairy story; the slipper is only symbolical of a kind of woman that the Prince seeks. The slipper may be modesty, red hair or a sweet disposition—the embodiment of an idea.

There is no need to dilate upon the artistic merits of Martha Morton's The Bachelor's Romance, The Fool of the Family and other successful products of her pen. On the other hand, Miss Morton was recently responsible for The Movers, a play which justified its title by its quick departure from the theatre in which it was produced this season. The action of The Movers started in well enough, but was not convincingly maintained. In a word, it failed because, while it had two good acts—I and II—the subject was repeated in Acts III and IV, and did not carry the theme to satisfactory development.

George Ade, whose name suggests delightful American humor and captivating American character, succeeded brilliantly with The College Widow and The County Chairman. But Artie proved so dismal a failure that many predicted that Mr. Ade had reached the end of his creative tether. The managers, however, never for a moment lost faith in him, and he has justified their confidence by producing Father and the Boys, with which Mr. William H. Crane is sweeping New York. The handling of this play is excellent, yet its success is chiefly due to the portrayal of the abounding love and sacrifice of the father for his sons.

It is impossible to tell with certainty from the reading of a play whether or not it will succeed, since certain qualities, latent even during rehearsal, may develop, quite accidentally, at the first public performance. Apropos: a certain play was dragging heavily. The manager, who flattered himself that he had provided for every possibility of a halt, was greatly puzzled. One of the characters had been banished to a foreign country. The actor playing this part mistook his cue and made his entrance at a moment not designed by the playwright, but which proved so opportune that it literally brought down the house. The manager noted the effect and the play was revised so as logically to admit of the very striking entrance, which was deemed by the critics the hit of the occasion.

Many plays develop opportunities during rehearsals. When Mr. Sothern and I produced Captain Letterblair, the heroine had to leave the hero's apartment in anger. At her exit, as she turned toward the hero, her dress was accidentally caught in the door; so she couldn't leave the apartment. The captain, not seeing the cause, could not understand her hesitancy. The rehearsal was stopped. But it was regarded as good "business," and an elaborate scene was developed by Mr. Sothern which evoked roars of laughter. In Lord Chumley the slavey left her huge feather-duster sticking, feathers upward, in a chair. Lord Chumley had to sit on this piece of furniture. The feathers tickled his head. He started with a shout of alarm. He began to remonstrate with the actress for her carelessness, when it was suggested that this be made a part of the "business" of the scene. It always provoked a roar of laughter. Incidents of this kind can be multiplied. To get a laugh in the right place is always sought. But the comedians are frequently eliminated from a scene while a bit of serious acting is impending, because their presence inevitably reminds the audience, in the wrong place, of their previous laughter-provoking efforts, and so the right balance is observed.

The play upon which the comic opera Erminie was founded (Robert Macaire) was a peculiarly serious drama. The Parisian public, however, did not take it so. At its first presentation the serious actions and speeches caused most unwonted merriment. The manager was dumfounded. He watched the curious effect for a time and then, being a man of infinitely sound sense, went behind the scenes, called his cast together, and said, "Just play this piece as comedy." They did so with great success, and it ran a year.

Plays defective in construction, in the quality of the literature, and in the characterization of the parts may still prove money-making works owing to their element of profound human appeal. Others, evolved with care in the development of plot and character, which might be ranked as classics, fail in spite of their perfect artistic proportions because they do not grip the heart-strings. The accepted standards for plays adopted by managers are works which embody a great love story. Yet no rule can be regarded as certain. Plays have succeeded which defied the conventions of the drama because they have been great in other qualities. A love story is usually the required theme—some form, for it admits of many; yet Hamlet is not a love story. In point of structure it seems to defy the laws of the drama, yet it contains a law of its own—that manifested in the theme of retribution. From modern standards the play would seem to come to an end when Hamlet discovers the guilt of the King. His delay in working out his revenge, his constant vacillation, have caused much discussion. But the play has in it so much of the philosophy of life that it is, from the dramatic and literary point of view, a compendium of human speculative experience.

The School for Scandal also defies certain modern canons. It has no love story. It reveals the humorous bickerings of an ill-assorted couple—an old man married to a girl in her teens—while the relations of Charles with his sweetheart are only dimly suggested. The play not only reflects the frailty of character as revealed to him in the days of Sheridan, but also is full of the vagaries of human nature that fit all times.

Rip Van Winkle made Joe Jefferson's fortune, yet the audience is expected to sympathize with a character who is a drunkard, a vagrant, the village ne'er-do-well, and a blot on the morals of the little community. All the virtuous action developed in the play is designed to incur the resentment of the audience, while the unregenerate Rip's frailties and peccadillos capture the sympathetic tear. Hundreds of thousands of persons have wept out of sympathy for the lazy old Dutch sportsman. But this fact was due more to the inexpressible charm and magnetism of the chief actor than to the quality of the play.

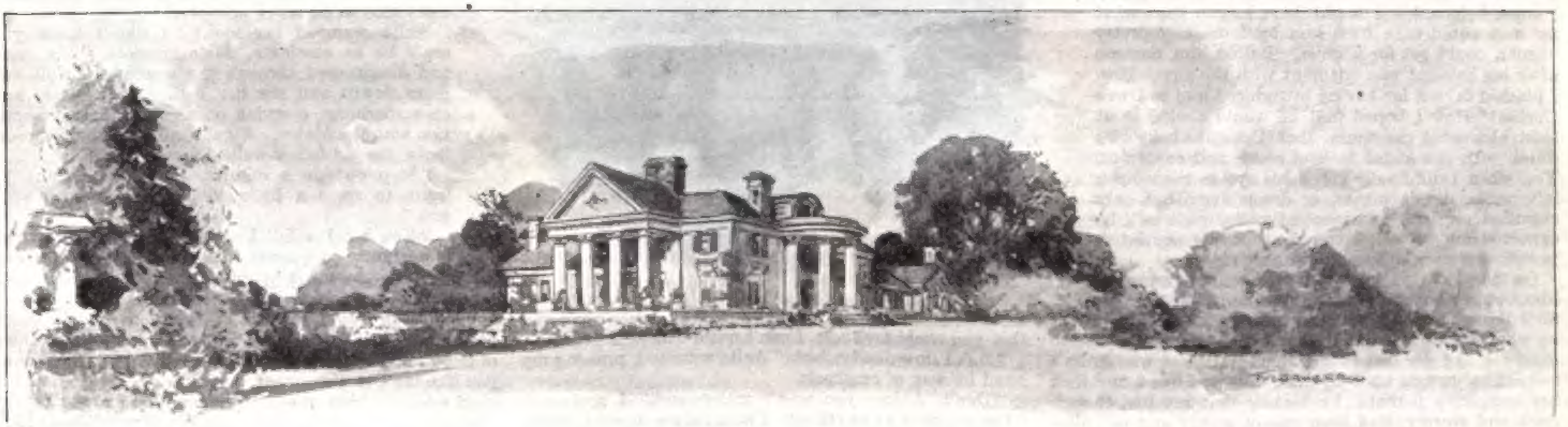
It would be idle to go into an analysis of the violations of dramatic canons which occur in Uncle Tom's Cabin, that wonderful play which swept the country for years, since all these were brushed aside before the tremendous theme which inspired it—the injustice of slavery.

The Thief is also a good instance of an author's daring. In it the heroine, with whom the audience is expected to sympathize, commits a crime, the punishment for which, under ordinary conditions, would be imprisonment. Moreover, the author violates one of the canons of art by not taking his audience into his confidence as to the identity of the culprit, in the first act. Yet so effective is the embodied story of love between husband and wife that remorse is substituted for conventional punishment and forgiveness and happiness result. All this is wrought by the deft and expert treatment of the author.

Thus some of the greatest successes of the stage have defied certain laws of the drama when considered as close to the point of science as this elusive subject permits. The genius of authors in creating types of characters, in themselves epitomes of human nature, often carries plays into popular favor. Drama that involves the march of the soul in its struggle with fate is always a powerful theme. Such a subject was treated with great philosophic insight by the old dramatists. But it must be handled differently to-day. The modern stage requires movement—not necessarily physical. A subject may be so projected that it involves a clash and conflict that can be developed in lines of dialogue that move quickly to what is called a "situation." The earlier dramatists used to philosophize through their

(Continued on Page 30)

JACK SPURLOCK—PRODIGAL



In Which the Prodigal Goes Home

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Copyright, 1908, by George Horace Lorimer. Copyright in Great Britain

Dear Uncle Bill:

"Apparently, suh," quoth the Major as we limped up to the Corliss' front door in the village hack, "this place was built fo' a home, and not fo' a blank roadhouse."

It was a rambling old colonial mansion, with a broad sweep of lawn down to the park of noble trees through which we had been driving. We caught glimpses of a charming old-fashioned flower-garden at one side of the house, but in planting the place the owner's efforts had evidently been directed only toward enhancing its natural beauties. No anachronistic trees or shrubs had been used; nothing stuck out from the rest and clamored for attention; everything belonged.

There was no make-up on the face of Nature here—no rouging and enameling and blondining of the simple old lady until she looked like a Broadway chorus girl. There were no hectic beds of geraniums and cannas, no vari-colored foliage plants, no "specimen" trees of strange shape and habit. There was no joshing and making ridiculous the honest Long Island landscape. There were no fussy, little, pot-bellied evergreens from the Orient, looking like squat heathen idols; no sheared and barbered spruces, reminding one of fortune-hunting Italian counts with pointed beards; no mincing, priggish little bushes, with their hair neatly cut and plastered down; no twisted and pathetic freaks, grown and exploited by heartless nurserymen for buyers with the souls of dime-museum keepers.

A man's grounds are as good an index to his character as his house. When I pass a place where fine forest trees have been cut down to make room for parvenu plants, I know that the owner starves his poor old mother in an attic room; and when I see a lawn with knobby little evergreens and dinky little shrubs spotted all over it, and a bed of elephants' ears on one side of the drive and one of cannas on the other, I know that while the owner may have a heart of gold, he would wear tan shoes with a frock coat, and that his womenfolk are the kind who force frequent changes in the fashions by trying to follow them. So I understood and sympathized with the Major when he intimated that there was no mistaking the Corliss' place for Central Park West or a Dutch beer garden.

When one entered the Bonsall palace everything shrieked, "How expensive I am!" One was hit squarely between the eyes in the hallway, and landed gasping and breathless among the gilded glories of the drawing-room. But in the Corliss house there was a mellowness and harmony of color that satisfied; an air of ease and comfort that soothed. One simply felt that everything was right and let it go at that. Nothing in the house demanded attention; everything was worth it. We felt at home even before we were announced and welcomed in the library by Owen and his father, a *bon vivant* with a bad liver, but withal a kindly old buck and a famous antiquarian in his chosen field of research—vintage wines. He and the Major fraternized at once and were soon deep in a learned discussion on the right way to mix a mint julep. From that the conversation naturally passed to the old-fashioned whisky cocktail, and so movingly did the Major deplore its passing, and so eloquently did he expatiate on its merits, that, when the butler brought the Martinis, Mr. Corliss waved them away and asked the Major to prove or to retract his assertions. So three or four of us retired to a little den of Mr. Corliss' to see my old friend demonstrate his theories.

"I know, suh," began the Major when the butler returned with the ingredients, "that many gentlemen whose opinion is entitled to respect use rye in compoundin' this—er—ambrosial beverage, but, fo' myself, I have never felt that a perfect result could be obtained except with Bou'bon, a feelin' which was shared, I may add, by the mo' discriminatin' members of the Pendennis Club of Louisville, and in such matters they were, I think we may safely concede, the final authority. There, suh," he concluded, handing Mr. Corliss his; "titillate yo' palate with that, and then tell me whether I have overstated the case. I shall bow to yo' decision. There is no appeal from Cæsar, suh."

The Major touched glasses with his smiling host. "Yo' health, suh, and the old State," he gave, and they bowed to each other. As he lifted his eyes the Major caught one of the younger men gulping down his cocktail. "Drink it slowly, suh," he admonished, raising a warning hand, "and show proper respect fo' age. That Bou'bon, suh, was a contemporary of the late lamented Henry Clay."

"Isn't he an old dear?" I heard a familiar voice exclaim from the doorway behind me, and turning, I looked into the eyes of Anita Grey.

"Anita!" I gasped.

"Dee-lighted!" she laughed back, sticking out her tongue in imitation of that sickening Teddy-bear.

"What in the world are you doing here?" I demanded, ignoring the unconventional form of her greeting. Some memories are too painful. Most of mine are.

"Visiting, of course," she answered. "I'm getting to be a professional visitor nowadays." And right there our conversation was cut short by Mr. Corliss, who presented the Major to Anita and told him to take her in to dinner.

The others had all come into the library by this time, and I drew a stunning girl, but she gave me up after the first five minutes. For the sight of the Major getting acquainted with Anita had thrown me into an agony of apprehension. From my place across the table I could not catch what they were saying, but by watching their faces I could follow the course of their conversation and see how it was progressing from polite talk about country life to more personal topics. Then the Major told a story—some awful reminiscence of our life together, I was sure—and Anita began to question him eagerly. All this time I had been vainly endeavoring to catch the Major's eye, but Anita looked up suddenly and I caught hers, just when my face was contorted in a hideous warning to the Major to shut up. Anita smiled back pleasantly, made some comment which caused the Major to grin, and then he told a new one on me which was apparently the best yet.

All through dinner their heads kept getting closer and closer—how I wished I could have bumped them together—and their voices lower and lower, until by the time coffee was served they were almost whispering.

"Would she never pump him dry?" I kept asking myself fiercely. "Couldn't the old fool see that she was working him like creamery butter? Had he no decent reserves; were there no incidents in our career that he held too sacred for the casual and curious ear?" Apparently not. He gave up like a trained dog. He dug up the buried bones of my awful past, and with each pat on the head scratched deeper in his memory. I had never seen the Major with a pretty woman before, but I might have known that what no man could take from him by force, any pretty woman could get for a smile. Beside him, Samson after his hair-cut was adamant with the girls. How I blamed myself for having introduced him to Owen Corliss! How I hoped that he would choke, or at least glance at me again, that I might strike him dumb with one awful look of scorn and contempt. Yet, when I did finally catch his eye as the women left us, he didn't wither, or droop even, but only regarded me with a benevolent smile, quite as if he expected me to feel flattered at having proved so prolific a source of humorous anecdote.

On the way to the drawing-room I couldn't reproach him, because he went out arm-in-arm with Mr. Corliss. So I brought up the rear, my bearing in pitiful contrast to what I had planned it should be. For going out to dinner I had decided that I should at least win Anita's respect by putting up a dignified, reserved front, and then her sympathy perhaps, by hinting that my life, though dark and stormy, had been one of manly and not altogether unsuccessful effort to make a place for myself in the great world. And now the Major had made me look like the Katzenjammer kids in the eyes of the only person whom I cared to have take me seriously.

Following this unpleasant line of thought I detached myself from the other men, and slunk across the library to an open French window which gave on the terrace. As I stood there looking out at the blackness, a white arm reached in and gently pulled me outside. I didn't struggle, for before I had slunk over to the window I had caught sight of a familiar figure disappearing through it. I was determined that the Major shouldn't get away with all the honors for weakness that evening if I could prevent it.

For a moment I stood beside Anita in the light from the window, while she looked at me with serious eyes in which I saw something that made my heart beat quicker. Then, side by side, we stepped out on the lawn.

Anita broke the silence. "Tell me about it, Jack," she began softly; "tell me why you left?"

"I rather fancy the Major has done that already," I replied in a voice which, despite my efforts, was just a little aggressive.

But Anita paid no attention to that. "He told me why you'd left your father," she continued, "but I'd known that all along. What he couldn't tell me was why you'd left me. And he was polite enough to say that he couldn't understand it, either."

"You knew that all along!" I echoed. "You knew it when you broke your engagement with Brooke Churchill—and that night at Mrs. Hamilton's when you—when you ——"

"When I tried to propose to you," Anita said, completing the embarrassing sentence. "Yes, I knew it then."

"And still you were willing ——"

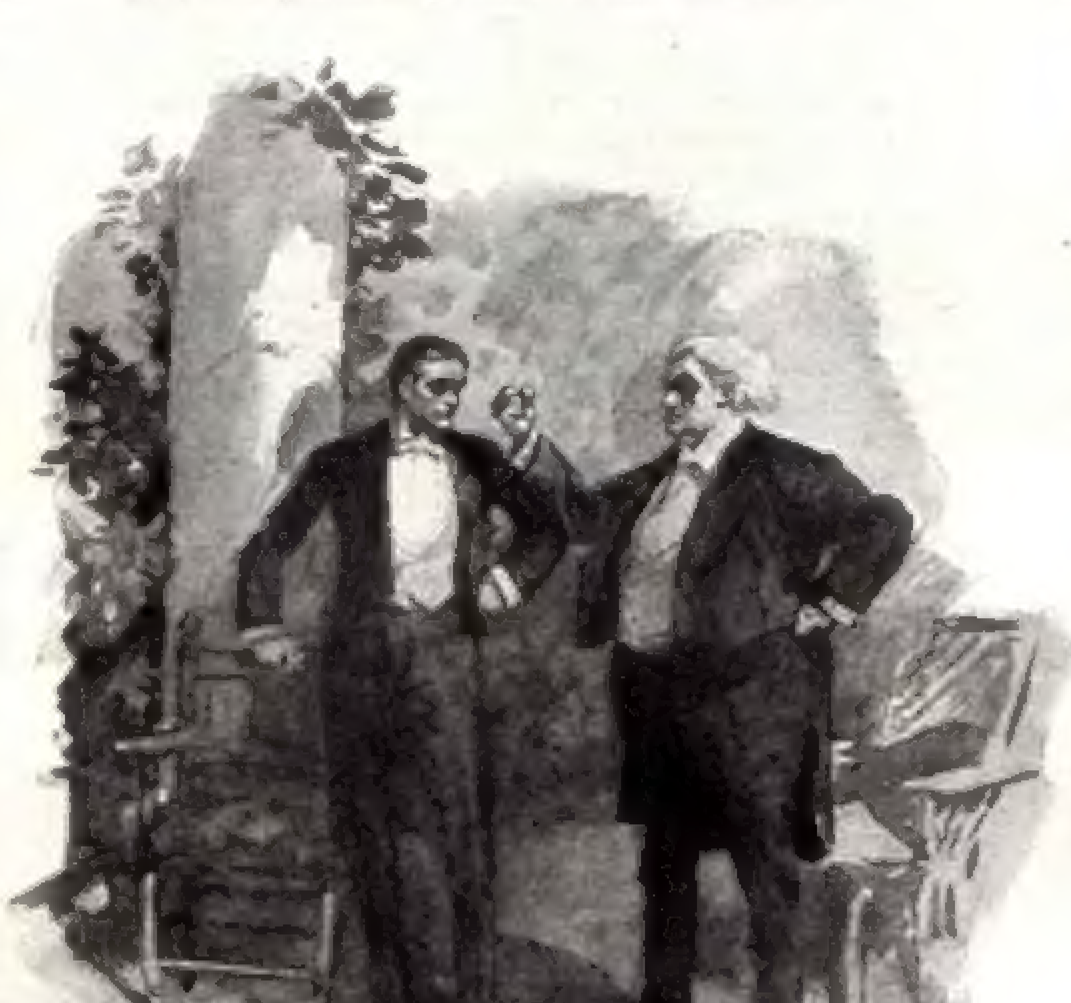
"Yes."

Then I woke up to the fact that I was holding Anita's hand, that I had been holding it ever since we had stepped through the French window. Someway, it seemed as if it would look rude and pointed if I released it just then, even though I was determined to prove myself a lineal descendant of the early Christian martyrs before the evening was over, so I kept right on holding it. The evening had only just begun.

I wonder whether those chaps in novels really do make love so smoothly and talk in such poetic and well-rounded sentences to the heroine, or whether the average love-scene isn't purely a fiction, a symbol, standing for an ideal result that no one ever gets, except, perhaps, the fellow who isn't in earnest. It's awfully easy to be glib and gabby when one's flirting, but when I really feel deeply I can't find many words. And when it's Anita that I'm feeling deeply about, I choke on my Adam's apple and stumble over my own feet. So I blurted it all out in a few awkward sentences.

"I love you, Anita. I always shall love you—I don't need to tell you that ——"

"No; but please do, Jack. I like to hear it."



"Every Blank Bone in Yo' Dashed Body"

"Do you mean that, Anita? Someway, I never believed that you could love me; I can't quite believe it yet."

"But I do—dearly, Jack," Anita returned, pressing my hand by way of emphasis.

"Don't, Anita—you won't understand," I protested. "I'm no good at anything; I'm a failure at everything. It's true I'm making up with the Governor, and I suppose he'd allowance me and make it possible for us to marry. But I don't want even you on those terms. I simply *must* fight it out."

"Of course you must, Jack, but we'll fight it out together."

"No, no," I dissented vehemently. "That wouldn't be decent of me or fair to you," and I put my arm around Anita's waist and drew her to me in an agony of renunciation.

A minute later, or perhaps it was two—I don't remember—Anita said: "Now, Jack, be sensible for a minute and listen to me. You know when father died—it was dear of you to send me those violets when you were so poor—well, he didn't leave a million—only enough to give me twelve hundred a year. And you know what twelve hundred a year means among these people. Of course, I can spend half my time living in luxury on my friends, and the other half scrimping along on my twelve hundred. If I were a little older and all this had become my fixed idea of happiness, as it would, I suppose, some day, I'd probably swallow the insults with the wine, and stoop to all the petty meannesses and makeshifts of a life of poverty in palaces."

"Or marry Brooke Churchill," I suggested, "and have a palace of your own."

"Or marry Brooke Churchill, whom I don't love," assented Anita, "or you, whom I do. I prefer to marry you, Jack. I'd rather make-believe a palace, than make-believe love."

This was such dangerous ground that to keep firm in my resolution I had to take Anita in my arms and renounce her again.

"Now, dear," she continued, when the interruption was over, "we must cut New York and all its works, and go to some place where life isn't so complex ——"

"And so expensive," I added.

"And where happiness isn't things you buy, but things you do. You must find such a place, Jack, and take me there."

"I have found such a place," I answered, "and I'm going there to-morrow, but it wouldn't be right to take you. You've heard me speak of Uncle Bill, who won't conform and who lives in his own sweet way, to the bitter disgust of the Governor. He owns a newspaper in Canyon City—a town of eight or ten thousand at the foot of the Continental Divide in Colorado—and runs a mountain ranch—one of those natural parks back in the range. Well, I wrote him last week for a job on his paper, and I got it this morning—at twenty dollars a week. It's a start, but it's only the beginning of a long pull. It's better for you to be unhappy for a little while now, than for me to take you to a frontier town, away from everything and everybody you've known and liked, and perhaps condemn you to a lifetime of unhappiness."

"I've always loved Colorado and the mountains," Anita commented irrelevantly, "and as for ranch life, I know of nothing more delightful. Twenty and twenty-five make forty-five a week. I shall be very, very economical, Jack—oh! I've been learning too! And we shall make out famously."

We were back near the house now, and I hurried toward it, for I felt that I was weakening. On the terrace I turned to say the final word to Anita.

"Don't tempt me any more, Anita," I pleaded. "You know how rotten weak I am," and I kissed her good-by forever some ten or twenty times.

Apparently she didn't understand that it was good-by, for she kept right on, and, of course, I couldn't rush away while she was talking without seeming awfully rude.

"You can't seem to understand, Jack, that I *want* to start poor. People who start rich don't seem to *stay* married. There's something in fighting it out together that makes love last, and I don't want anything, Jack, for which I've got to give even the least bit of your love."

"It's bully of you, Anita, to feel that way, but I can't let you do it," I protested.

Anita stamped her foot. "I didn't know you *could* be so obstinate, Jack Spurlock," she cried and disappeared through the window. I followed more slowly, and saw her, with cheeks flushed and eyes sparkling, carrying on an animated conversation with the Major. Finally, after nodding reassuringly, the old fellow walked across to me.

"Step outside a minute, Jack," he began; "I want to have a little serious conversation with you."

"You bet I will," I answered, delighted at this opportunity to quarrel with some one. "What the devil do you mean by giving up your immortal soul and all my personal affairs to Anita?"

"My deah boy," the Major returned mildly, as we began to walk the terrace, "I really couldn't add anything of impo'tance to the young lady's info'mation. She knows you like the Old Testament, suh, and she's had a tola'bly good religious trainin' of the kind we used to get befo' a frivolous and light-minded generation abolished Hell. Of cou'se she was anxious to know just what you had been doin', and considerin' the tender natchah of yo' relations with her, suh, I saw no harm in impartin' to her some of the mo' amusin' incidents ——"

"Yes, I saw you giving me the laugh," I interrupted bitterly. "But let that go now; I want to get away from here quick, before I make a bigger ass of myself than I have already."

"That, suh, would be layin' out fo' yo'self the labors of Hercules," the Major returned.

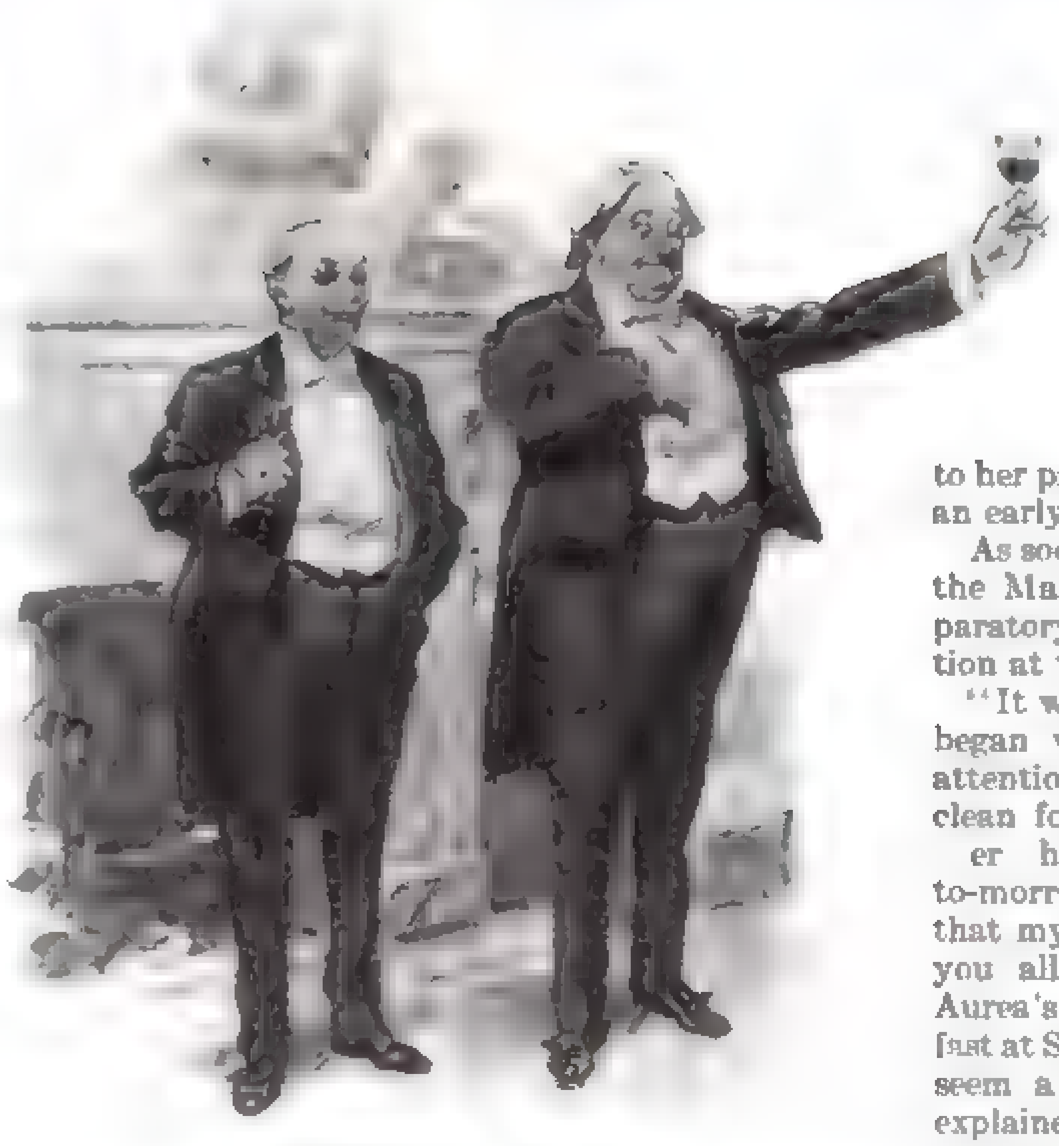
"What do you mean by that?" I demanded, angry in earnest now.

"What do I mean by that, suh? What do I mean by that?" the Major roared. "I mean, suh, that you are a blank fool; that any man who could even entertain the thought of givin' up the blankest, beautifullest creature on earth has no dashed heart; that any man who could let cold, calculatin', so'did, mercenary considerations of how he is goin' to make a livin' interfere with his callin' that blank angel his own is a dashed coward. That's what I mean, suh, and I repeat it."

Instead of making me angrier, the knowledge that there was one human being who approved of my marrying Anita on twenty a week gave me my first glimmer of hope.

"But, Major," I protested, seeking further encouragement in a low, sneaking way, "you must realize that as I am situated it would be downright dishonorable of me to marry Anita."

"You have queer ideas of honor, suh," the Major snorted. "Do you call it honorable, might I inquire, to win the heart of a trustin', confidin' girl with yo' blank Machiavellian arts and insinuatin' ways, and then to throw



"My Ward, Miss Grey"

her over? Do you consider it honorable to discuss marriage with her—don't you dare deny it, suh—and then to jilt her on the very steps of the altar? Is it a part of yo' peculiar code, suh, to lure a young girl out on to a dark lawn, compromisin' her in the eyes of her childhood's friends, and then to spurn her with a heartless laugh? Dash it all, Jack, I can't stand fo' such treatment of her! It's unmanly; it's inhuman; it's—it's monstrous, suh!"

"Do you mean to threaten, Major?" I demanded in a tone that I tried to make very fierce.

"No, no, Jack," the Major protested, wilting at once. "Of cou'se I appreciate that you are actuated by the highest and most unselfish motives ——"

"You doggoned old fool," I interrupted, feeling inexpressibly annoyed, "can't you see that I want to be threatened?"

The Major gripped both my hands. "You young rascal!" he bellowed delightedly. "You come with me or I'll break every blank bone in yo' body." And he dragged me off to search for Anita.

She saw us coming and knew from the look on my face that I was coming for her. Some girls would have played coy, but Anita wasn't that sort. She came to meet me, and, as the Major discreetly fell to the rear, she gave me both hands, and with them herself.

"I can make good, Anita, with you to help," I said.

"You'll make good, anyway," she answered. "But I want to be a part of it."

"Soon?" I insinuated. "If you're going to be a poor man's wife you ought to get away from all this demoralizing luxury at once? Don't keep me waiting, Anita."

"You've been patient so long, Jack," she answered seriously, "that this sudden impatience sounds a little stagey. You must wait"—and she laughed as she saw my face fall—"until to-morrow afternoon." And then she ran away before I could detain her, kissing her hand and calling back that she should be frightfully busy in her room for the rest of the evening.

As there was to be no more Anita, the evening was over so far as I was concerned, and I suggested to the Major the propriety of saying good-night and of going back to the hotel, but the old fellow only chuckled and answered:

"We're not goin' back to-night, Jack; we're goin' to stay right here. When Mr. Corliss heard that we had left the Bonsalls' he sent his man to the hotel fo' our baggage. And owin' to the necessity of securin' his coöperation if we're to get an early start in the mo'nin', I think I'd better announce yo' engagement to him," which he promptly did.

Mr. Corliss was delighted with the news. "God bless my soul, Major!" he exclaimed. "I've been waiting a year for an occasion worthy of the last of the '74. We'll have it up at once and drink the young folks' health."

Mr. Corliss routed out the spooners from their corners, drove the bridge players from their table, and sent for Anita. Then the Major, at his host's request, stood up, glass in hand, to tell what it was all about. Someway, Anita and I had come together and had slipped into the background, where we could touch hands for a minute.

"Owin' to the unfo'tunate fact that I am a—er—er bachelor," the Major began, thrusting his unoccupied hand in his shirt-bosom, "I have never been blessed with—er—er—offspring." Loud cries of "Hear! Hear!" from Mr. Corliss. "But by a singular piece of good fo'tune I have been associated in my business undertakin's durin' the past year with one fo' whom I have come to cherish all the feelin's of a father. That Mr. Spurlock has had the good taste to fall in love with my ward, Miss Grey, and the good fo'tune to find that his—er—er—sentiments are not distasteful to her, is a sou'ce of great pleasure to an old fellow who has reached that time of life when we find our greatest happiness in the happiness of others. I give you the health of my ward, Miss Grey, and of Mr. Spurlock."

There wasn't a wet eye or a full glass at the end of this speech. Then, in the momentary silence that followed the drinking of the toast, we heard Owen Corliss exclaim, in a hoarse stage whisper:

"His ward! Wouldn't that sting you? And father introduced them four hours ago. I bet he used to propose on sight."

"And shoot, too," Anita added significantly, and she set the seal of her approval on the new relationship by kissing the Major good-night and running back to her packing, for we were to make an early start next morning.

As soon as she was safely upstairs the Major cleared his throat, preparatory to firing his second sensation at the company.

"It was very careless of me," he began when he had secured the attention of everybody, "but I clean fo'got to announce that the er hymeneal knot will be tied to-morrow afternoon at two, and that my ward wishes me to invite you all to the ceremony at St. Aurea's and to the weddin' breakfast at Sherry's. This may, I know, seem a little—er—impetuous," he explained, in answer to the murmur of astonishment, "but business matters of great impo'tance call Mr. Spurlock West to-morrow night, and he has a distaste, amountin' to a—er—mania almost, fo' travelin' alone! As it is not possible fo' me to get away just now, I fear that my ward will have ——" The rest was drowned in a shout of laughter.

The women crowded around me, protesting that it was all too perfectly lovely, and thinking, no doubt, that it was all too perfectly crazy. I shared both beliefs. What they would have thought if they had known the true inwardness of affairs—that I was marrying on a weekly salary of small change, such as people hold out to drop in the baby's bank—is too involved a subject for speculation even. But, of course, they believed that I was still the young prince, privileged to play the fool, and able to pay alimony regularly when I got ready to settle down.

I firmly refused to figure in any farewell bachelor proceedings, though old Mr. Corliss was purple with pleasure at having so plausible a pretext for getting comfortably jingled. But in my time I had seen so many fellows stop on the way from a Turkish bath to call at the altar for their brides that I had no stomach for that game. I managed to get away and to take the Major with me, though rather against his will, on the plea that there were still some important details to be settled. But I only wanted a chance to ask him what he meant by inviting all those people to a church wedding and a breakfast at Sherry's. And once we were in our room I lost no time in doing it.

"That, suh, is none of yo' business," the Major answered, "but I don't mind tellin' you. It's because I don't propose that my ward shall be married befo' a magistrate like a blank parlor-maid. Somethin', suh, is due to her birth and breedin'!"

"But think of the expense of all this, Major," I protested. "You know I ——"

"I will think of it in due time, suh, when the bills come in. But what the deuce do you mean by thinkin' of it? What do you mean by thinkin' of anythin' except yo' affianced bride? Dash it all, Jack, this perpetual penny-shavin' and dollar-hoardin' is the only thing I don't like about you. You must overcome it, suh, if you're ever goin' to get anywhere. The only thing you've got to do with this weddin' is to answer yes when you're spoken to and to fee the clergyman."

"But I can't even fee him until after I've touched the Governor," I explained, "unless I do it with the hundred you lent me. And father's likely to go right up in the air when I begin to talk the woolly West and this wild wedding to him."

"I think, suh, I can make him understand that Miss Grey has done him an honor in consentin' to an alliance with a member of his family," the Major returned, bridling a little. "It may be mo' difficult to make him see that yo' Western plans deserve the same measure of approbation. But, whatever he says, Jack, don't, I implo' you, do anythin' to excite him. Leave it all to me. Tact and diplomacy will coax the stubbo'nest mule along, when twistin' his tail won't budge him."

I promised and we went to bed. The Major, in lieu of prayers probably, had a habit of spending the first few minutes after the lights were out in moral and philosophical reflections, based on the occurrences of the day, and then of imparting his conclusions to me. To-night was no exception.

"I reckon you were right, Jack, in cuttin' out that bachelor blow-out, though it did seem just a little ungracious to yo' host. This blank generation don't seem to hold it's liquor right—you noticed how that young fellow was startin' in to guzzle his cocktail? And he swilled that seventy-fo' champagne like a blank shoat—all stomach and no palate."

"Then you've come around to my way of thinking," I commented; "and you don't really believe that it's good business for a young man to drink."

"I didn't say that, Jack," the Major returned cautiously; "but I will say that I don't believe it's good business fo' a man to get drunk. A young fellow has to have a mighty level head to play around the edges of Hell without fallin' in," and the Major gave a prodigious yawn, ending in a chuckle. "I've met some mighty fine people here to-night—what the niggers used to call real quality folks—but I don't know what to make of some of the women," he went on. "You know that Miss Moore?—a regular young Juno, suh. Well, dash it all, if she didn't confide to me that her father had promised her ten thousand dollars if she wouldn't smoke until she was twenty-one! Said it would stunt her growth! What do you think of that, suh?"

"I don't think, so long as I don't have to marry her," I yawned. "I'm a young man of one idea, and just now that happens to be Anita. Thank the Lord she doesn't smoke, for my salary would be just about cigarette money for her," and I turned over and pretended to go to sleep.

Mr. Corliss broke the regular habits of a lifetime by getting up before nine next morning and seeing us off in one of his motors. Our baggage was already on the way to New York in charge of his man. "I'll be waiting at the church," the old fellow called out jovially as we sputtered away from his door, and then we settled back, Anita between the Major and me, for the run through the sharp morning air.

Anita and I weren't very talky, for with the Major there beside us we couldn't talk about the only thing in the world worth mentioning, but she gave me some silent treatments with her eyes that were mighty comforting. I don't believe that we'd have said much even if we'd been alone. The Major, too, during the first part of the ride, was silent. His face reflected a judicious mixture of dignity and joy, which told me that he was alternately thinking over the coming battle with the Governor and his part in the wedding ceremony. Finally, however, he seemed to have conned over his rôles in both affairs to his satisfaction, and then, mile by mile, his spirits mounted until they culminated in a burst of melancholy song:

"'*Oh! they buried her down in Geo'gia,*
Darlin' Nellie that I loved so true;
And the cypress weeps over her tombstone,
And the ——'

"Dash it all, Jack, I reckon you may be right about quittin' New York," he broke off suddenly. "It's as bad to be rich there as it is to be po'. The only people who get any fun out of livin' in the town are those who have just enough, so that they can pity the po' and envy the rich."

"Then you'd better leave it, Major," I answered, voicing a thought which had been in my mind all along, "and follow us out to God's country."

"That's worth considerin', suh," the Major returned enthusiastically. "I have always had a great partiality fo' the West; a strange, and, as I look at it now, a prophetic conviction that I should end my days there. While the interests of the trottin' ho'se have always had a peculiar hold on my affections, we seldom find it feasible to

(Continued on Page 26)

An Animated Conversation with the Major

RUG-FAKING

Imitating Beauties of Age and Eastern Dyes

By HARUTUNE MICHAELYAN

"THERE are tricks in every trade" is the rather crude yet illuminative sentence in which the popular philosopher has given expression to a sentiment as true in its purport as it is sweeping in its assertion. The story of the chestnut-colored horse, which turned into gray-and-white streaks when caught in a rainstorm, may not be true, though I have seen it in print. I can, however, vouch for the story of the green rug which came back from the cleaners an indifferent shade of blue, to the dismay of the perplexed owner who had to use it in a green library. The unsuspecting lady who, by the way, had bought the rug in question at an auction, is typical of the average American, whose knowledge of Oriental rugs does not go any deeper than their color effect.

And more than this was not needed until recently. Except perhaps in the matter of proper valuation, there was nothing to occasion, much less to justify, any misgiving about these goods on the part of the general public. Sometimes a prospective purchaser would venture to ask in a half-jocular way whether the rug was not made "somewhere in Hoboken." Assured on this point, he would inquire no further. So long as it was actually imported he was satisfied.

But conditions have changed since. Man's ingenuity has been at work; hence a call for caution is in order.

The ever-increasing popularity of Oriental rugs and the general use to which they are being put in our homes, office-rooms and public buildings have naturally created a widespread interest in them. Attempts have been made at classification, and more or less accurate descriptions of types and their characteristics have been given. But for the vast majority of the rug-buying public most vital questions affecting Oriental rugs still remain in the maze of the mysterious. Connoisseurs may not be altogether unfamiliar with the fact of rug-faking; but the methods employed, their probable effect, and the way to detect the effect, are mysteries they do not easily fathom.

Ways of the Wily Fakir

THERE are many and different ways of faking a rug. One of the simplest and commonest practices is the tracing of designs with brush and paint on a rug whose nap has been partially or totally destroyed by wear. In doing this, the original color scheme of the design is carried out, so that a very close inspection alone will disclose the deception, especially so in rugs partly worn down. It must be remembered that in such rugs the warp and weft, which usually are in cotton, remain, with a more or less faint outline of the pattern still visible. To reweave this design is a laborious and expensive undertaking; hence the superficial and inexpensive method of painting.

Another and more elaborate way of treating a moth-eaten or worn-out rug is applying an artificial pile to it. This is accomplished by tracing the different outlines with thick glue and pressing over them wool which has been finely cut for this purpose. Each branch or leaf of a flower, each tracing of a geometrical design, is separately treated in this manner with wool corresponding with the color of the original. When the glue is dry, the superfluous wool is softly brushed away. That which is temporarily attached presents a tolerably perfect semblance of nap, which, of course, will wash away while cleaning the rug.

Both of these deceptions can be detected by a careful examination of the rugs, it being merely a case of good eyesight.

We now come to a practice which is known in the trade by the simple and innocent name of "washing." This is the name given to a process of washing Oriental rugs with certain preparations tending to soften the bright colors of newly-woven rugs. A rug so treated will look like a century-old piece with the same mellow, subdued tones and silky sheen.

A few years ago it was discovered that most of the new products of the looms in Persia, while retaining their traditional excellence of workmanship and design, lacked the beauty and richness of color for which Oriental rugs have been celebrated from time immemorial, and which discriminating lovers of rugs have learned to look for and admire. The significance of this deficiency will be apparent to any one who has had occasion to purchase a rug. His choice is determined not so much by quality, nor even by price, as by certain color considerations. The pleasing effect of a rug and the blending of it with the general tone of the room are sought after first and foremost. The raw, harsh colors of the new importations, however, did not meet the artistic requirement of the present-day conception of decorative color treatment. The importer was confronted with a serious problem which threatened the very existence of his trade. To regulate the conditions in the highlands and remote corners of Asia, so that desirable tints be used in the dyeing of the yarn, was out of the question. The industry was not under sufficient control nor the natives so tractable as to make possible any immediate and satisfactory change in that direction. Even if this were possible, however, the native dyer would still continue, with good reason, to dye the wool in the bright colors to which the American public takes exception. It is not the rug as it should look that he has in his mind when he gives his otherwise exquisite handiwork those objectionable colors, but the rug as it will become, transparent and enriched, under the softening influences of time. This desirable effect is secured by giving the modern Oriental rug a strong color basis, to prevent a weaker dye from fading away.

The problem which various interested persons endeavored to solve was to procure desired chromatic changes more expeditiously and by artificial methods, after the rugs had reached their destination in their respective markets. "Washing" or "doctoring," as it is often called, is the result of these efforts

After the "Doctor" has Done His Part

THE nature of the process, which is jealously guarded from the public, is a more or less open secret in the immediate circle of the trade. Lime, sulphuric acid and potash are chiefly used in the various preparations with which the rugs are washed. Under the treatment, a bright and offensive red may become a rich rose, the harsh blue softens into a delicate tone, bright yellow turns into an exquisite gold or brown, and the whole piece assumes a richness and depth suggestive of classic maturity. A skillful application of the brush to introduce certain colors, or to change others into more desirable hues, often forms a part of this process. As a rule, blue is changed into green by applying to it a solution of yellow. The white also in new rugs can be turned into ivory or, as is being done lately, into camel's-hair brown. Before the rug is dry a heavy, hot iron is applied to it in order to create an artificial silkiness, which will probably last until the rug is sold, or until in the course of time it is sent to cleaners. As a finishing-touch, the white, new-looking fringe of the rug is dipped into coffee, and then the rug is "antique," ready for the luxurious home of some wealthy American, who is accumulating his fortune too fast to care how it is spent. He likes the rug; or, as is often the case, his decorator likes for him, and he buys it. To him the only proof of the value of his "masterpiece" is the large sum he pays for it and this is often many times the amount the piece is actually worth.

From a strictly utilitarian point of view, "doctoring" has been a boon to the trade. It has increased the popularity of rugs by adding to them an artistic value which only age by a slow but surer process, could impart. To such an extent has "doctoring" become a necessity that ninety out of every hundred rugs imported into the United States in carpet sizes, and a little less proportion in smaller dimensions, have to be and are subjected to this treatment before they are offered for sale. There are now not less than six separate factories in and around New York where Oriental rugs are made "antique" over night

Chemical Antiques and Their Dangers

CONSTANTINOPLE also supplies us with some very close imitations of antiques, though its method of antiquating differs. There the work is in the hands of Persians, and they have brought to bear their traditional knowledge of dyes upon the subject with gratifying result. This process is known as "Constantinople wash." Most of these fake antiques are to be found in many of the department stores in New York which import their rugs direct from Constantinople. These stores are, however, in the habit of repudiating the mere suggestion of it, probably on the ground that the rugs in question were not tampered with in this country, and if "washed" on the other side of the ocean they are willing to remain conveniently ignorant of the fact. The method in general use here at present was originally practiced in London about 1894, where the first rugs so treated were sold as genuine antiques.

For many years no rugs have been "washed" in London, but an attempt is being made there just now to revive the practice. Rugs are "washed" also in Persia, but not to a great extent. The Persian method also differs from that in vogue in New York.

Apart from the deceptive element, there are certain dangers attending the treatment of rugs as described above. While it is true that much artistic effect is gained by "doctoring" rugs, it is also true that this advantage is very often procured by the sacrifice of permanency of the texture. When the unnatural glow bespeaks an unhealthy physic, its very lustre becomes a danger-signal.

If after the treatment the rugs are not thoroughly washed, it may be only a matter of time when the chemicals left in the fabric will rot the rug. Lime has a tendency to injure the cotton of the warp and weft, while the sulphuric acid burns the wool. Again, much of this "washing" is attended by haste and carelessness, with total disregard of the interests of the buying public. The effect of this is disastrous to the wearing qualities of rugs. It was, no doubt, this aspect of the matter that prompted Consul Norton, of Harpoot, Turkey, to sound a note of official warning in the following words: "The methods of bringing about these chromatic changes are of a nature which not only affect the original color scheme, but frequently impair the permanence of the rug, thus seriously injuring the reputation of the wares."

From what has been said, it will be obvious that the question whether the rug is "washed," and, if so, to what extent has this affected or will affect its texture, is of

(Concluded on Page 36)

APPENDICITIS

Nature's Remnant Sale

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

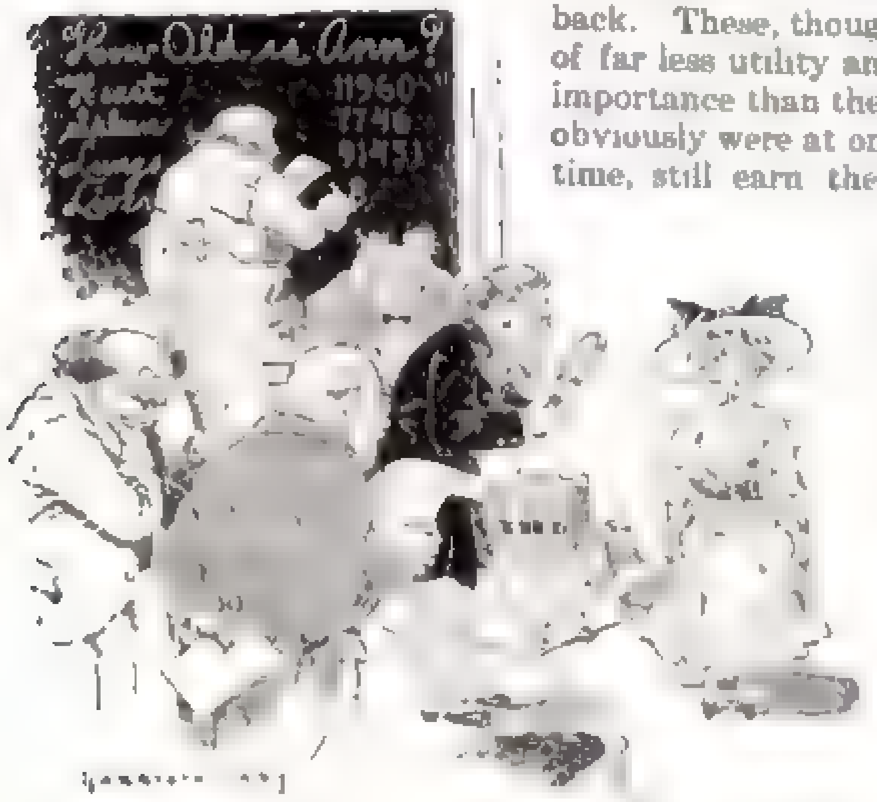
ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON CADY

"For Fear that Some of the Seeds Will Give 'em Appendicitis"

WE WERE not made all at once, nor do we go to pieces all at once, like "the one-hoss shay." This is largely because we are not all of the same age, clear through. Some parts of us are older than other parts. We have always felt a difficulty, not to say a delicacy, in determining the age of a given member of the human species—especially of the gentler sex. Now we know the reason of it. From the biologic point of view, we are not an individual, but a colony; not a monarchy, but a confederacy of organ-states, each with its millions of cell-citizens. It is not merely editors and crowned heads who have a biologic right to say "We." Therefore, obviously, any statement that we make as to our age can be only in the nature of an average struck between the ages of our heart, lungs, liver, stomach, and as these vary in ancientness by thousands of years, the average must be both vague and misleading. The only reason why there is a mystery about a woman's age is that she is so intensely human and natural. The only statement as to our age that the facts would strictly justify us in making must partake of the vagueness of Mr. A. Ward's famous confession that he was "between twenty-three summers."

As we individually climb our own family-tree, from the first, one-celled, droplet of animal jelly up, none of our organs is older than we are, but a number of them are younger. The appendix is one of these. Now, by some curious coincidence, explain it as we may, some of our oldest organs are youngest, in the sense of most vigorous, elastic and resisting, while some of our youngest are oldest, in the sense of decrepit, feeble and unstable. It is perhaps only natural that an organ like the stomach, for instance, which has a record of honorable service and active duty millions of years long, should be better poised, more reliable and more resourceful than one which, like the lung or the appendix, has, as it were, a "character" of only about one-tenth of that length. However this may be, the curious fact confronts us that scattered about through the body are structures and fragments, the remains of organs which at one time in our ancestral career were, under the then existing circumstances, of utility and value, but have now become mere survivals, remnants—in the language of the day, "back numbers." Some of these have still a certain degree of utility, though diminished and still diminishing in size and functional importance, like our third molars or "wisdom" teeth, our fifth or "little" toes, our gall-bladder, our coccyx or tail-bone, the hair glands scattered all over the now practically hairless surface of our bodies, and our once movable ears, which can no longer be "pricked," or laid back. These, though of far less utility and importance than they obviously were at one time, still earn their salt, and, though all capable of causing us considerable annoyance on slight provocation, seldom give rise to serious trouble or inconvenience. There are, however, a few of these "oversights" which are of little or no known utility, and yet which, either by their structure or situation, may become the starting point of serious trouble.

The best-known members of this small group are the openings through the abdominal wall, which, originally placed at the strongest and safest position in the quadrupedal attitude, are now, in the erect attitude, at the weakest and most dangerous, and furnish opportunity for those serious and sometimes fatal escapes of portions of the intestines which we call hernia; the tonsils, and our friend the *appendix vermiformis.*



Any Statement that We Make as to Our Age Can be Only in the Nature of an Average Struck Between the Ages of Our Heart, Lungs, Liver, Stomach

The Tiny Tube We Speak of with Bated Breath

FOR once his name expresses him exactly. He is an "appendix," an afterthought; and he is "*vermiformis,*" a wormlike creature—and, like the worm, will sometimes turn when trodden on. Its wormlikeness is significant in another sense also, in that it is this very diminutiveness in size—the coils into which it is thrown, the spongy thickness of its walls, and the readiness with which its calibre or its circulation is blocked—that is the fundamental cause of its tendency to disease.

The cause of appendicitis is the appendix.

"Despise not the day of small things" is good pathology as well as Scripture. Here we have a little, worm-shaped tag, or side branch, of the food tube, barely three or four inches long, of about the diameter of a small quill and of a calibre that will barely admit an ordinary knitting needle. And yet we speak of it with bated breath. When we remember that this little, twisted, blind tube opens directly out of one of the largest pouches of the intestines (the *cæcum*), and that it is easy for anything that may be present in the large pouch—food, irritating fragments of waste matter or bacteria—to find their way into this fatal little trap, but very difficult to find their way out again, we can form some idea of what a literal death-trap it may become.

How did such a useless and dangerous structure ever come to develop in a body in which for the most part there is mutual helpfulness, utility and perfect smoothness of working through all the great machine? To attempt to answer this would carry us very far back into ancient history. But to make such backward search is absolutely the only means of reaching an answer.

"But," some one will object, "how perfectly irrational, not to say absurd, to propose to go back hundreds of thousands of years into ancient history, to account for a disease which has been discovered—according to some, invented—within the past twenty-five years!"

Appendicitis is a mark, not a result, of a high grade of civilization. To have had an operation for it is one of the insignia of modern rank and culture. Our new biologic aristocracy, the "Appendix-Free," look down with gentle disdain upon their appendiciferous fellows who still bear in their bodies this troublesome mark of their lowly origin. In short, the general impression prevails that appendicitis is a new disease, a disease which has only become common, or perhaps occurred at all, within the last quarter of a century, and which therefore—with the usual flying leap of popular logic—is a serious menace to our future, if it keeps on increasing in frequency and ferocity at anything like the same rate which it has apparently shown for the past fifteen years.

As this feeling of apprehension is in many minds quite genuine, it may be well to say briefly, before proceeding further—first, that, if there be any disease which absolutely and almost exclusively depends upon definite peculiarities of structure, it is appendicitis, and that these structural peculiarities of this tiny, cramped tag of the food canal have existed from the earliest infancy of the race. So it is almost unthinkable that man should not have been subject to fatal disturbances of this organ from the very earliest times. On the post-mortem table, the appendix of the lowest savage is the same useless, shriveled and inflammable worm as that of the most highly civilized Aryan, though perhaps an inch or so longer. Secondly, that there is absolutely no adequate proof that appendicitis is increasing in frequency among civilized races. It is only about twenty-five years ago that it was first definitely described, and barely fifteen that the profession began at all generally to recognize it.

But all of us whose memory extends backward a quarter of a century can clearly recall that, while we did not see any cases of "appendicitis," we saw dozens of cases of "acute enteritis," "idiopathic ("self-caused") peritonitis," "acute inflammation of the bowels," "acute obstruction of the bowels," of which patients died both painfully and promptly, and which we now know were really appendicitis.

In short, from a careful study of all the data, including the claims so frequently made of freedom from appendicitis on the part of Oriental races, colored races, less civilized tribes, vegetarians and others, we are tending toward the conclusion that the percentage of appendicitis in a given community is simply the percentage of its recognition—in other words, of the intelligence and alertness first of its physicians, and then of its laity.

As an illustration, my friend Doctor Bloodgood kindly had the statistics of the surgical patients treated in the great Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore investigated for me, and found almost precisely the same percentage of cases of appendicitis among colored patients as among white patients.

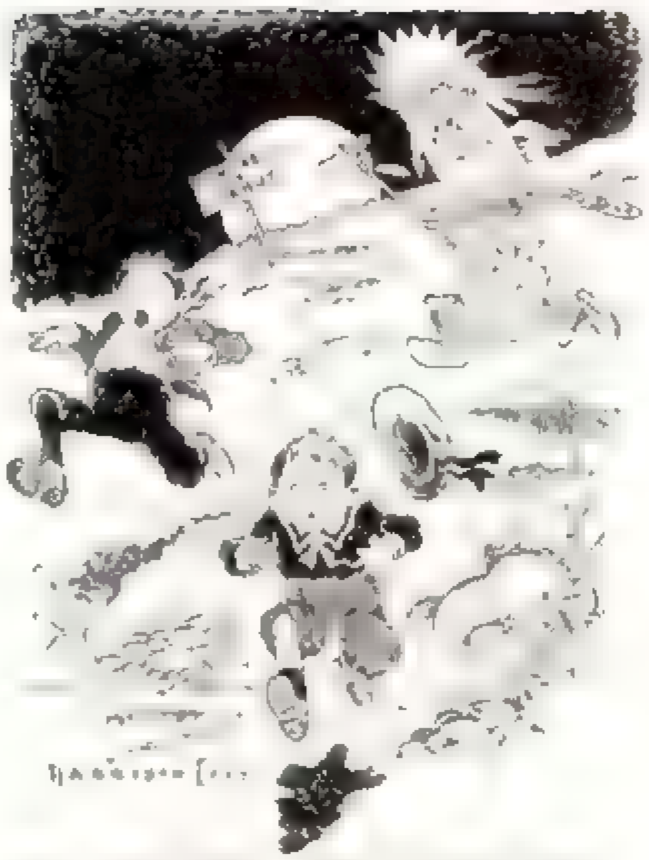
Our Primitive Ancestors Were Mixed Feeders

The earlier impression, first among physicians, and now in the laity, that appendicitis is an almost invariably fatal disease, is not well founded; and we now know that a large percentage of cases recover, at least from the first attack; so that it is quite possible for from half to two-thirds of the cases of appendicitis actually occurring in a given community to escape recognition, unless promptly reported, carefully examined, and accurately diagnosed. Thirdly, in spite of the remarkable notoriety which the disease has attained, the general dread of its occurrence—which has been recently well expressed in a statement that everybody either has had it, or expects to have it, or knows somebody who has had it—the actual percentage of occurrence of grave appendicitis is small. In the United States census of 1900, which was the first census in which it was recognized as a separate cause of death, it was responsible for only 5000 deaths in the entire United States for the ten years preceding, or about one death in two hundred. This rate is corroborated by the data, now reaching into thousands, from the post-mortem rooms of our great hospitals, which report an average of between a half and one per cent. A disease which, in spite of the widespread terror of it, kills only one in two hundred of those who actually die—or about one in every ten thousand of our population—is certainly nothing to become seriously excited over from a racial point of view.

A Closed Season for the Bugaboo

WHILE appendicitis is one of the "realest" and most substantial of diseases, and, in its serious form, highly dangerous to life, there can be little doubt that there has come, first of all, a state of mind almost approaching panic in regard to it; and, second, a preference for it as a diagnosis, as so much more *distingué* than such plebeian names as "colic," "indigestion," "enteritis" or the plain old Saxon "bellyache," which has reached almost the proportions of a fad. It is certain that nowadays physicians have almost as frequently to refuse to operate on those who are clamoring for the distinction, as to urge a needed operation upon those unwilling to submit to it.

The satirical proposal that a "closed season" should be established by law for appendicitis as for game birds,



The Only Single Article of Diet Whose Ingestion is Declared by Osler to be Rather Frequently Followed by an Attack of Appendicitis is the Peanut

during which none might be taken, would apply almost as often to the laity as to the profession, even the surgical half.

Since the chief cause of appendicitis is the appendix, the first question for disposal is, How did the appendix become an appendix? To this biology can render a fairly satisfactory answer. It is the remains of one of Mother Nature's experiments with her 'prentice hand upon the mammalian food tube. As is now generally known, the food canal in animals was originally a comparatively straight tube, running the length of the body from mouth to anus. It early distends into a moderate pouch, about a third of the way down from the mouth, forming a *stomach*, or storage and churning place for the food. Below this, it lengthens into coils, the so-called *small intestine*, which, as the body becomes more complex, increase in number and length until they reach four to ten times the length of the body. Later, the lower third of the tube distends and sacculates out into a so-called *large intestine* in which the last remnants of nutritive material and of moisture are extracted from the food residues before they are discharged from the body. Just at the junction of this large intestine with the small intestine, Nature took it into her head to develop a second pouch, a sort of copy of the stomach. This pouch, from the fact that it ends in a blind sac, is known as the *cæcum* (or "blind" pouch), and is apparently simply a means of delaying the passage of the foodstuffs until all the nutriment and moisture have been absorbed out of them for the service of the body. Naturally, it has developed to the largest degree and size in those animals which have lived upon the bulkiest and grassiest of foods, the so-called *Herbivora*, or grass-eaters. In the *Carnivora*, or flesh-eaters, it is usually small, and in one family, the bears, entirely absent. This pouch is no mere figure of speech, as may be gathered from the fact that in certain of the rodent *Herbivora*, like the common guinea-pig, it may have a capacity equal to all of the rest of the alimentary canal; and in the horse it will hold something like four times as much as the stomach. Oddly enough, among the grass-eaters, for some reason which we do not understand, it appears to occur in a sort of inverse proportion to the stomach; those which have large, sacculate, pouched stomachs, like the cow, sheep and the ruminants generally, having smaller *cæca*. In other *Herbivora* with small stomachs, like the rabbit and the horse, it develops greater size.

Mother Nature's Bad Mistake

OUR primitive ancestors were mixed feeders, and, though probably more largely herbivorous than we are to-day, had a medium-sized *cæcum*, and maintained it up to the point at which the anthropoid apes began to branch off from our family-tree. But at about this point, for some reason, possibly connected with the increasing variety and improved quality and concentration of the food, due to greater intelligence and ability to obtain it, this large *cæcum* became unnecessary, and began to shrivel.

Here, however, is where Nature makes her first afterthought mistake. Instead of allowing this pouch to contract and shrivel uniformly throughout its entire length, she allowed the farther (or *distal*) two-thirds of it to shrivel down at a much faster rate than the central (or *proximal*) third; so that the once evenly-distended sausage-shaped pouch, about six to eight inches long and two inches in diameter, has become distorted down into a narrow, contracted end portion, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, and a distended first portion, for all the world like a corncob pipe with a crooked stem and an unusually large bowl. And behold—the modern *appendix vermiformis*, with all its fatal possibilities!

If we want something distinctly human to be proud of, we may take the appendix, for man is the only animal that has this in its perfection. A somewhat similarly shriveled last four inches of the *cæcum* is found in the anthropoid apes and in the wombat, a burrowing marsupial of Australia. In some of the monkeys, and in certain rodents like the guinea-pig, a curious imitation appendix is found, which consists simply of a contracted last four or five inches of the *cæcum*, which, however, on distension with air, is found to relax and expand until of the same size as the rest of the gut.

The most strikingly and distinctly human thing about us is not our brain, but our appendix. And, while recognizing its power for mischief, it is only fair to remember that it is an incident and a mark of progress, of difficulties overcome, of dangers survived. In all probability, it was our change to a more carnivorous diet, and consequently predatory habits, which enabled our ancestors to step out from the ruck of the "*Bandar-Log*," the Monkey Peoples. An increase in carnivorousness must have been a powerful help to our survival, both by widening our range of diet, so that we could live and thrive on anything and everything we could get our hands on, and by inspiring greater respect in the bosoms of our enemies. Let us therefore respect the appendix as a mark and sign of historic progress and triumph, even while recognizing to the full its unfortunate capabilities for mischief.

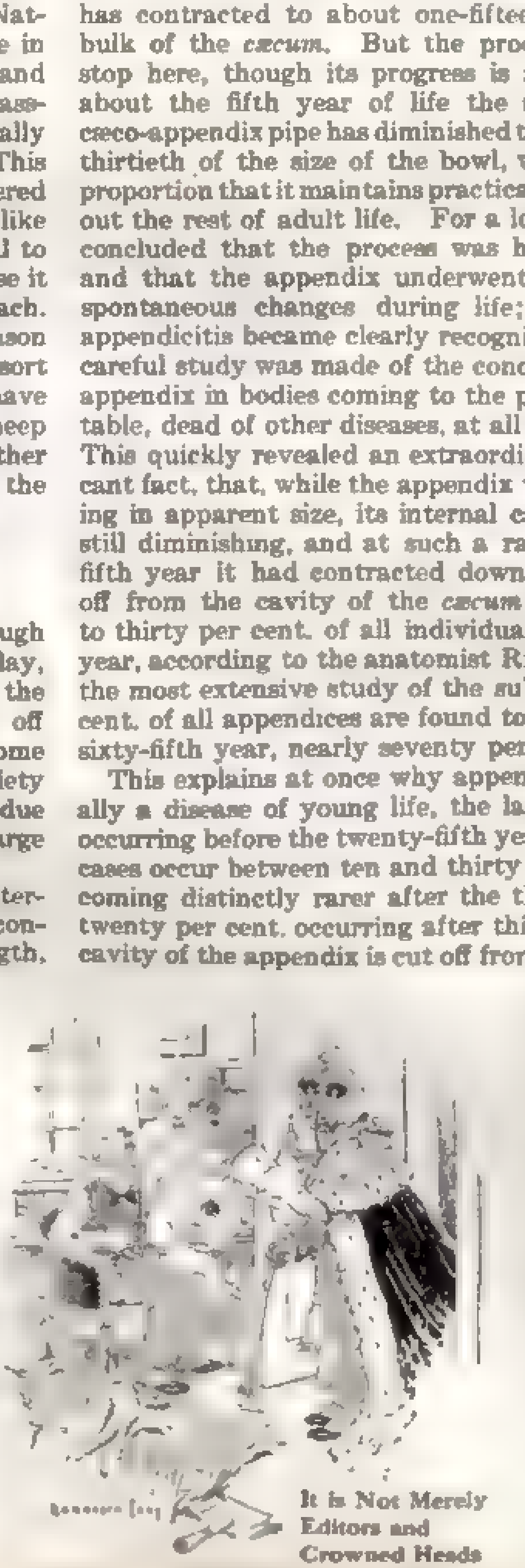
But what has this ancient history to do with us in the twentieth century? Much in every way. First, because it furnishes the physical basis of our troubles; and second, and most important, because, like other history, it is not merely repeating itself, but continuing. This process of shriveling on the part of the appendix is not ancient history at all, but exceedingly modern—indeed, it is still going on in our bodies, unless we are over sixty-five years of age

The Little Lane of Peril

IN THE first place, we have actually passed through two-thirds of this process in our own individual experience.

At the first appearance of the *cæcum*, or blind pouch, in our prenatal life, it is of the same calibre as the rest of the intestine, and of uniform size from base to tip. About three weeks later the tip begins to shrivel, and from this on the process steadily continues, until at birth it has contracted to about one-fifteenth of the bulk of the *cæcum*. But the process doesn't stop here, though its progress is slower. By about the fifth year of life the stem of the cæco-appendix pipe has diminished to about one-thirtieth of the size of the bowl, which is the proportion that it maintains practically throughout the rest of adult life. For a long time we concluded that the process was here finished and that the appendix underwent no further spontaneous changes during life; but, after appendicitis became clearly recognized, a more careful study was made of the condition of the appendix in bodies coming to the post-mortem table, dead of other diseases, at all ages of life. This quickly revealed an extraordinary and most significant fact, that, while the appendix was no longer decreasing in apparent size, its internal capacity or calibre was still diminishing, and at such a rate that by the thirty-fifth year it had contracted down so as to become cut off from the cavity of the *cæcum* in about twenty-five to thirty per cent. of all individuals. By the forty-fifth year, according to the anatomist Ribbert (who has made the most extensive study of the subject), nearly fifty per cent. of all appendices are found to be cut off, and by the sixty-fifth year, nearly seventy per cent.

This explains at once why appendicitis is so emphatically a disease of young life, the largest number of cases occurring before the twenty-fifth year (fifty per cent. of all cases occur between ten and thirty years of age), and becoming distinctly rarer after the thirty-fifth, only about twenty per cent. occurring after this age. As soon as the cavity of the appendix is cut off from that of the intestine, it is of course obvious that infectious or other irritating materials can no longer enter its cavity to cause trouble, although, of course, it is still subject to accidents due to kinks, or twists, or interference with its blood supply, but these are not so dangerous, providing there be no infectious germs present.



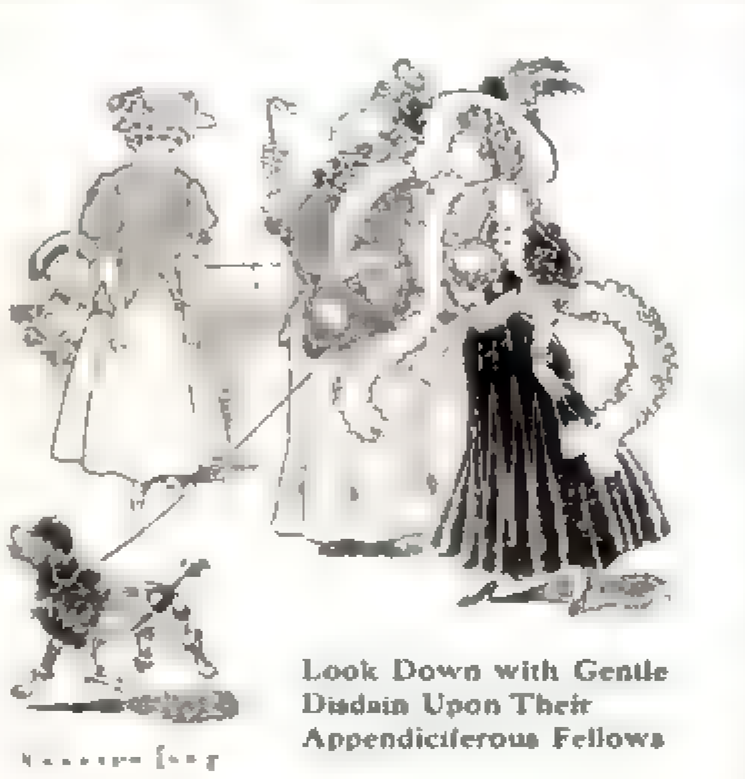
It is Not Merely Editors and Crowned Heads Who Have a Biologic Right to Say "We"

Here, then, we have a clear and adequate physical basis for appendicitis. A small, twisted, shriveling spur or side twig of the intestine, opening from a point which has become a kind of settling basin in the food tube, its mouth gaping, as it were, to admit any poisonous or irritating food, infectious materials, disease germs, the ordinary bacteria which swarm in the alimentary canal, or irritating foreign bodies, like particles of dirt, sand, hairs, fragments of bone, pins, etc., which may have been accidentally swallowed. Once these irritating and infectious materials have entered it, spasm of its muscular coat is promptly set up, their escape is blocked, and a violent inflammation easily follows, which may end in rupture, perforation or gangrene.

Not only may any infection which is sweeping along the alimentary canal, thrown off and resisted by the vigorous, full-sized, well-fed intestine, find a point of lowered resistance and an easy victim for its attack in the appendix, but there is now much evidence to indicate that the ordinary bacteria which inhabit the alimentary canal, particularly that first cousin of the typhoid bacillus, the colon bacillus, when once trapped in this *cul-de-sac*, may quickly acquire dangerous powers and set up an acute inflammation. It is not necessary to suppose that any particular germ or infection causes appendicitis. Any one which passes through or attacks the alimentary canal is quite capable of it, and probably does cause its share of the attacks.

Numerous attempts have been made to show that appendicitis is particularly likely to follow typhoid fever, rheumatism, influenza, tonsilitis, and half a dozen other infectious or inflammatory processes. But about all that has been demonstrated is that it may follow any of them, though in none with sufficient frequency or consistency to enable it to be regarded as one of the chief or even one of the important causes of the disease.

One dread, however, we may relieve our anxious souls of, and that is the famous grape-seed or cherry-stone terror. To use a Hibernianism, one of our most positive conclusions in regard to the cause of appendicitis is a negative one: that it is not chiefly, or indeed frequently, due to the presence of foreign bodies. This was a most natural conclusion in the early days of the disease, for two reasons: First, that, given a tiny blind pouch, with a constricted opening gaping upon the cavity of the food canal, nothing could be more natural than to suppose that small irritating food remnants or foreign bodies slipping into it and becoming lodged would block it and give rise to serious inflammation. And this *a priori* expectation was apparently confirmed by the discovery, in many appendices removed by operation, of small oval or rounded masses, closely resembling the seed of some vegetable or fruit. Whereupon anxious mothers promptly proceeded to order their children to "spit out," with even more religious care than formerly, every grape-seed and cherry-stone. The increased use of fresh and preserved fruits was actually gravely cited, particularly by our Continental brethren, as one of the causes of this new American disease. Barely ten years ago, I was spending the summer in the Adirondacks, and was bitterly reproached by the host of one of the Lake hotels, because the profession had so terrified the public about the dangers of appendicitis from fruit-seeds that he was utterly unable to serve upon his tables a large stock of delicious preserved and canned raspberries, blackberries and grapes which he had put up the previous years. "Why," he said, "more than half the people that come up here will no more eat them than they would poison, for fear that some of the seeds will give 'em appendicitis." This dread, however, has been deprived of all rational basis, first, by finding that many inflamed appendices removed, after the operation became more common, contained no foreign body whatever; and secondly, that many perfectly healthy appendices examined on the post-mortem table, death being due to other diseases, contain these apparently foreign bodies; and thirdly, that, when these "foreign bodies" were cut into, they were found to be not seeds or pits of any description, but hardened and, in some cases, partially calcareous masses of the feces.



Look Down with Gentle Disdain Upon Their Appendiciferous Fellows

We are in a nearly similar position in regard to the third alleged cause of appendicitis, and that is food. Many are the accusations which have been made in this field. On the one hand, meat and animal foods generally have been denounced, on account of their supposed "heating" or "uric-acid-forming" properties; while on the other, vegetables and fruits have been equally hotly incriminated,

(Concluded on Page 21)

THE FIRING LINE

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

CHAPTER IV

HAMIL awoke early. Long before breakfast he was shaved, dressed and hungry; but in the hotel late rising appeared to be fashionable, and through the bewildering maze of halls and corridors nobody was yet astir except a few children and their maids.

Finally a stream of old ladies and gentlemen began toddling into the breakfast-rooms, where an acre or two of tables, like a profuse crop of mushrooms, disturbed the monotony of the hotel interior with a monotony still more pronounced. However, there was hazy sunshine in the place and a glimpse of blessed green outside, and the leisurely negroes brought him fruit which was almost as good as the New York winter markets afforded, and his breakfast amused him mildly.

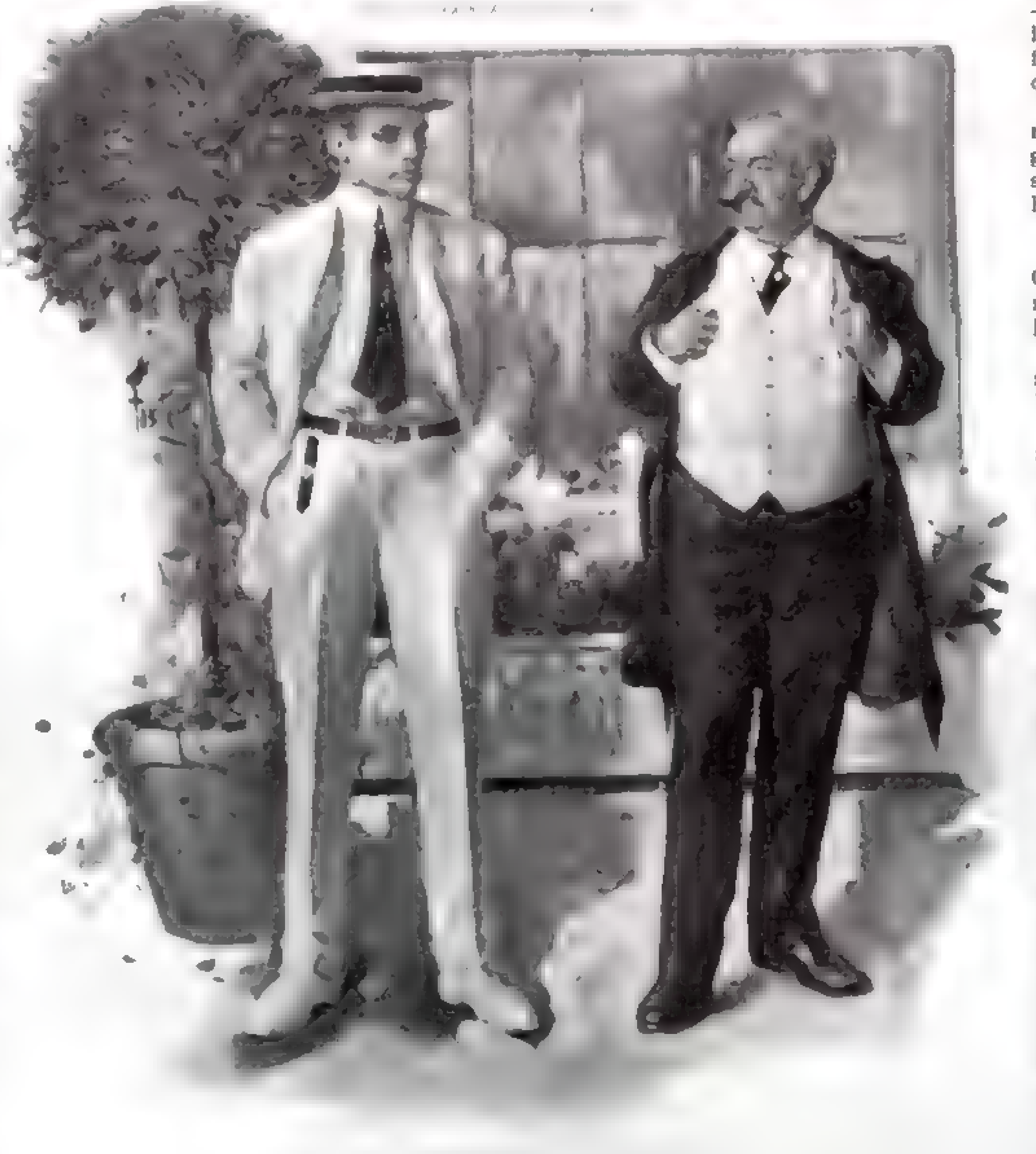
The people, too, amused him—so many dozens of old ladies and gentlemen, all so remarkably alike in a common absence of distinguishing traits—a sort of expressionless homogeneity which was rather amazing, as they doubtless had gathered there from all sections of the Republic.

But the children were delighted, and all over the vast room he could distinguish their fresh little faces like tufts of flowers set in a waste of dusty stubble, and amid the culinary clatter their clear, gay little voices broke through cheerfully at moments, grateful as the morning chatter of sparrows in early spring.

When Hamil left his table he halted to ask an imposing head waiter whether Miss Palliser might be expected to breakfast, and was informed that she breakfasted and lunched in her rooms and dined always in the café.

So he stopped at the desk and sent up his card.

A number of young people evidently equipped for the golf links now pervaded hall and corridor; others, elaborately veiled for motoring, stopped at the desk for letters on their way into the outer sunshine.



"Southern Pacific Sold Off at the Close"

A row of rather silent but important-looking gentlemen, morning cigars afire, gradually formed ranks in armchairs under the colonnade; people passing and repassing began to greet each other with more vivacity; veranda and foyer became almost animated as the crowd increased. And now a demure bride or two emerged in all the radiance of perfect love and raiment, squired by *him*, braving the searching sunshine with confidence in her beauty, her plumage and a kindly planet; and, in pitiful contrast, here and there some waxen-faced invalid, wheeled by a trained nurse, in cap and cuffs, through sunless halls into the clear sea air, to lie motionless, with leaden lids scarcely parted, in the glory of a perfect day.

A gentleman, rotund of abdomen, wearing a stubby red mustache, screwed a cigar firmly into the off corner of his mouth and, after looking aggressively at Hamil for fully half a minute, said:

"Southern Pacific sold off at the close."

"Indeed," said Hamil.

"It's like picking daisies," said the gentleman impressively. And, after a pause, during which he continued to survey the younger man: "What name?" he inquired, as though Hamil had been persistently attempting to inform him.

Hamil told him good-naturedly.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Hamil. My name is Rawson—probably the name is familiar to you?—Ambrose Rawson, of New York"—he coughed—"by profession a botanist."

Hamil smiled, recognizing in the name the most outrageously expensive of New York florists who had made a fortune in cut flowers.

"Palm Beach," continued Mr. Rawson, "is a great place for us scientists. Here we naturally gravitate for to study the flora, the sylva, the birds according to their kinds, and—and ——"

"The reptiles at the Beach Club," suggested Hamil seriously.

"Certainly, the rep*tyles* after their kind, sir—though I haven't come across many outside of several alligators in tanks." And, after another aggressive pause: "Are you married, sir?"

No offense was meant, none taken. "Alas!" said Hamil seriously.

"I brought Mrs. Rawson and the children," observed Mr. Rawson in a plaintive bleat, "considerin' that human familiarity with foreign fauna, flora and sylva is calculated to be beneficial to the expanding mind. But—I dunno."

Hamil nodded, wondering whether Mrs. Rawson's intellect was stimulated to expansion under the beneficent inspiration of the cabbage-palms and "art" furniture.

"Know many people here?" inquired Rawson almost fiercely.

"A few, I suppose," said Hamil.

The other took a fresh dental grip on his cigar. "Mrs. Rawson and me likes exclusion," he announced. "Mrs. Rawson says to me when we first come here, 'Ambrose, you and me can't be too careful who we talk to in a place like Palm Beach,' so that's why we ain't got very widely acquainted in this hotel. We don't want to."

"Science is a jealous mistress," observed Hamil.

"No, nor we ain't a-going to do no mixin'," insisted Mr. Rawson in his fiercest bleat. "We've got to think of the children," he added vaguely, offering Hamil a cigar, which the young man refused.

"Have a drink?" persisted Mr. Rawson. "No? Too early for you? Well, let's get a couple of niggers and wheel-chairs."

But Hamil declined with the easy good-humor which characterized him; and a few moments later, learning at the office that his aunt would receive him, followed his negro guide through endless carpeted labyrinths and was ushered by a smiling maid into a sunny reception-room.

"Garry!—you dear boy!" exclaimed his amazingly youthful aunt, holding out both arms to him from the door of her bedroom, partly ajar. "No—don't come near me; I'm not even in complete negligee yet, but I shall be in one minute when Titine fastens me up and makes the most of my scanty locks ——" She looked out at him with a laugh and gave her head a little jerk forward, and her splendid chestnut hair came tumbling down in the sunshine.

"You're prettier than ever," said her nephew; "they'll take us for bride and groom as usual. I say, Constance, I suppose they've followed you down here."

"Who, Garry?" very innocently.

"The faithful three, Colonel Vetchen, Cuyp, and old—I mean the gracefully mature Courtlandt Classon. Are they here?"

"I believe so, dear," admitted his aunt demurely. "And, Garry, so is Virginia Suydam."

"Really," he said, suddenly subdued as his aunt, who was forty and looked twenty-five, came forward in her pretty chamber-gown, and placed two firm white arms around him and kissed him squarely and with vigor.

"You dear!" she said; "you certainly are the best-looking boy in all Florida. When did you come? Is Jim Wayward's yacht here still? And why didn't he come to see me?"

"The Ariani sailed for Miami last night after I landed. I left my card, but the office people rang and rang and could get no answer ——"

"I was in bed! How stupid of me! I retired early because Virginia and I had been dissipating shamefully all the week, and my aged bones required a rest. . . . And now tell me all about this new commission of yours. I have met the Cardross family; everybody at Palm Beach is talking about the magnificent park Mr. Cardross is planning; and your picture has appeared in the local paper, and I've told everybody you're quite wonderful, and everybody now is informing everybody else that you're quite wonderful!"

His very gay aunt lay back in her great soft chair, pushing with both fair hands the masses of chestnut hair from her forehead, and smiling at him out of her golden brown eyes—the jolliest, frankest of eyes—the sort even women trust instinctively at first glimpse.

So he sat there and told her all about his commission, and how this man, Neville Cardross, whom he had never even seen, had written to him and asked him to make the most splendid park in America around the Cardross villa, and had invited him to be his guest during his stay in Florida.

"They evidently are nice people from the way Mr. Cardross writes," he said. "You say you know them, Constance?"

"I've met them several times—the way you meet people here. They have a villa—rather imposing in an exotic fashion. Why, yes, Garry, they *are* nice; dreadfully wealthy, tremendously popular. Mrs. Carrick, the married daughter, is very agreeable; her mother is amiable and dreadfully stout. Then there's a boy of your age—Gray Cardross—a well-mannered youth who drives motors, and whom Mr. Classon calls a 'speed-mad cub.' Then there is Cecile Cardross—a débutante of last winter, and then ——" Miss Palliser hesitated, crossed one knee over the other, and sat gently swinging her slippered foot and looking at her nephew.

"Does that conclude the list of the Cardross family?" he asked.

"N-no. There remains the beauty of the family, Shiela." She continued to survey him with smiling intentness, and went on slowly:

"Shiela Cardross; *the* girl here. People are quite mad about her, I assure you. My dear, every man at Palm Beach tags after her; rows of callow youths sit and gaze at her very footprints in the sand when she crosses the beach; she turns masculine heads to the verge of permanent dislocation. No guilty man escapes; even Courtlandt Classon is meditating treachery to me, and Mr. Cuyp has long been wavering, and Gussie Vetchen, too!—

the wretch! . We poor women try hard to like her, but, Garry, is it human to love such a girl?"

"It's divine, Constance; so you'll like her."

"Oh, yes; thank you. Well, I do; I don't know her well, but I'm inclined to like her—in a way. . . . There's something else, though." She considered her handsome nephew steadily. "You are to be a guest there while this work of yours is in hand?"

"Yes—I believe so."

"Then, dear, without the slightest unworthy impulse or the faintest trace of malice, I wish to put you on your guard. It's horrid, but I must."

"On my guard!" he repeated.

"Yes—forearm you, Garry. Shiela Cardross is a rather bewildering beauty. She is French convent-bred, clever and cultivated, and extremely talented. Besides that, she has every fashionable grace and accomplishment at the ends of her pretty fingers—and she has a way with her—a way of looking at you—which is pure murder to the average man. And besides that, she is very simple and sweet to everybody. As an assassin of hearts she's equipped to slay yours, Garry."

"Well?" he inquired, laughing. And added: "Let her slay. Why not?"

"This, dear: and you who know me will acquit me of any ignoble motive if I say that she is not your social equal, Garry."

"What! I thought you said ——"

"Yes—about the others. But it is not the same with Shiela Cardross. I—it seems cruel to say it—but it is for your sake—to forestall effectually any possible accident—that I am going to tell you that this very lovely girl, Shiela, is an adopted child, not a daughter. That exceedingly horrid old gossip, Mrs. Van Dieman, told me that the girl was a foundling taken by Mr. and Mrs. Cardross from the Staten Island asylum. And I'm afraid Mrs. Van Dieman knows what she's talking about, because she founded and still supports the asylum."

Hamil looked gravely across at his aunt. "The poor little girl," he said slowly. "Lord, but that's tough!—and tougher still to have Mrs. Van Dieman taking the trouble to spread the news. Can't you shut her up?"

"It is tough, Garret. I suppose they all are dreadfully sensitive about it. I begged Mrs. Van Dieman to keep her own counsel. But she won't. And you know, dear, that it would make no difference to me in my relations with the girl—except that"—she hesitated, smiling—"she is *not* good enough for you, Garry, and so, if you catch the prevailing contagion, and fall a victim, you have been inoculated now and will have the malady lightly."

"My frivolous and fascinating aunt," he said, "have you ever known me to catch any prevailing ——"

"Oh, Garret! You know you have!—dozens of times ——"

"I've been civilly attentive to several girls ——"

"I wish to goodness you'd marry Virginia Suydam; but you won't."

"Virginia!" he repeated, astonished.

"Yes, I do; I wish you were safely and suitably married. I'm worried, Garry; you are becoming too good-looking not to get into some horrid complication—as poor Jim Wayward did; and now he's done for, finished! Oh, I wish I didn't feel so responsible for you. And I *wish* you weren't going to the Cardrosses' to live for months!"

He leaned forward, laughing, and took his aunt's slim hands between his own sunburned fists. "You cunning little thing," he said, "if you talk that way I'll marry you off to one of the faithful three; you and Virginia, too. Why! do you think I'm down here to cut capers when I've enough hard work ahead to drive a dozen men crazy for a year? As for your beautiful Miss Cardross—why, I saw a girl in a boat—not long ago—who really was a beauty. I mean to find her, some day; and that is something for you to worry about!"

"Garry! *Tell* me!"

But he rose, still laughing, and saluted Miss Palliser's hands.

"If you and Virginia have nothing better on I'll dine with you at eight. Yes? No?"

"Of course. Where are you going now?"

"To report to Mr. Cardross—and brave beauty in its bower," he added mischievously. "I'll doubtless be bowled over first shot and come around for a dinner and a blessing at eight this evening."

"Don't joke about it," she said, as they rose together and stood for a moment at the window looking down into the flowering gardens.

"Is it not a jolly scene?" she added; "the fountain against the green, and the flowers and the sunshine everywhere, and all those light summer gowns outdoors in January, and —" She checked herself and laid her hand on his arm; "Garry, do you see that girl in the wheel-chair!—the one just turning into the gardens!"

He had already seen her. Suddenly his heart stood still in dread of what his aunt was about to say. He knew already somehow that she was going to say it, yet when she spoke the tiny shock came just the same.

"That," said his aunt, "is Shiela Cardross. Is she not too lovely for words?"

"Yes," he said, "she is very beautiful."

For a while they stood together there at the window, then he said good-by in a rather subdued manner which made his aunt laugh that jolly, clear laugh which never appealed to him in vain.

"You're not mortally stricken already at your first view of her, are you?" she asked.

"Not mortally," he said.

"Then fall a victim and recover quickly. And *don't* let me sit here too long without seeing you; will you?"

She went to the door with him, one arm linked in his, her brown eyes bright with pride and confidence in him—in this tall, wholesome, clean-built boy, already on the verge of distinction in his rather unusual profession. And she saw in him all the strength and engaging good looks of his dead father, and all the clear and lovable sincerity of his mother—her only sister—now also dead.

"You *will* come to see me sometimes—won't you, Garry?" she repeated wistfully.

"Of course I will. Give my love to Virginia and my amused regards to the faithful three."

And so they parted, he to saunter down into the cool gardens on his way to call on Mr. Cardross; she to pace the floor, excited by his arrival, her heart beating with happiness, pride, solicitude for the young fellow who was like brother and son to her—this handsome, affectionate, generous boy who had steadily from the very first declined to accept one penny of her comfortable little fortune lest she be deprived of the least luxury, and who had doggedly educated and prepared himself, and contrived to live within the scanty means he had inherited.

And now at last the boy saw success ahead, and Miss Palliser was happy, dreaming brilliant dreams for him, conjuring vague splendors for the future—success unbounded, honors, the esteem of all good men; this, for her boy. And—if God willed it—love, in its season—with the inevitable separation and a slow dissolution of an intimacy which had held for her all she desired in life—his companionship, his happiness, his fortune; this also she dreamed for his sake. Yes—knowing she could not always keep him, and that it must come inexorably, she dreamed of love for him—and marriage.

And, as she stood now by the sunny window, idly intent on her vision, without warning the face of Shiela Cardross glimmered through the dream, growing clearer, faintly distinct in every curve and tint of its exquisite perfection; and she stared at the mental vision, evoking it with all the imagination of her inner consciousness, in quiet yet curious striving to look into the phantom's eyes—clear, direct eyes which she remembered; and a thrill of foreboding touched her, lest the boy she loved might find in the sweetness of these clear eyes a peril not lightly overcome.

"She is so unusually beautiful," said Miss Palliser aloud, unconscious that she had spoken. And she added, wondering, "God knows what blood is in her veins to form a body so divine."

CHAPTER V

MEANWHILE, young Hamil, moving thoughtfully along through the gardens, caught a glimpse of a group under the palms which halted him for an instant, then brought him forward, hat off, hand cordially outstretched.

"Awf'lly glad to see you, Virginia; this is very jolly. Hello, Cuyp! How are you, Colonel Vetchen? Oh! how do you do, Mr. Classon?" as the latter came trotting down the path, twirling a limber walking-stick.

"How-dee-do! How-dee-do!" piped Mr. Courtlandt Classon, with a rickety abandon almost paternal; and, replying literally, Hamil admitted his excellent physical condition.

Virginia Suydam, reclining in her basket chair, and very picturesque in a broad hat, smiled at him out of her peculiar bluish-green eyes, while Courtlandt Classon fussed and fussed and patted his shoulder—an old beau who had toddled about Manhattan in the days when the town was gay below Bleecker Street, when brownstone was for the rich alone, when the family horses wore their tails long and a proud Ethiop held the reins, when Saratoga was the goal of fashion, and old General Jan Van-der-Duynck pronounced his own name "Wonnerdink," with profane accompaniment.

They were all most affable—Van Tassel Cuyp with the automatic nervous snicker that deepened the furrows from nostril to mouth, a tall, stoop-shouldered man of scant forty, with the high color, long, nervous nose and dull eye of Dutch descent, and Colonel Augustus Magnelius Petrus Vetchen, scion of an illustrious line whose ancestors had been colonial governors and judges before the British flag floated from the New Amsterdam fort. His daughter was the celebrated beauty, Mrs. Tom O'Hara. She had married O'Hara and so many incredible millions that people insisted that was why Colonel Vetchen's eyebrows expressed the acute slant of perpetual astonishment.

So they were all cordial, for was he not related to the late General Garret Suydam and, therefore, distantly to them all? And these men, who took themselves and their lineage so seriously, took Hamil seriously; and he often attempted to appreciate it seriously, but his sense of humor was too strong. They were all good people, kindly and harmless snobs; and when he had made his adieux under the shadow of the white portico, he lingered a moment to observe the obsolete gallantry with which Mr. Classon and Colonel Vetchen wafted Virginia up the steps.

Cuyp lingered to venture a heavy pleasantry or two which distorted his long nose into a series of white-ridged wrinkles, then he ambled away and disappeared within the abode of that divinity who shapes our ends—the manicure; and Hamil turned once more toward the gardens.

The hour was still early; of course, too unconventional to leave cards on the Cardross family, even too early for a business visit; but he thought he would stroll past the villa, the white walls of which he had dimly seen the evening before. Besides, his Calypso was there. Alas! for Calypso. Yet his heart tuned up a trifle as he thought of seeing her so soon again.

And so, a somewhat pensive but wholly attractive and self-confident young opportunist in white flannels, he sauntered through the hotel gardens and out along the dazzling shell road.

No need for him to make inquiries of passing negroes; no need to ask where the House of Cardross might be found; for although he had seen it only by starlight, and the white sunshine now transformed everything under its unfamiliar glare, he remembered his way, étape by étape, from the foliated iron grille of Whitehall to the ancient cannon bedded in rolling trunnions; and from that mass of Spanish bronze, southward under the tall palms, past hedges of vermilion hibiscus and perfumed oleander, past villa after villa embowered in purple, white and crimson flowering vines, and far away inland along the snowy road until, at the turn, a gigantic banyan tree sprawled across the sky and the lilac-odor of china-berry in bloom stole subtly through the aromatic confusion, pure, sweet, refreshing in all its exquisite integrity.

"Calypso's own fragrance," he thought to himself—remembering the faint, intimate perfume of her hair and gown as she passed so near to him in the lantern light when he had spoken without discretion.

And suddenly the reminiscent humor faded from his eyes and mouth as he remembered what his aunt had said of this young girl; and, halting in his tracks, he recalled what she herself had said; that the harmless liberties another girl might venture to take with informality, armored in an assurance above common convention, she could not venture. And now he knew why. . . . She had expected him to learn that she was an adopted daughter; in the light of his new knowledge he understood that. No doubt it was generally known. But the child had not expected him to know more than that; and her own knowledge of the hopeless truth, plainly enough, was the key to that note of bitterness which he had detected at times, and even spoken of—that curious maturity forced by unhappy self-knowledge, that apathetic indifference stirred at moments to a quick, sensitive alertness almost resembling self-defense. She was aware of her own story; that was certain. And the acid of that knowledge was etching the designs of character upon a physical adolescence unprepared for such biting reaction.

He was sorry he knew it, feeling ashamed of his own guiltless invasion of the girl's privacy.

The only reparation possible was to forget it. Like an honorable card-player who inadvertently sees his opponent's cards, he must play his hand exactly as he would have in the beginning. And that, he believed, would be perfectly simple.

Reassured, he looked across the lawns at the Cardross villa, a big house of coquina cement, very beautiful in its pseudo-Spanish architecture, red-tiled roofs, cool arcades and courts; the formality of terrace, wall and fountain charmingly disguised under a riot of bloom and foliage.

The house stood farther away than he had imagined, for here the public road ended abruptly in a winding hammock-trail, and to the east the private drive of marl ran between high gates of wrought iron swung wide between carved coquina pillars.

And the house itself was very much larger than he had imagined; the starlight had illuminated only a small portion of its white façade, tricking him; for this was almost a palace—one of those fine, rigorously designed mansions, so imposing in simplicity, nicknamed by smug humility a "cottage," or "villa."

"By jingo, it's noble!" he exclaimed, the exotic dignity of the house dawning on him as he moved forward and the southern ocean sprang into view, turquoise and amethyst inlaid streak on streak to the still horizon.

"What a chance," he repeated under his breath—"What a chance for the noblest park ever softened into formality! And the untouched forests beyond!—and the lagoons!—and the dunes to the east—and the sea! Lord, Lord," he whispered with unconscious reverence, "what an Eden!"

One of the white-haired, black-skinned children of men—though the point is locally disputed—looked up from the grass where he squatted gathering ripe fruit under a sapodilla tree; and to an inquiry:

"Yaas-suh, yaas-suh; Mistah Cahdhoss in de pomelo grove, suh, feedin' mud-cat to de wile-puss."

"Doing *what?*"

"Feedin' mud-fish to de wile-cat, de wile lynx-cat, suh." The aged negro rose, hat doffed, juicy traces of forbidden sapodillas on his face which he naively removed with the back of the blackest and most grotesquely wrinkled hand Hamil had ever seen.

"Yaas-suh, 'scusin' de 'gator, wile-cat love de mud-fish mostest; yaas-suh. Ole torm-cat he fish de crick lak he was no 'count Seminole trash ——"

"One moment, uncle," interrupted Hamil, smiling, "is that the pomelo grove? And is that gentleman yonder Mr. Cardross?"

"Yaas-suh."

He stood silent a moment, thoughtfully watching the distant figure through the vista of green leaves, white blossoms and great clusters of fruit hanging like globes of palest gold in the sun.

"I think," he said absently, "that I'll step over and speak to Mr. Cardross. . . . Thank you, uncle. . . . What kind of fruit is that you're gathering?"

"Sappydilla, suh."

Hamil laughed; he had heard that a darky would barter 'possum, ham-bone and soul immortal for a ripe sapodilla; he had also once, much farther northward, seen the distressing spectacle of Savannah negroes loading a freight car with watermelons; and it struck him now that it was equally rash to commission this aged uncle on any such business as the gathering of sapodillas for family consumption.

The rolling, moist and guileless eye of the old man, whose slightly pained expression made it plain that he divined exactly what Hamil had been thinking, set the young man laughing outright.

"Don't worry, uncle," he said, "they're not my sapodillas"; and he walked toward the pomelo grove, the old man, a picture of outraged innocence, looking after him, thoughtlessly biting into an enormous and juicy specimen of the forbidden fruit as he looked

There was a high fence of woven wire around the grove; through scented vistas, spotted with sunshine, fruit and blossoms hung together amid tender foliage of glossy green; palms and palmettos stood with broad, drooping fronds here and there among the citrus trees, and the brown, woody litter which covered the ground was all starred with fallen flowers.

The gate was open, and as Hamil stepped in he met a well-built, active man in white flannels coming out; and both halted abruptly.

"I am looking for Mr. Cardross," said the younger man.

"I am Mr. Cardross."

Hamil nodded. "I mean that I am looking for Mr. Cardross, senior ——"

"I am Mr. Cardross, senior."

Hamil gazed at this active gentleman who could scarcely be the father of married children; and yet, as he looked, the crisp, thick hair, the clear, sun-bronzed skin which had misled him might, after all, belong to that type of young-old men less common in America than in England. And Hamil also realized that his hair was silvered, not blond, and that neither the hands nor the eyes of this man were the hands and eyes of youth.

"I am Garret Hamil," he said.

"I recognize you perfectly. I supposed you older—until I saw your picture in the News two weeks ago!"

"I supposed *you* older—until this minute."

"I *am!*"

Looking squarely into each other's faces they laughed and shook hands.

"When did you come, Mr. Hamil?"

"Last night, from Nassau."

"Where are you stopping?"

Hamil told him.

"Your rooms are ready here. It's very good of you to come to see me at once ——"

"It's very good of you to want me ——"

"Want you, man alive! Of course I want you! I'm all on edge over this landscape scheme; I've done nothing since we arrived from the North but ride over and over the place—and I've not half covered it yet. That's the way we'll begin work, isn't it? Knock about together and get a general idea of the country; isn't that best?"

"Yes, certainly ——"

"I thought so. The way to learn a country is to ride over it, fish over it, shoot over it, sail around it, camp in it—that's my notion of thoroughly understanding a region. If you're going to improve it you've got to care something about it—begin to like it—find pleasure in it, understand it. Isn't that true, Mr. Hamil?"

"Yes—in a measure ——"

"Of course it's true," repeated Cardross with his quick engaging laugh; "if a man doesn't care for a thing he's not fitted to alter or modify it. I've often thought that those old French landscape men must have dearly loved the country they made so beautiful—loved it intelligently—for they left so much wild beauty edging the formality of their creations. Do you happen to remember the Chasse at Versailles? That's what I want here! You don't mind my instructing you in your own profession, do you?"

They both laughed again, apparently qualified to understand one another.

Cardross said: "I'm glad you're young; I'm glad you've come. This is going to be the pleasantest winter of my life. There isn't anything I'd rather do than just this kind of thing—if you'll let me tag after you and talk about it. You don't mind, do you?"

"No, I don't," said Hamil sincerely.

"We'll probably have rows," suggested Cardross; "I may want vistas and terraces and fountains where they ought not to be."

"Oh, no, you won't," replied Hamil, laughing; "you'll understand things when I give reasons."

"That's what I want—reasons. If anybody would only give me reasons!—but nobody does. Listen; will you come up to the house with me and meet my family? And then you'll lunch with them—I've a business luncheon at the club—unfortunately—but I'll come back. Meanwhile there'll be somebody to show you about, or you can run out to the Inlet in one of the motor-boats if you like, or do anything you like that may amuse you; the main thing is for you to be amused, to find this place agreeable, to like this kind of country, to like us. *Then* you can do good work, Mr. Hamil."

A grinning negro shuffled up and closed the gate as they left the grove together and started across the lawn. Cardross, cordial in his quick, vigorous manner, strolled with his hands in his coat-pockets, planting each white-shod foot firmly as he walked, frequently turning head and shoulders squarely toward his companion when speaking.

He must have been over fifty; he did not appear forty; still, on closer and more detailed inspection Hamil understood how much his alert, well-made figure had to do with the first impression of youth. Yet his expression had nothing in it of that shadow which falls with years—nothing to show that he had once taken the world by the throat and wrung a fortune out of it—nothing of the hard gravity or the underlying sadness of almost ruthless success, and the responsibility for it.

Yet, from the first, Hamil had been aware of all that was behind this unstudied frankness, this friendly vigor. There was a man there—every inch a man but exactly of what sort the younger man had not yet decided.

A faded and very stout lady, gowned with elaborate simplicity, yet somehow suggesting well-bred untidiness, rolled toward them, propelled in a wheeled-chair by a black servant.

"Dear," said Mr. Cardross, "this is Mr. Hamil." And Mrs. Cardross offered him her chubby hand and said a little more than he expected. Then, to her husband, languidly:

"They're playing tennis, Neville. If Mr. Hamil would care to play, there are tennis-shoes belonging to Gray and Acton."

"Thank you, Mrs. Cardross," said Hamil, "but, as a matter of fact, I am not yet acclimated."

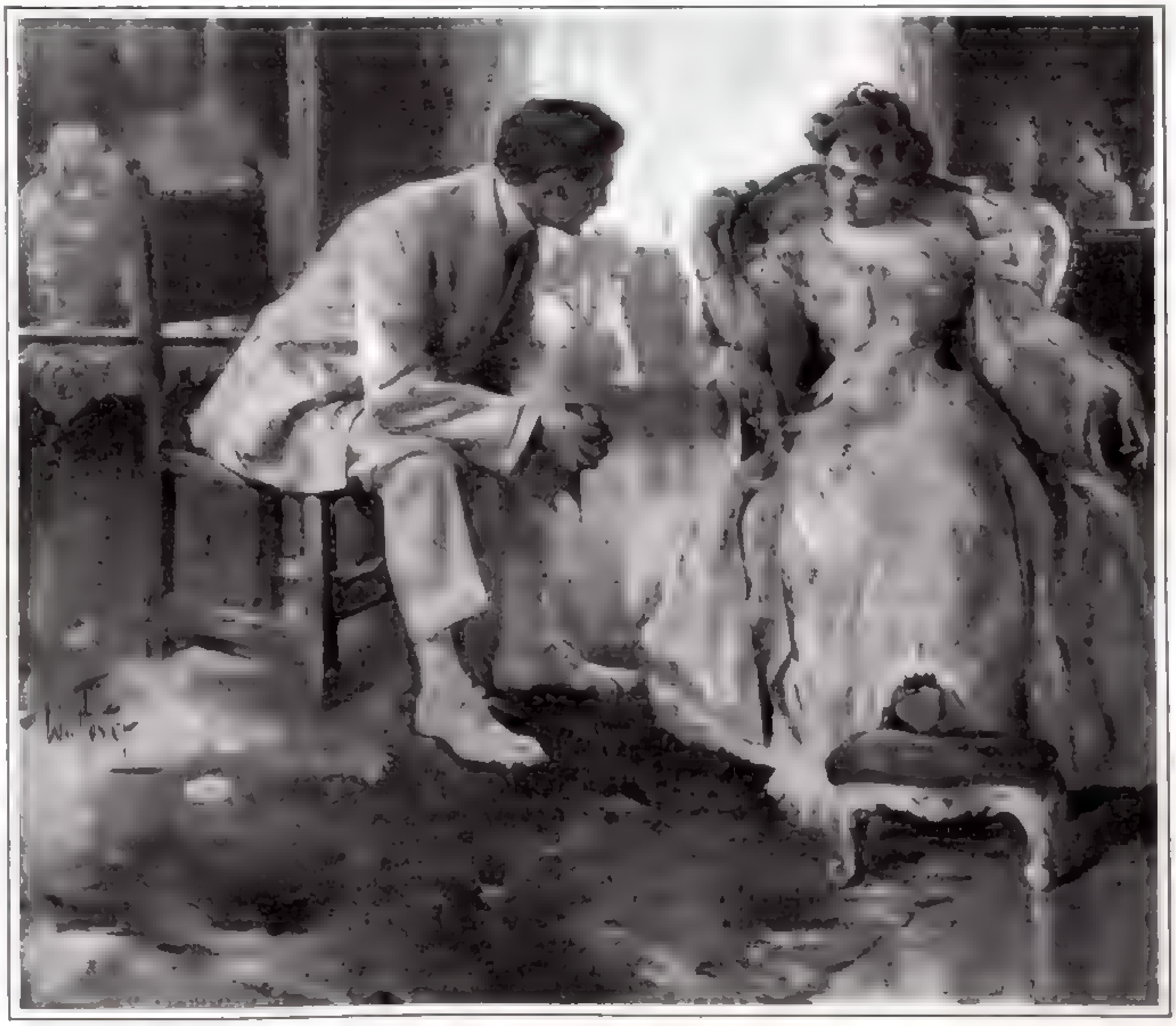
"You feel a little sleepy?" drawled Mrs. Cardross, maternally solicitous; "everybody does for the first few days." And to her husband: "Jessie and Cecile are playing; Shiela must be somewhere about. You will lunch with us, Mr. Hamil? There's to be a tennis luncheon under the oaks—we'd really like to have you if you can stay."

Hamil accepted as simply as the invitation was given; Mrs. Cardross exchanged a few words with her husband in that perfectly natural drawl which at first might have been mistaken for languid affectation; then she smiled at Hamil and turned around in her basket chair, parasol tilted, and the black boy began slowly pedaling her away across the lawn.

"We'll step over to the tennis-courts," said Cardross, replacing the straw hat which he had removed to salute his wife; "they're having a sort of scratch-tournament, I believe—my daughters and some other young people. I think you'll find the courts rather pretty."

The grounds were certainly quaint; spaces for four white marl courts had been cleared, hewn out of the solid jungle which walled them in with a noble, living growth

(Continued on Page 37)



"My Dear, Every Man at Palm Beach Tags After Her"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 23, 1908

Some Unterrified Capital

THE Pennsylvania Railroad's forty million dollar four per cent. loan was oversubscribed some twenty times. Asking for forty millions, the road was offered about a billion. The same good fortune, we trust, will attend the flotation of other first-class railroad loans that have been announced or are in preparation.

The day the Pennsylvania subscription books were opened, as it happened, President Roosevelt sent another message to Congress in which he spoke about predatory wealth, and insisted once more that the Government must exercise large supervisory powers over the big business combinations of the country. But no timid investor was thereby deterred from offering his capital to the Pennsylvania Railroad.

To mention this is perhaps both supererogatory and unkind. But the falsehood, industriously circulated six months ago, that strong railroads were unable to borrow because the "Roosevelt policy" had frightened investors, was so transparent and silly that it really deserves a passing kick even in its present crippled and comatose condition.

The "Roosevelt policy" is just what it has always been. The difference is that investors now have spare money.

What a Navy May Cost

PROBABLY the Senate and House were not thinking of the Venezuela incident when they refused to authorize four battleships this year; but when that incident was in its more acute stages the fact that we did actually have several idle ships of war in Atlantic waters was the cause of grave apprehension to many thoughtful minds.

The Government might have decided to send a strong expedition to Venezuela for the purpose of enforcing American claims. Then a frightful revenge would have been within the power of President Castro. He could simply have surrendered the country to us and left it on our hands. In such event any of the Congressmen who had voted for the war vessels which brought us that territorial acquisition might well have been nervous about facing an indignant constituency.

In 1898, while our navy was much smaller than at present, we had several vessels to spare, and sent them to Asiatic waters. They captured the Philippines. Indulging with regret is the idlest of occupations; but suppose the Congress that authorized the ships which sailed under Dewey had held its hand, in a parsimonious moment, and we had, consequently, been spared that conquest!

It isn't only the cost and the keep of two additional battleships; but who knows what undesirable islands and populations they might some day turn up with?

Chasing Phantom Profits

"HE WON more than a million dollars on the big decline in stocks last year," says the account of a recent suicide; "but unfortunately he overstayed his market and lost it all." In which experience he had a great deal of company.

And in the big decline of last year, the bull of 1906 lost his winnings, while the advance upon which the bull won wiped out the gains that the bear had accumulated in the last preceding slump. The speculator's winnings are mere stage money—something that he can look at and amuse himself by handling for a little while until the manager comes around and takes it up for use in the next scene.

We should like to see or credibly hear of the books of that broker in either grain or stocks, doing a purely speculative business of considerable magnitude, and extending, say, over twenty years, which will show a net balance of real money secured and taken away by his customers.

Polite Assurance and Price of Steel

DURING 1901 and 1902 and the first half of 1903, you may remember, the steel trade was notably brisk, demand tending to exceed supply. Then fell a very dull period, lasting about a year, with supply decidedly in excess of demand.

Beginning with 1905 there was a great boom, insatiable appetite for steel everywhere, supply not able to keep within sight of demand, unfilled orders rising from three to eight and a half million tons.

The boom ended last fall quite abruptly. April 1 last the Steel Corporation's unfilled orders were less than half what they had been the year before.

In the seven-year period, during which supply and demand performed in so eccentric a manner, the price of steel products changed little; in the chief product—rails—there was no change at all. The Steel Corporation, while much the largest unit in the trade—has a lot of competition. The extraordinary cohesion in the trade, as reflected in stability of prices, was explained by Chairman Gary of the Corporation as due to "an informal exchange of assurances among gentlemen."

At this writing there are those who allege that the gentlemen do not feel as assured by each other's assurances as they did sixty days ago; who, in fact, predict a break in iron due to underselling by some of the weaker assurers. We trust, of course, and indeed pretty much believe, that this prediction will prove unfounded. For if a polite assurance, of general nature, urbanely passed among gentlemen at luncheon, will not hold prices steady, we shall expect to see a larger, more comprehensive Steel Trust which will accomplish that object. The captain of the Lusitania would as soon think of navigating by dead-reckoning as the steel makers would of letting their prices be governed by the ancient law of supply and demand. Stability, but on a level somewhat lower than that of the last seven years, is preferable for everybody. It is unfortunate that the preferable condition is quite illegal.

As to Back-Action Radicals

WE ARE dubious about that sort of radicalism which looks backward.

A generation or so ago any one could have a fine quarter-section of land in Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska by simply settling upon and improving it. That was a great opportunity for the individual without capital; but we should not call the statesmanship constructive which wasted itself lamenting that the opportunity is gone, or pretended to believe that some mysterious legislative process might conjure it back again.

Centralization of business has proceeded far of late years. In many lines a man cannot get himself launched at all without large capital. Hardly nowadays could a young man, with much energy and a few hundred dollars, come to possess a wide segment of the packing trade. Nowadays that young man would not try it. Probably he would set up a mail-order business, beginning with collar-buttons and working up to grand pianos.

That centralization in trusts lessens the individual's opportunity is asserted as though it were axiomatic, and the logical inference would support it. Nevertheless, we have never seen conclusive proof of it. Certainly, any one who looks about will discover that a great number of men are still finding opportunities.

Whether or not the trusts do lessen opportunity, to speak vaguely of abolishing them and conjuring back the vanished business organization of forty years ago is as idle as to regret the free lands of Iowa and Kansas.

Attractive opportunity is not to be found in a graveyard.

Something, Perhaps, in a Name

THE effort to induce a freeborn American female citizen to put herself in the category of "servant" saps the strength and clouds the existence of housewives.

Over this servant problem a feminine trade wind of sighs wafts perpetually across the land from Maine to California and from the Red River of the North to the Rio Grande. To most men it is only a joke; yet many a man would have nervous prostration if he had to get his work done under the conditions that his wife wrestles with. And in almost every other field, that is at all open to it, female labor is cheap and abundant.

The trouble appears to lie simply in the name. The law-books, in their quaint, archaic language, still speak of relations between "master and servant" when they mean, for instance, the division superintendent on the one hand and the walking delegate of the union on the other.

Excepting the law-books and the Four Hundred—neither of which really counts—"servant" has disappeared from among male creation in this country. Probably, therefore, the female employee, engaged in dusting or cooking and designated as a servant, feels herself to be an anachronism—which is the reason she is so notably restless.

A Women's Housesmiths Union, dignified by due rules, wage-scales and business agents, might solve the whole difficulty.

A philosopher, of course, would not mind being called a servant any more than he would mind being called a dog. Unfortunately, very few philosophers are offering themselves as cooks.

What a "Class Consciousness" Is

ONE of the liveliest exhibitions of "class consciousness" that we have seen of late was furnished by the newspaper publishers of the country. Every one of them is a consumer of white paper. They believe that, owing to the tariff or the machinations of the trust, or both, they have to pay an excessive price for that commodity. So we see them standing together as a class upon their common economic interest and demanding redress of their common grievance.

Legislation affecting the banking business at once produces a demonstration by bankers as a class, because their common economic interest is touched. Manufacturers get very classy when the tariff is revised. If Congress should propose to levy an internal revenue tax on corn we apprehend that the show of class feeling by the farmers would be something notable, and that Congressmen who supported the measure would fare ill in the corn belt, irrespective of their party labels. Because country merchants as a class oppose the parcels post, Congress is handling that subject very warily.

Whenever any large body of men has a common economic interest and that interest is threatened, or they think it is threatened, no doctrinaire is needed to call them together in a position of protest.

Making Gas Pay

THE company which, under a municipal lease, supplies Philadelphia with gas has just submitted its report for 1907. Among other things, this report shows net profits of over six million dollars, an increase of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars over last year; while stockholders receive more than three and a half million dollars in dividends, and about two and a quarter million dollars are added to the item of undivided profits, the total of which is now somewhat less than twenty million. Incidentally, the company will employ nearly three million dollars during the coming year in general improvements of its plant and service.

Apparently the company has done all that its stockholders reasonably might ask of it. Its management knows how to manufacture and distribute gas upon a money-making basis.

When the city of Philadelphia was in the gas business it proved as conclusively that the manufacture of gas at the same price was without visible profit. At this time it also demonstrated that gas which should have the light-giving qualities to satisfy users was an impossibility. On that point the figures of the company's report inform us only by inference; but the fact is that consumers generally are very well satisfied with what they now get.

What's the answer to this? Why can't a city make a profit where a private corporation can? Ask your local boss. He knows.

From Little Acorns

A POTENTIAL American industry remains unprotected. An article in whose production we might lead the world is being imported in amounts and at a price which make domestic competition impracticable. The entire country as a consequence is threatened with a return to those rude conditions which prevailed previous to the wholesale attack upon our woodlands north, south, east and west.

The State of New York, it is reported, has just purchased from Germany, at prices ranging from seventy-five cents to two dollars and sixty-five cents a thousand, nearly a million seedling trees for the reforesting of its Adirondack reserve. Some day these seedlings will be trees; and the example of New York may be contagious. Now is the time to put up the bars. American trees for our children's children, or else none at all!

It is possible that some who hear this news may wonder how it happens that the Germans, whose history is contemporaneous with the Christian era, have trees to spare, while we who began to hew our forests only within the last four hundred years already cannot, as it would appear, supply even the home market. They may also recall that Germany supports about seventy million souls on a little over two hundred and eight thousand square miles of land, while the United States spreads its ninety-odd millions over an area nearly twenty times as large—a territory whose forests at one time were the wonder of the world

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Any Movement for the Uplift Became a Hole in the Ground Unless the Doctor was at the Apex of the Committee

Our Old College Chum

WELL, well, good people, look who's here! None other than our old college chum, Doctor Seth Low, new member of that close corporation, The LL.D.-Ph.D. Scholastico-Politico League of Guides, Counselors and Friends to T. Roosevelt, of which the charter and only members were Doctor Nicholas Murray Butler and Doctor Benjamin Ide Wheeler until Doctor Low appeared, suddenly, in their midst and expanded that ineffable duo to an insuperable trio, whereupon Doctor Wheeler and Doctor Butler, overlooking the insuperable part of it, went hastily out to fly their tetrahedral kites.

Now what do you know about *that?* Here we were, going along quietly and unostentatiously, with Doctor Butler ever ready to run over from New York and Doctor Wheeler willing and anxious to chase in from California to be on tap for any emergency, and bringing the tapping machinery with them; taking luncheon with the President so often the White House waiters had begun to call them "Doc"; exfoliating advice, wisdom, admonition and information; giving valuable pointers on all matters of state, both foreign and domestic; suggesting reforms, referendums and rebukes, and proving, conclusively, because a man is at the head of a great seat of learning he does not, necessarily, have to sit on it all the time, but can devote a few, fleeting moments to the general good; especially as the newspapers are so generous with that delightful paragraph beginning: "Among the callers at the White House yesterday were ——" And it is quite a distinction, is it not, to be on terms of intimacy with the Chief Executive of This Great Nation?

Thus it was. Bennie and Nick were the candy university boys with T. R. when Doctor Low arrived at the White House.

Moving with all his quiet grace and well-known dignity into the audience chamber, Doctor Low laid on the great mahogany desk a document.

"What is it you have here?" inquired the President.

"A bill," replied Doctor Low.

His curiosity being aroused, the President poked the document with an investigating finger. "What kind of a bill?" he demanded.

"Why, really," replied Doctor Low, "I had not thought to inquire, but it is a bill handed to me, in my capacity as President of the Civic Federation, by that eminent friend of the common people and protagonist of the proletariat, Francis Lynde Stetson, attorney for J. Pierpont Morgan."

And so it was, providing as it did for an amendment to the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, which, when you read it one way, handed out enormous quantities of uplift for the toiling masses, and, when you read it another way, was not without its crumbs of comfort for the spoiling classes. But, be that as it may, it was this very bill that brought Doctor Low into the picture; not that he had been an unwelcome guest at the White House hitherto, but that it fixed his status, and allied him with Doctor Butler and Doctor Wheeler in the great work of keeping the President on the track, at which they excel.

Having joined, Doctor Low became an earnest little worker. There was no problem too abstruse for him to tackle, no complication on which he could not advise. Sitting, as he had been for years, in a sort of an academic pose, he found vent for those stored energies, and he was enthusiastic. In a short time he had tied Jimmie Garfield's record for consecutive visits to the White House and was giving Senator Jonathan Bourne the race of his life for first place on the list of regulars. Meantime, Doctor Wheeler sat out at Berkeley, waiting for a telegram that would bring him on the scene, and Doctor Butler watched from the windows of his study for a special delivery letter with those entrancing gilt letters in the corner that spelled the acme of his hopes: "White House."

Low's Departure for Barren Island

NONE came. Doctor Low had arrived. He had, at last, discovered some reason for being President of the Civic Federation. He had, at last, fallen into a good place, and he stayed. There are few places within the gift of the people that can be tacked on a man like Doctor Low; for, mostly, there is something sordid and—shall we say?—political about those fields of endeavor which so many of our leading citizens endeavor to endeavor in.

To be sure, they elected Doctor Low mayor of Brooklyn once, and they elected him mayor of Greater New York. That they did not reëlect him mayor of Greater New York was no fault of his. Until the very night of election the New York newspapers all informed their excited readers "the trend is for Low." Postal-card ballots and canvasses on ferries and street cars proved this conclusively. Then, when there was about to be another triumph for the good, the beautiful and the true, somebody started the trend for Low out toward Barren Island and it has not been seen from that day to this. Instead of trending for Low the crass and unthinking people trekked for McClellan, and the Doctor was removed from a high sphere of activity.

Now an occurrence like this has many of the aspects of a calamity, for Doctor Low had been an institution for many years. He was more than a mere leading citizen. He was an exemplification. Whenever anything needed to be headed in New York Doctor Low was the natural head. Any movement for the uplift became a hole in the ground unless the Doctor was at the apex of the committee. Spared from the necessity of struggling for a living by a thrifty ancestor, he worked, nevertheless, for the common good, devoting himself to large and impressive thoughts on large and impressive subjects, he being large and impressive himself.

The Universal Thought-Provider

IN HIS early days there was no problem of municipal affairs to which Doctor Low had not given thought, given it freely and fully, out of his enormous supply. So skillful did he become that he could furnish thought at short notice, almost instantaneously—thought voiced in the most solemn and overpowering language, that was seized upon avidly by the people of New York, who, after they had seized upon it, contented themselves with that operation and did what he told them not to do. Quite naturally, there was no restricting so vast an output of thought to any municipal situation or situations. One cannot localize cerebration. Before many years had passed Doctor Low was thinking for the State, the nation and the world.

Thus it can be seen how essential it is to provide for Doctor Low a fitting medium for his thought—that is, a place where he can think publicly to the greater good of the greater number, much greater than would be the case if he were compelled to think in seclusion. Doctor Low has been careful about this, realizing the baleful effects to the body politic if his thought should not be supported, upheld so to speak, by some position before the people that would allow him to continue thinking massively in full view of the audience. Not, for a moment, that he has sought these tribunes; not that he has endeavored to obtain such recognition as the character of his thought demands, but because the very thought itself impelled the same. He has been ready, of course, to accept the burdens in the way of public service laid upon him. He is still ready to accept any similar burdens that may be proffered and bear them as best he may. Realizing as he does his duty to the masses, he will go so far, even, as to step forward a short distance to meet any such burden as may heave in sight.

For—and here is the main point—it shall never be said Doctor Seth Low is recalcitrant when it comes to thinking for the people, the great, heedless people. Still—and here is main point number two—he must have a prominent position in which to think, must he not? Wherefore—but there are no wherefores to it. He must have it. That's all.

Trying It On

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, the Democratic leader of the House, was speaking about the defiance of the majority in the House of Representatives to some of President Roosevelt's policies.

"You Republicans," he said, "who are now shouting you will never do what the President demands, and who have refused for the moment, are of the same mind as the little girl down in my State who wouldn't say her prayers.

"'Betty,' her mother chided, 'you must say your prayers. Come here, this instant, and let me hear you.'

"'No,' replied Betty, 'I ain't going to say my prayers to-night, and I ain't going to say my prayers to-morrow night, and I ain't going to say them Tuesday night. Then, if nothing ain't happened by that time, I ain't never going to say them any more.'"

Why There was Only One

MR. JUSTICE BROWN, of the United States Supreme Court, now retired, was addressing a class of young lawyers in Detroit, Michigan, which was his home before he went to Washington.

"In my opinion," said the learned Justice to the young men, "lawyers just starting out in life are prone to put too much reliance on letters of introduction. They go to a new town to settle down and take letters to help them along instead of relying on their own abilities, and not on the help others can extend to them. I hear of young men taking a dozen or two letters into new places. Now, I do not believe in that. Why, to show you how it is a matter of principle with me, I will inform you that I brought but one letter of introduction with me when I came to Detroit, only one."

The Justice here paused and looked around to see what effect his words had had. One young man piped up and said:

"Who was that letter from, Mr. Justice Brown?"

"Rufus Choate," he replied, and he doesn't to this day understand why the class roared with laughter.

At the Seat of War

JAMES K. McGUIRE, former mayor of Syracuse and a big Democratic politician in New York State, was in Washington a time ago.

Mr. McGuire has a face that is hard to shave. His experiences with the hotel barber had been unsatisfactory, and he went down the street to see if he couldn't find some one who could take off the hair and leave some of the skin.

He went into a shop where the barbers are negroes. He noticed when he got in the chair that the barber who began lathering him was freely decorated on neck, forehead and cheeks with dabs of cotton held in place with court-plaster.

"Here!" McGuire shouted. "What's the matter with you? Who cut you up that way? Tell me before you go on."

"Why, boss," said the barber reassuringly, "dey ain't nuffin to git 'cited 'bout. You-all is puffly safe. You see, just befo' you-all cum in I had a difficulty with a porter an' had to put him out. He rasped me once or twice while I was doin' it, an' he jist came back an' threw in a chunk of iron that hit me in the forehead. He's comin' back in a few minutes to throw in another chunk of iron, but you-all is puffly safe. I'll stand here between you-all an' the do', an' all you got to do is to dodge when I do."

The Hall of Fame

❡ Secretary Root is the only Cabinet member who wears a silk hat down to work every day.

❡ Senator Milton, the new Senator from Florida, has a heavy black mustache and long black hair. He looks like a Spaniard, which he isn't.

❡ Senator Hemenway, of Indiana, once dug ditches in Boonville, the village he still lives in; and Senator Beveridge, from the same State, was a book-agent, and a good one.

❡ Frank H. Hitchcock, who is managing Secretary Taft's campaign in Washington, is a voluminous author. He wrote about forty pamphlets on foreign trade when he was in the Department of Agriculture.

BEST & Co
LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

"Best"
Orthopedic Shoe

for boys and girls. Light, strong, pliable, shapely and comfortable. Fits — because last follows the lines of the natural foot. Wears—because leathers are well seasoned, and workmanship thorough. A sensible, sanitary shoe for summer vacation wear.

Button, lace, Oxfords in all leathers. Regular and extra sizes always in stock.

Our Shoe Guarantee

We sell our shoes under the broadest guarantee of quality and satisfaction. *We assure you of correct fit*, style, perfect materials, finest workmanship and utmost shoe values.

Any purchase of shoes that disappoints in any particular, may be returned, and we will promptly exchange them, or refund your money.

Shoe catalogue mailed upon receipt of 4 cts. in stamps.

Mail orders carefully filled.

Address Dept. 13

60-62 West 23d St., New York

No branch stores — No agents

Why Do You Not Send for this Free Business Book?

Sign and mail the coupon below. Send no money! Take no risk!

One hundred and twelve of the world's master business men have written ten books — 2193 pages — 1497 vital business secrets. In them is the best of all that they know about

— Purchasing — Organization — Position Getting
— Credits — Systematizing — Position Holding
— Collections — Retailing — Man Handling
— Accounting — Wholesaling — Man Training
— Time Keeping — Manufacturing — Business Generalship
— Cost Keeping — Insurance — Competition Fighting
— Advertising — Real Estate [illegible]
— Correspondence — Public Utilities [illegible]
— Salesmanship — Banking [illegible]

A booklet has been published describing, explaining, picturing the work. Pages 2 and 3 tell about managing businesses both great and small, pages 4 and 5 deal with credits, collections and with rock-bottom purchasing, pages 6 and 7 with handling and training men, pages 7 to 12 with salesmanship, with advertising, with the marketing of goods through salesmen, dealers and by mail, pages 12 to 15 with the great problem of securing the highest market price for your services — no matter what your line, and the last page tells you how you may get a complete set — bound in handsome half morocco, contents in colors — for less than your daily smoke or shave, almost as little as your daily newspaper.

Will you read the book if we send it free? Send no money. Simply sign the coupon.

The System Co., 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago

I am just like any other live-minded, red-blooded man of business. I keep my eyes and ears and brain open all the year around for new ways to make money. If there is any possible expedient that will increase my business or salary I want to know it. So then, if your sixteen page booklet offers me such an opportunity, send it along. It will need you. I promise nothing. I agree to nothing, save to read the booklet. After that it is purely up to the booklet. 26-5-23

Name ...

Address ...

Business ...

Position ...

The New Reporter

And How He Views the Doings at the Capitol

Reaching hastily into the Senate Chamber, young Mr. Beveridge, of Indiana, took a number of the ancient fuddy-duddies who are supposed to direct the destinies of that august assemblage and stood them on their heads. More than that, young Mr. Beveridge left the ancients on their heads for quite a space of time, with their legs waving feebly in the air and faint cries for rescue echoing up from the green carpet.

It has been a long time since a thing like that happened. Possibly there never was its counterpart. It was more than *lèse-majesté*. It came pretty close to being a high crime and misdemeanor. It was contrary to the established order. There was no precedent for it. Anything for which there is no precedent in the Senate is revolutionary and incendiary. The Senate has precedents for almost everything, from the right way to pull a tooth to the application of the Dred Scott decision to the Government of Guam. Here, however, was a new one. Here was a young Senator, with a bunch of other young Senators behind him, who dared—actually dared—to defy the ruling body; who had the temerity to hop gayly on the leaders and kick their shins; who had the irreverence—the gall, to speak plainly—to protest that the program of the leaders was not right, and to fight those leaders on the floor and get them all excited and worried and flustered, and make them sit up nights and do all sorts of trading and bargaining to get enough votes to maintain their cause.

It all came about because of the President's desire for four battleships this year. Congress did not want the President to have four battleships, not because Congress knew there was no demand from the people for four battleships, for Congress knew the people were with the President, but because Congress does not care for the President, rather deprecates him, in fact, and determined to show him what was what by putting a crimp in the President's project.

Hobson made the fight in the House, and lost, although he succeeded in getting what he thought was an appropriation for two battleships instead of the one the House leaders thought sufficient. Hobson didn't know it, but the House leaders ran a snake into the naval bill. They authorized two battleships, but they did not appropriate any money for them, which left it over to the next session of Congress and delayed the construction just that long. That was clever of the House leaders. It was a good, fat, sinuous, ring-tailed snake.

Just to Spite the President

The bill came from the House over to the Senate and fell into the hands of Senator Hale, of Maine, our most celebrated pessimist. Mr. Hale is chairman of the Senate Naval Committee. He did not want four battleships. He did not want two battleships. He did not want any battleships. He saw this country blowing up with a loud noise if this program of naval expansion is continued, but, inasmuch as the House had put in an authorization for two, without providing any money, he thought the Senate could go as far as that, and he left the authorization for the two ships in the bill, adding a few words to make it sure no money would be provided and that the construction of the ships would be delayed as long as possible.

Mr Hale is one of the leaders of the Senate. His word has been law with the younger members of the majority for so long he has come to think he is the Constitution and all the revised statutes. He went to Senator Aldrich—who has been leader for years, also, and who is now tired of the job, for certain reasons not unconnected with the defeat of the Aldrich Financial Bill, and is about to quit—and laid the case before him

"It is impossible," said Hale, "that we should allow any more battleships. They are not needed, and if they are needed the President wants them, which is another reason why they should not be supplied"

"Correct" said Mr Aldrich "We will rally the Senators on our side for the proposition and refuse to give him four. He can have a promise of two."

Uncle William Allison, another leader of the Senate, agreed to the program. It was simple as rolling off a log. Hale would call up the naval bill and it would be passed substantially as it was reported from the committee.

Meantime, Senator Beveridge had been looking around a bit. He discovered that a lot of the younger members of the Senate thought there should be four battleships, not only because the President wanted them but because the people wanted them. He announced he would introduce an amendment, if nobody else did, providing for four ships, speak on it and press it to a vote.

"But, my dear sir," said Senator Hale, "you cannot do that."

"Why not?" asked Beveridge.

"Because we do not desire it." And there was a world of emphasis on the "we."

"Who are we?" Beveridge inquired.

"The leaders," said Mr. Hale with much dignity.

"Well, well," said Beveridge, "I did not know my actions are controlled by any self-constituted leaders. Let's find out about this."

Then there were various meetings. The younger men in the Senate, on the Republican side, fell in with Beveridge. He soon saw he had a compact fighting body, and while he did not expect to win, he determined to give them a tussle.

The bill came up. A four-battleship amendment was introduced and the fight was on. It lasted all one afternoon. The young Senators fought out in the open, desperately. They knew they were beaten and they were prepared to go down with flying colors. Suddenly, instead of taking a vote, the leaders decided to put the matter over until next day.

Beveridge Gives the Leaders the Ha-Ha!

That gave the four-battleship men new courage. They held a meeting and decided to make renewed efforts. The leaders did not know what to do. They had never been against a flying wedge like that.

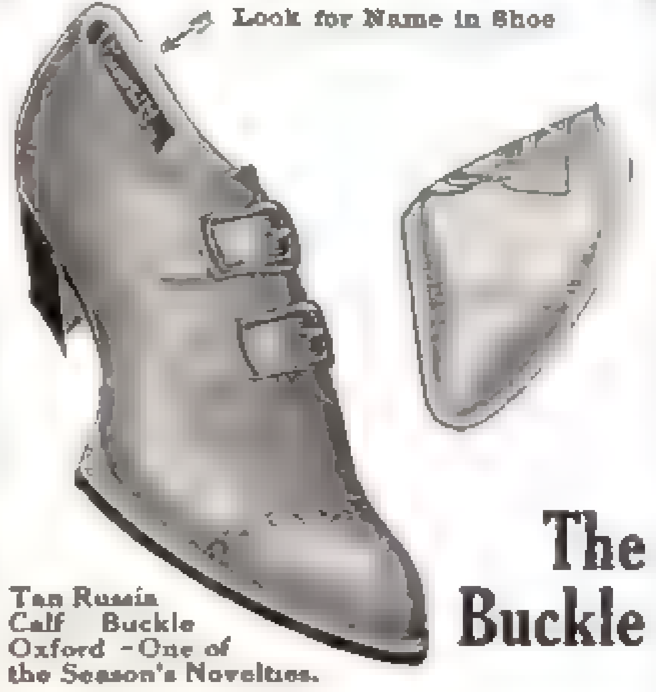
Hale and Aldrich scurried around. They besought the older Senators to stand together and suppress this insurrection, on the ground of long acquaintance, intimate association, past favors, favors to come or any other ground that appealed. The debate continued. The young men kept at it. Hale let loose all his sarcasm. He glowered at Beveridge and Beveridge merely laughed at him. Aldrich, who rarely makes a speech, spent a long time in trying to destroy Beveridge by quoting from one of Beveridge's books. Lodge, supposed to be the President's friend and with him on this proposition, sat beside Hale, telling Hale how to discredit Beveridge, who was calm and smiling through it all, and the young Senators stood by with unbroken ranks.

It was a fight to a finish. The leaders exerted every influence they had. They were stunned at the revolt against their orders. They hammered Beveridge until Senator Smith, of Michigan, rose and protested that the Senate should not be made a slaughter-house for the Senator from Indiana. The Senator from Indiana wasn't worrying about that. He had the leaders on the run. Instead of the few hours the leaders predicted would finish the fight and obliterate the opposition, it took those leaders three days to get themselves in shape to vote.

Those three days were spent in canvassing the Senate night and day, in bringing all sorts of pressure to bear on men they could force into line. Finally the vote was taken The young Senators, who never expected to win, had twenty-three votes and the older Senators had fifty. But, and here is the main point, the older Senators, who had decided to authorize, merely, two battleships, were compelled to authorize and appropriate for two ships, and to announce that a settled naval policy of two ships a year would be agreed upon. They had discovered that there is a compact, fighting force of young Senators, who are determined to make themselves felt, who are tired of taking orders, who do not think that long service entitles a Senator to everything he wants for that reason alone, and the awakening has been stupefying.

The Senate oligarchy is in a bad way. It is tottery and wobbly at the knees. Its

The Florsheim SHOE


Look for Name in Shoe

Tan Russia Calf Buckle Oxford - One of the Season's Novelties.

The Buckle

There's *character* in every Florsheim Shoe—

It's in the unmistakable *Style*—

In the dignified individuality of their different *designs*—

In their clean-cut *shapeliness*—

And every Florsheim Shoe is *comfortable*—from the first to the last day's long wear.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Send for it. Most Styles sell for $5.00.

FLORSHEIM & COMPANY
Chicago, U S A.

"The Straw Without a Flaw"

Wilting Weather

makes your Straw Hat the "biggest little" contributor to comfort. It's the last thing *you* put on, but the first thing *others* notice.

If the best is not too good for you select a

"B. & K." Straw Hat

and that you may be sure it is genuine, insist on seeing

THIS LABEL in the Crown, or under the Leather.

BLUM & KOCH

Exclusive Styles

"B. & K." Straws are *made by hand* from the pick of the finest braids. Young men like them for their jaunty dash — older men, for their permanence of shape, becomingness and airy coolness. For sale by all good hatters. Beautifully illustrated booklet "H" FREE. Write for it.

BLUM & KOCH, 84 to 90 Fifth Ave., New York

SE=NO
PATENTED JAN 28 1908
SUSPENDERS
WORN UNDER THE SHIRT.

Fasten to trouser hip buttons and support them perfectly without injury to the shirt

The sliding action distributes the strain equally [illegible] because they adjust themselves to every movement of the body

Wear [illegible] SE-NO suspenders and enjoy real Summer comfort. Light, durable, practical, easy on and off. Simple [illegible] with each pair.

[illegible] The genuine are stamped "SE NO" [illegible] 50c [illegible] postpaid

"Faultless" Garters [illegible] no metal to touch the skin. The [illegible]

50 cents at all good shops, or of us by mail, postpaid

EAGLE SUSPENDER COMPANY
Makers of Suspenders, Garters, Belts,
1910 Race Street, Philadelphia

Baby Knows
the soothing, cooling comfort of
Lehn & Fink's
Riveris
Talcum Powder

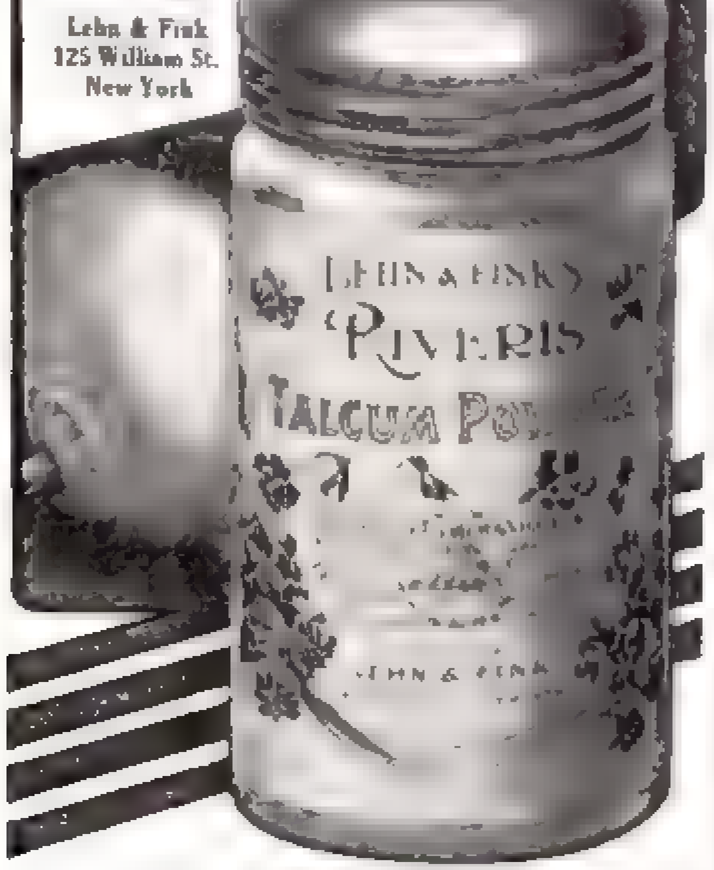
So will you if you will try it for toilet or bath.

It is the largest package and the fi[illegible] Essence of Riviera Violets gives it [illegible]. Large Glass Jars, 25c. If your drugg[illegible] none, he will readily order it [illegible] his wholesaler at your request.

Write Us For Free Sample

We want you to know by experience [illegible] quality of this [illegible]

Lehn & Fink
125 William St.
New York



Sparkling Crystal!

Most **appropriate gift** for the
June Bride!
Handsomely cut Pitcher and Six Tumblers **$5.00**
for the **Complete Set!**
Shipped to any part of the country. Remit by Post-Office or Express Money Order.
Electric Cut Glass Co., Honesdale, Penna.

Spins 5 Minutes
"The Ideal Ball-bearing Top"

The smallest child can spin it and there is no spring nor string to wind up. Nothing about it to break nor wear out. Beautifully nickel-plated; with rubber tire that prevents injury to hands or furniture.

Each top packed in box with 6 colored disks. A touch of the finger while top is spinning makes beautiful color combinations.

Buy of your Dealer or Send us **25c.**

CUSHMAN & DENISON MFG. CO. 240 West 23d St., New York City

Will keep a child quietly amused for hours

members do not know just what it was that hit them, but they do know they have been hit hard. Meantime, Beveridge and Piles and Smith and Flint and the rest are well satisfied with themselves. They have landed on the oligarchy with more force than the oligarchy ever landed on them, which is saying a great deal. It has been a great many years since the leaders have been shaken up as they were on this proposition. It is a crime, of course—heinous crime—but, as yet, the leaders cannot figure out just what kind of crime it is. They cannot classify it, mainly because they have not yet recovered from their amazement and chagrin.

The Explosion of a Phenomenon

The Honorable Jeff Davis, of Arkansas, has pulled off his second spectacle. The first one came early in the session, and nearly everybody stayed to see what sort of an affair it would be. Jeff had threatened to walk down the centre aisle of the Senate in his yarn-stocking feet and pull Vice-President Fairbank's whiskers. He didn't do it, much to the disgust of the spectators. Moreover, his speech was not up to specifications. It was a rambling tirade against everybody who has more than a dollar and a half in money, and it made no impression.

Jeff introduced a resolution providing for the immediate extinction of all trusts, or something of the kind, and the resolution was sent to the Judiciary Committee. That dignified body put the resolution in the waste-paper basket. Davis introduced another resolution asking that the committee be discharged from further consideration of his resolution, and made a speech on it.

Between the delivery of his first speech and this one Davis had been to Arkansas, where all his candidates had been defeated in an election and where several citizens had chased him up the street. It came to look that when any person in Arkansas was suffering from ennui he went out and took a crack at Davis. The popular amusement seemed to be to run Davis up and down the streets of Little Rock while he shouted: "Again I am attacked by the hirelings of predatory wealth!"

Inasmuch as Davis came to Washington and announced how he intended to eat 'em alive these stories rather softened the interest in him. He made his second speech. Three Senators remained on the floor. The rest of them went down to the restaurant or to their committee-rooms or to the cloakrooms. The galleries were empty. Nobody was excited. Jeff was an exploded phenomenon. Even when he called the reporters buzzards, carrion crows, hyenas and wolves he did not stir a leaf. From this time on Davis will cut no more figure in the Senate than as if he was not a member. The Senate will not listen to him, and the galleries will yawn whenever he appears. The Jeff Davis show will not repeat. It was good once, but the Senate and the gallery folks positively refuse to look at it or listen to it a second time.

The Diplomatic Idea of Honorable John

The Honorable John Barrett, the director of the Bureau of American Republics, came marching to the front a time ago with a brand-new and original idea. He thought it would be a fine thing if the diplomatists now sojourning in this country would go to the Republican National Convention at Chicago and see how the free and untrammeled American people choose a Chief Executive, or words to that effect. Unfortunately, the Honorable John is not a delegate to the convention, nor is he a member of the National Committee, nor yet a candidate for the nomination, which is an honor the Honorable John is reserving for his country to enjoy at some future time. Wherefore, he was put to it to get tickets for the diplomatists.

National Committeemen have slathers of tickets, so Barrett went to General Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, member of the National Committee and former Ambassador to Mexico. General Clayton thought well of the scheme and provided the tickets. The invitations went out. Immediately the diplomatic corps began to whirl around rapidly. There were conferences in all known languages and some dialects. It was extraordinary. It was more than that. And, what, pray, did it mean? Were the diplomatists invited to the convention by President Roosevelt and, if they went, were they expected to cheer for Roosevelt or to shout for Taft? Would it not be taking part in the politics of the country to which they are accredited to go to this convention? If they went to the Chicago convention must they not go to the Denver convention as well?

There was much excitement. Cautious ones, like Sternberg, from Germany, and Takahira, from Japan, had previous engagements. The Latin America chaps fell in with a whoop. They wanted the junket. Ambassador Bryce, of England, who is reputed to know more about America than any American because he looks at us with an unprejudiced eye, you know, thought he might go. Still, back of it all, was insistent inquiry: Does the President desire it? So far, the President has said nothing about the matter, and the Honorable John Barrett is the busiest person in Washington trying to explain what it all means. He will be equally busy up to the hour of the convention. Next time he invites any representatives of foreign governments to a political powwow he fervently hopes he will forget to mail the letters.

Senator Hale, of Maine, is real cross these days. He cannot understand how it is any person, in or out of the Senate, can dispute any statement he makes, as he is a great Conservative Force. The Senator spoke bitterly the other day of the fleet going into "foreign waters." He meant the Pacific Ocean.

You see, the Senator comes from Maine, and the only coast he recognizes as properly belonging to this country is the coast of Maine.

Logs and Letters

THE average reader of fiction would expect Stewart Edward White to be a big, brawny, husky person, inured to the rigors of the frozen North and the hardships of the great forests. Instead, he is a quiet, rather slight man, with very little hair on the top of his head, and an extremely gentle manner. He leaves all the strenuous externals to his brothers of the Professional Primitive and Raw Beef Schools of Fiction.

White has had a very active career, nevertheless. He was born in Michigan, where his father had extensive lumber interests. He started out to be a business man but got the writing fever. He went up to one of his father's lumber camps and became so much impressed with the rough-hewn life there that he determined to write about it. He knocked about from camp to camp, working with the men sometimes. Then he wrote The Blazed Trail, and took it up to a big camp to see if he had got all his facts right. Lumber camps don't usually love newspaper or other kinds of writers, because some very exaggerated pictures of camp life have been painted by them.

When it became known that White was a writer he got very little kind treatment. He was not only "kidded," but he was "cussed." One night he went up to the foreman, a grizzled old lumberman who had been away from civilization so long that he had almost forgotten what a town looked like, and said: "Bill, did you ever read a book?"

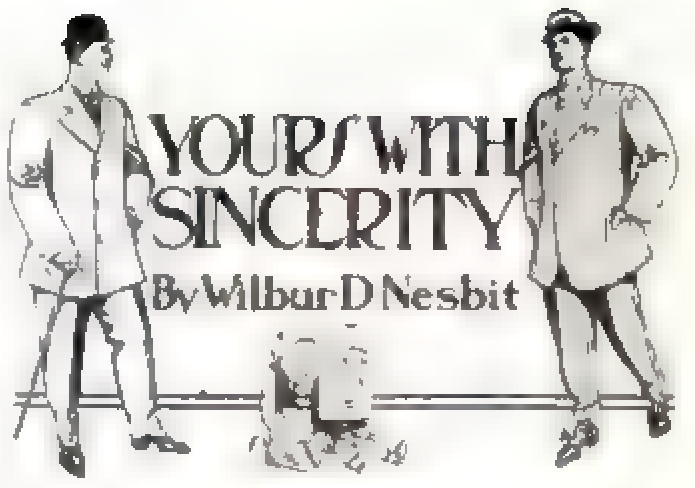
"Well, I reckon I did," replied Bill. "I read the Almanack every year."

"Here's a book of mine I'd like to have you read," continued White, passing over the manuscript. Bill looked at it suspiciously, but took it. The next morning, when White crawled out of his bunk, he saw Bill still sitting before the fire and reading. He had read a chapter and a half.

"Kid, this is all right," said the old foreman. After that there was no further kidding of White.

White has some interesting ideas about gathering material. He never goes anywhere with literary malice aforethought. He goes for pleasure first (it may be Canada, Arizona or Wyoming). Later, the scenes or incidents group themselves into form for stories or articles. He said the other day to a friend: "I could never have been a newspaper reporter, because I can't take an assignment to go to a place and get a story."

At White's bungalow, called the "Jumping-Off Place," near Santa Barbara, California, he has the blue sea in front and the rugged mountains behind. He has also a summer home in the Sierra Nevada mountains. It is a log cabin which he built with his own hands. This was no pose, but necessity. It is many miles from a hamlet and there was no help to be had.



YOURS WITH SINCERITY

By Wilbur D Nesbit

SAID THE HEAD DESIGNER

THE head designer is the man who knows how to draw a lot of lines that look like a page from Euclid, on a sheet of heavy paper, and when the paper is cut into a pattern and the goods are cut by that and the clothes are made from the goods they will have the difficult qualities called "style" and "shape."

"Shape is really style, isn't it?" I asked him.

"In a way, yes," he answered. "Style is the general lines, shape is the adjustment of the garment to the individual.

"Style is something that anybody can put into clothes, if he wants to. Any one who can see as far as tomorrow knows what style is. You know what style is as soon, perhaps, as anybody else.

"Style isn't what 'they' are going to wear, style is what *you* recognize as the right thing to wear.

"Once in a while there is a freak style of one sort or another—but queer clothes can't be popular. But you've got to avoid confounding *distinctiveness* with queerness.

"Nobody dictates style. It develops and changes along natural lines and by natural laws.

"Style is what has brought mankind from bare skin to bearskin and then right along to 'Sincerity' clothes."

"Are you going to talk shop?" I demanded.

"Not at all. But there is one feature of style that we claim to be exclusive with us. That is the making the style a *part* of the garment—blending fit, fashion and fabric.

"With us the demand of style isn't satisfied when the pattern is cut. After that the goods must be cut accurately. You've been through the cutting rooms, and you know that we cut cloth more scientifically than the majority of so-called merchant tailors.

"And then the garment must be put together accurately—and we don't rely on Old Dr. Goose—the hot flatiron—to put the smoothness and the fullness and all that in the front of a coat, or the right curve and sweep in the collar and shoulders. All that snugness and snappiness is done in the *making*—in the cutting and sewing of the linings as well as the fabric."

"That ought to help," I commented.

"Don't you see," asked the head designer, "that when the style is *made in* it has to *stay in?*

"Not a curve or a line of a 'Sincerity' garment thanks Old Dr. Goose for its being.

"It's there because we *make* it there, and we make it there because we have people who have the know-how and the pride in *good* work."

"Yes, but what about quality?"

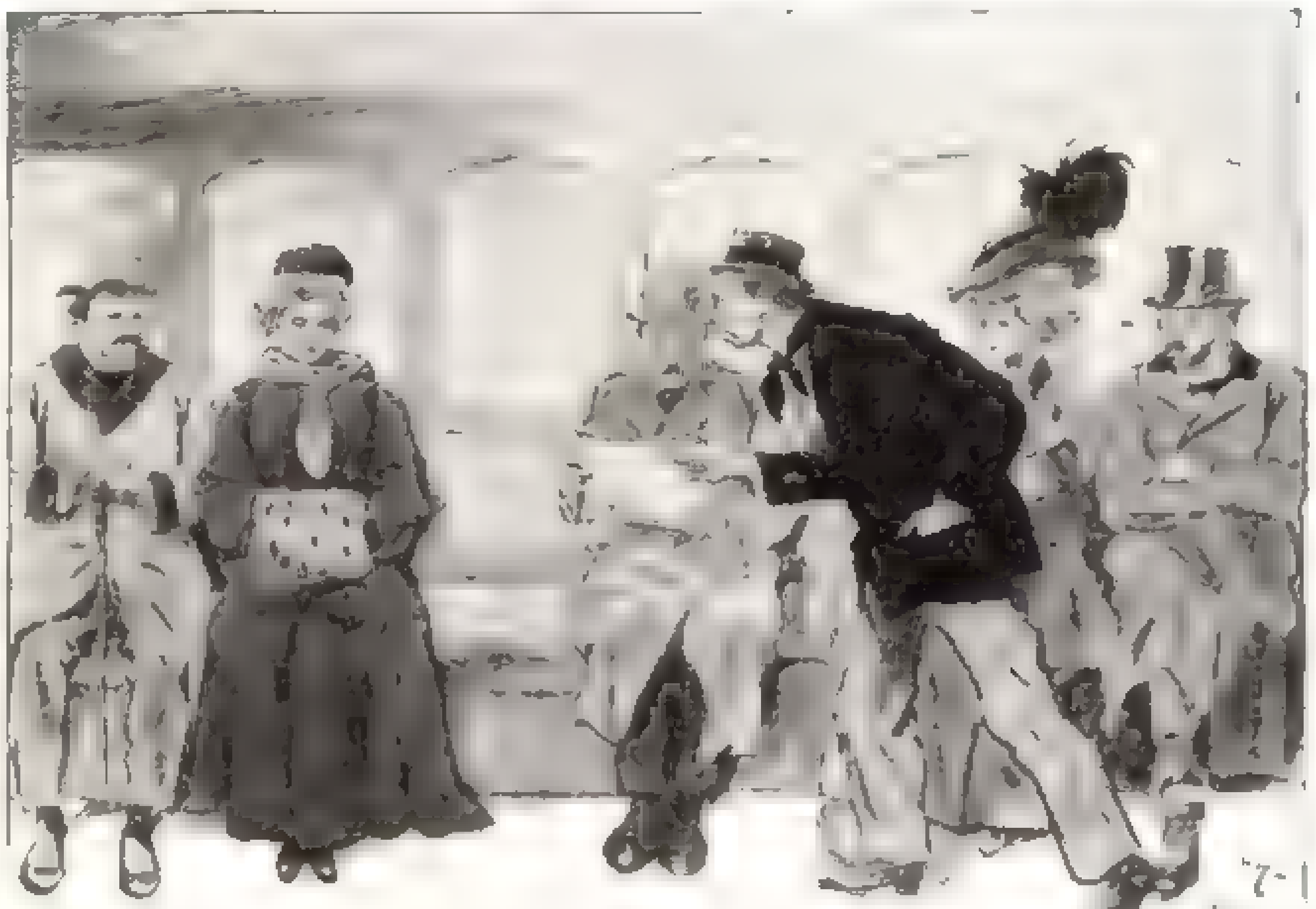
"Some folks say we're actually finicky about that. When you know that every square inch of fabric is scrutinized by sharp-eyed experts for faults of weaving and that sixty-nine *other* experts O. K. every part of the work before we let the garment go to the dealer you *know* that quality is in every thread of clothes that have this label:

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED
BY
KUH, NATHAN
& FISCHER CO.
CHICAGO

Our style book will whet your desire for good clothes. Write us for it and we'll hurry it by next mail.

KUH NATHAN & FISCHER CO.
Chicago

SENSE AND NONSENSE



Michael (Who Gets the Last Seat in the Car): "Waull—be Gorrah—If Oi Had Come in Afther Myself Oi Wouldn't Have Gotten No Seat at All!"

On the Road

IF OTIS HARLAN had a dollar for everybody who knows him as a comedian he would be a rich man, but he doesn't need that contribution for the excellent reason that, though scarcely any of his admirers know it, he is a rich man already. When "Charley" Hoyt the farce-maker died, Harlan for several years quit playing and became a manager, and now, though he is before the footlights again, he is keeping a tight hold on his managerial interests, is a controlling power in a big Southern circuit of theatres, and has five companies "on the road" in the North.

It was when he ran out to Pittsburg from New York to look at the production of one of these "road companies" that he fell into conversation with McGonnigle, a stage-hand whom the manager had recently engaged to go with the troupe as an assistant property-man. McGonnigle was complaining of the discomforts of travel

"Oi always feel so dhirty," he said. "Oi'm not used t' goin' widout a brush an' comb."

"Surely," protested Harlan, "your trunk is not so full that you can't get a brush and comb into it."

"Trunk?" repeated McGonnigle. "I've got no trunk."

"Then you'd better get one," advised Harlan.

"Phat for?"

"To carry your clothes in, of course."

"Phat!" cried McGonnigle—"an' me go naked?"

When the Community Failed

MR. LESLIE M. SHAW, who used to be the favorite son of Iowa and who can't be a prodigal yet, because you don't hear of any fatted calves being cooked for him out in Manilla, Iowa (spell it with two l's!)—Mr. Leslie Mortier Shaw (no symbolism in the middle name) says that out his old way the people met the panic with something that, though Mr. Shaw doesn't so describe it, must have been a combination of the courage of conviction in their heads and the fear of God in their hearts. He says that in a little town in Clinton County, where there was only one bank, and where that bank seemed likely to fail, the banker—it was a private bank—just closed his doors and hung out a sign that read as follows:

> THIS BANK AIN'T FAILED
>
> THE COMMUNITY'S FAILED
>
> WHEN THE COMMUNITY COMES TO
>
> AG'IN, THIS BANK WILL RESUME
>
> BUSINESS

Happened in Our Midst

MR. BOOTH TARKINGTON, the Indiana novelist, tells this story to illustrate the journalistic enterprise of a certain small town of his native State:

Starting out for a hunting trip Mr. Tarkington made his way to the town of W——, where he was to be joined by several friends coming by rail from farther up the country. At the hotel fronting on the railroad tracks the hunter put up late in the evening, his favorite bird-dog quartered in the back yard. In the morning it was discovered that the dog had disappeared.

"Have you a newspaper in town?" Mr. Tarkington asked the landlord, who sat tilted back in a chair on the front porch, enjoying a morning pipe.

"We sure have, sir," replied the landlord, pointing across the way to a sign that swung above the shoemaker's shop. "The Morning News, out at four o'clock every day, rain or shine."

"Going to advertise for my dog," the novelist remarked as he went down the steps.

The editor of the Morning News, the one printer and the printer's "devil" held the fort, all busily getting together the day's edition of the paper. The editor had just completed a paragraph or two, noting the arrival in "our midst" of the writer, and assuming that the caller was the notable visitor, received him with due ceremony, assuring Mr. Tarkington that though "we are just going to press we will be glad to hold the paper to insert your ad., sir."

"Fifty dollars' reward for the return of pointer dog, answering to name of Rex, which disappeared from the yard of the Mansion House Monday night," read the advertisement.

Returning to his hotel, within half an hour Mr. Tarkington had decided that it might be best to add: "No questions asked."

Across the tracks to the Morning News again went the advertiser. The office was deserted, save for the little lean, red-headed, freckled-nosed "devil" who sat perched upon a high stool, his knees drawn up, gazing pensively out of the dusty window.

"Where's everybody?" Mr. Tarkington asked blithely, putting his head in at the door.

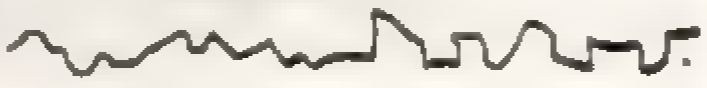
"Gawn to hunt the dawg," the boy answered laconically.

—MARGARET HANNIS.

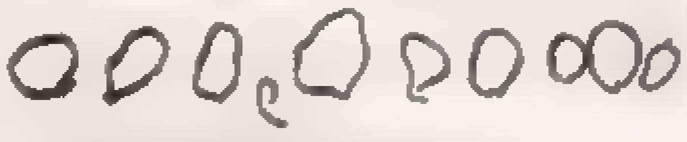
The Letter-Writer

I'm glad that I know how to write.
  It's easy as can be.
I write to all my relatives
  Who like to hear from me.

When I am telling how I eat
  The crusts to help me grow,
And that I'm getting very big,
  I always tell it so:



And when I say I love you lots
  And send a great big kiss,
It's not the least bit hard to do—
  It always looks like this:



It's strange I write much plainer than
  The grown-ups write to me.
They read my notes, but reading theirs
  Is hard as it can be.

—LOUISE AYRES GARNETT.

Mrs. Greeley's Mistake

ONE of the oddest and most original characters that ever lived was the great editor, Horace Greeley, whose statue may be seen in Printing-House Square, New York, gazing ever toward the mighty West that has far outgrown even his prophetic visions of future prosperity and greatness

During his waking moments Mr. Greeley's mind was so preoccupied with his newspaper work and his voluminous correspondence that he neglected many of the conventionalities of deportment and dress.

In this way he was somewhat of a trial to Mrs. Greeley. It annoyed her, for instance, if he wore one leg of his trousers inside of his boot-top and the other one outside, but Mr. Greeley *would* do it—through oversight, of course. It worried her when he used the parlor centre-table for a hat-rack; yet he persisted in the habit until Mrs. G., her patience exhausted, was compelled to resort to strenuous measures to cure him.

It was while the "cure" was being wrought out that Mr. Greeley received a business call one day, at his summer home in Chappaqua, from the late Congressman Amos J. Cummings, who was at that time a sub-editor on the Tribune, of which Greeley was owner and editor-in-chief.

The interview took place in the parlor. Cummings kept his hat in his hand until he was inside the room; then, dropping it on the table, he and his chief sat down opposite each other and were soon deep in consultation

In the midst of their conversation Mrs. Greeley walked briskly into the room, smiled pleasantly at Mr. G.'s caller, and then her facial thermometer suddenly dropped to thirty below zero as she caught sight of the hat on the table. For the fraction of a second she allowed her gaze to rest upon the offending headgear, and then stepping quickly over to the table she caught up the hat and flung it out of the open window into the yard.

"Why, Mother, you mustn't do that!" exclaimed Mr. Greeley. "What'll Amos think?"

"Well, then, keep your hat off the table!" was the tart reply. "I told you, not over half an hour ago, when I threw it out of the window, I'd do it every time I found it here."

"Yes, Mother, I know you did," chuckled Mr. Greeley, "so I didn't bring it back in. It was Mr. Cummings' hat you threw out this time!" Then, turning to his caller, he said with another chuckle, as Mrs. G. hastily vanished from the room: "I forgot to tell you, Amos, that Mrs. Greeley is trying to break me of the habit of leaving my hat lying around on the centre-table."

"Never mind," said Cummings dryly; "I've found it out. The next thing will be to find my hat when I want to wear it home"

But he had no trouble about that. Mrs. Greeley was nowhere visible when the interview was over, but both hats were found hanging in their proper places on the hall-rack, and there was about them (especially the one belonging to the future Congressman) a well-brushed look which seemed to say: "With the apologies of Mrs. G."

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Busybodies are always idlers.

¶ Most mythology is only idol talk.

¶ Economy is the science of wise liberality.

¶ A man's income is something that is five times what he tells the assessor and a fifth what he tells his wife.

¶ Not a few public men who loudly refuse to volunteer for nomination to the Presidency add a whispered aside that they'll serve if drafted.

Michaels-Stern Fine Clothing

has among its Spring and Summer models all the new cuff, lapel and pocket flap "wrinkles," "fads" and "notions," besides standard "quiet" styles.

$12 to $35

Garments of your size must fit you as if made to your measure; try 'em on and look in the mirror.

Will they wear well?

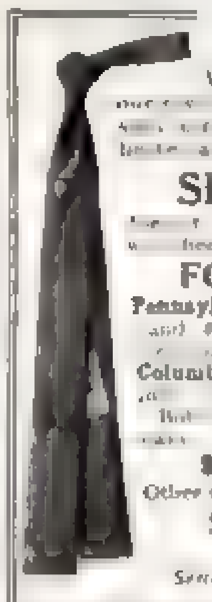
Just ask any wearer of Michaels-Stern Fine Clothing.

Write for booklet "M," "Styles from Life" covering Men's "Correct Dress" for Spring and Summer and "Useful Law Pointers," FREE

MICHAELS, STERN & CO.
Manufacturers
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Look for this Label

It's on all Michaels-Stern Fine Clothing and Identifies it



Solid Color Silk Barathea

W[illegible] our own [illegible] fashioned in [illegible] The [illegible] neckwear [illegible] sold [illegible] from Weaver to Wearer. None [illegible] at 50 and 75 cents. If the merit of

Shibboleth Neckwear

[illegible] "stick out" all over it return the ties and we [illegible] cheerfully refund your money

FOR THE SUMMER TIME

Pennsylvania.—Our new narrow reversible four-in-hand 49 in. long by 1½ in. wide, most suitable for [illegible]

Columbia [illegible] tie to be knotted [illegible]

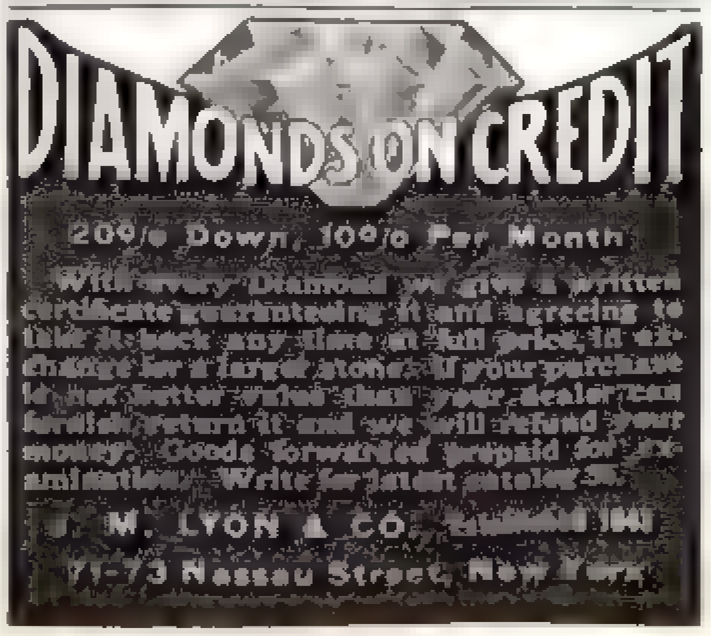
[illegible]

$2.00 the half dozen, postpaid

Other shapes in black and white

SHIBBOLETH SILK CO.
463 Broadway, New York

Send money order, check [illegible]



DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

20% Down, 10% Per Month

With every Diamond we give a written certificate guaranteeing it and agreeing to take it back any time at full price, in exchange for a larger stone. If your purchase is not better value than your dealer can furnish, return it and we will refund your money. Goods forwarded prepaid for examination. Write for latest catalog 35.

J. M. LYON & CO. Established 1843
71-73 Nassau Street, New York

APPENDICITIS

(Concluded from Page 12)

on account of their seeds, fibres, husks and irritating substances, and the dangers of their being contaminated by bacteria and other parasites from the soil. These charges appear to have little adequate foundation, and, so far as we are in a position now to judge, the only way a food can give us, or be accessory to, appendicitis is by its being taken in such excessive amounts as to set up fermentive or putrefactive changes in the alimentary canal, or by its being in an unsound, decaying or actually diseased condition. Any amounts or quality of food which are capable of giving rise to an attack of acute indigestion may secondarily lead to an attack of appendicitis. The only single article of diet whose ingestion is declared by Osler to be rather frequently followed by an attack of appendicitis is the peanut.

Therefore, the best thing to do in the way of taking precautions against the occurrence of appendicitis is, in the language of the day, to "forget it" as completely as possible, reassuring ourselves that, in spite of its extraordinary notoriety and popularity, it is a comparatively rare disease in its fatal form, responsible for not more than one-half of one per cent. of the deaths, and that the older we grow the better become our chances of escaping it.

Whatever we may have decided in regard to our brains, by the time we reach fifty, we may feel reasonably sure we've no appendix

A redeeming feature of appendicitis is that the appendix lies—so to speak—in a corner, or wide-mouthed pouch, of the great peritoneal cavity; and if the inflammation set up in it can be "walled off" from the rest of the peritoneal cavity, and limited strictly to this little corner or pouch, all will be well. This is what occurs in those cases of severe appendicitis which spontaneously recover. If, however, this disturbance bursts its barriers, and lights up an inflammation of the entire peritoneal cavity, then the result is likely to be a fatal one. Just how far Nature can be trusted in each particular case to limit and stamp out the process in this manner is the core of the problem that confronts us, as attending physicians.

In the majority of cases, fortunately, the peritoneal fire brigade acts promptly, pours out a wall of exudate, and locks up the appendix in a living prison to fight out its own battles, and sink or swim by itself. But unfortunately, in a minority of cases, by a wretched sort of "senatorial courtesy" which exists in the body, the appendix is given its ancestral or traditional rights and allowed to inflict its petty troubles upon the entire abdominal cavity, and include the body in its downfall.

Lastly come the two most pertinent and appealing questions:

What is the outlook for me if I should develop appendicitis? And what is to be done?

In regard to the first of these, it is safe to say that our answer is much less alarming than it was in the earlier stage of our knowledge. Naturally enough, in the beginning, only the severest and most unmistakable forms of the disease and those which showed no tendency to localization were recognized, or at least came under the eye of the surgeon; and as a large percentage of these resulted fatally, the conclusion was reached, both in the medical profession and by the laity, that appendicitis was an exceedingly dangerous disease, with a high fatality in all cases. As, however, physicians became more expert in the recognition of the disease, it was discovered to be vastly more common, while side by side came the consoling knowledge that a considerable percentage of cases got well of themselves, in the sense of the inflammation being limited to the lower right-hand corner of the abdominal cavity, though, of course, with the possibility of leaving a smouldering fuse which might light up another explosion under any stress in future.

Further, as the attention of the post-mortem investigators at our large hospitals was directed to the subject, it was found that a very considerable percentage of all bodies, ranging from twenty to—according to some estimates—as high as sixty per cent., showed changes in the appendix and its neighborhood which were believed to be due to old inflammations; so that, while it is only possible to speak with great caution and reserve, the balance of opinion among clinicians and pathologists of wide experience and the more conservative surgeons appears to be that from one-half to two-thirds of all cases of appendicitis will recover of themselves, in the sense of subsiding more or less permanently, without causing death.

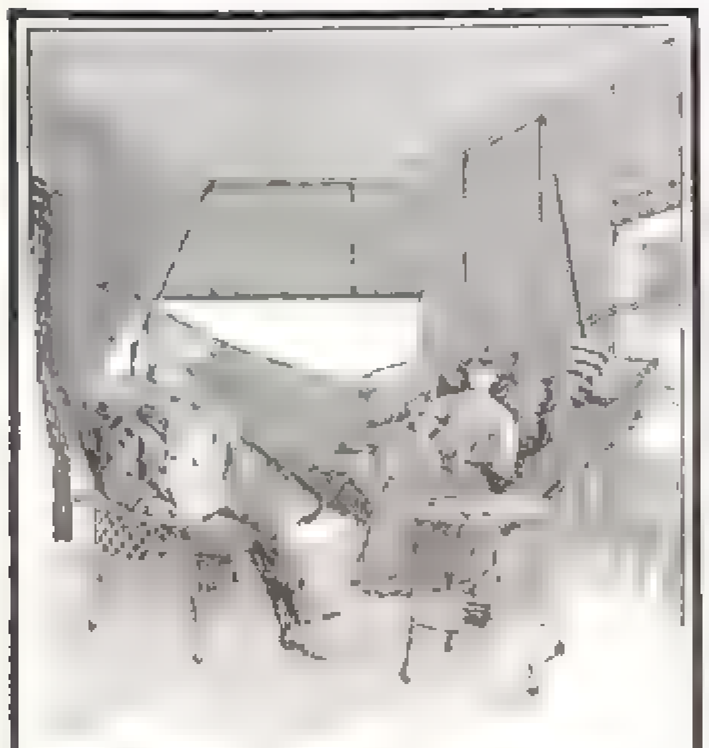
On the other hand, it must be remembered that the appendix is an organ which, so far as any evidence has been adduced, is entirely without useful function; that it is in process of shriveling and disappearance, if left entirely alone, and that the best result which can be expected from a self-cured attack of appendicitis is the destruction of the appendix and its elimination as a further possible cause of mischief. By avoiding an operation in appendicitis, we may be practically certain that we save nothing that is worth saving—except the fee. Moreover, even though only from one-fourth to one-third of all cases develop serious complications, you never can be quite sure in which division your particular case will fall

The chances are in favor of your recovery, but—put on a lightning rod, in the shape of the best and most competent doctor you know, and be guided entirely by his opinion. An attack of appendicitis is like shooting the Grand Lachine Rapids. Probably you will come through all right; but there is always the possibility of landing at a moment's notice on the rocks or in the whirlpools. With a good pilot your risk doesn't exceed a fraction of one per cent. And fortunately this condition has been not merely theoretically but practically reached already; for the later series of case groups of appendicitis treated in this intelligent way by coöperation between the physician and surgeon from the start, with prompt interference in those cases which to the practiced eye show signs of making trouble, has reduced the actual recorded mortality of the disease to between two and five per cent. Even of those cases which come to operation now, the death-rate has been reduced as low as five per cent. in series of from 400 to 600 successive operations. When we contrast this with the first results of operation, when the cases as a rule were seen too late for the best time of interference, and from twenty per cent. to thirty per cent. died; and with the intermediate stage, when surgeons as a rule were inclined to advise operation at the earliest possible moment that the disease could be recognized, and from ten per cent. to fifteen per cent. died, we can see how steady the improvement has been, and how encouraging the outlook is for the future.

Cases which have weathered one attack of appendicitis are of course by no means free from the risk of another. Indeed, at one time it was believed that a recurrence was almost certain to occur. Later investigations, based upon larger numbers of cases, now running up into the thousands, give the reassuring result that though this danger is a real one, it is not so great as it was at one time supposed, as the average number in whom a second attack occurs appears to be about twenty per cent. This, however, is a large enough risk to be worthy of serious consideration; and in view of the fact that the mortality of operations done between attacks is less than one per cent., it is generally the feeling of the profession that, where there is any appreciable soreness, or tenderness, or liability to attacks of pain in the right iliac region, in an individual who has had one attack of appendicitis, the really conservative and prudent procedure is to have the source of the trouble removed once and for all.

The four principal symptoms of appendicitis are: pain, which is usually felt most keenly somewhere between the umbilicus and the right groin—though this is by no means invariable; tenderness in that same region upon pressure; rigidity of the muscles of the abdominal wall on the right side; and temperature, or fever.

No matter how much and how variegated pain you may have in the abdomen, or how high your temperature may run, if you are not distinctly sore on firm pressure down in this right lower or southwest quadrant of the abdomen—but be careful not to press too hard, it isn't safe—you may feel fairly sure that you haven't got appendicitis. If you are—you may still not have it, but you'd better send for the doctor, to be sure.



A Cool, Shady, Secluded Porch with

Vudor Porch Shades

TRADE MARK

They are made of thin strips of Linden wood, closely bound with strong seine twine in a lock-stitch weave. Artistically stained in soft, pleasing colors to harmonize with color-scheme of house and environment; these colors are weather-proof and will not crack off or fade. They keep out the sun, but let in the breeze and sufficient light to read or sew by. They can be seen through from the inside, but not from the outside, giving privacy and seclusion. They are inexpensive—average equipment costing only from $2 to $10, according to size of porch. The shades come in various widths.

Vudor Porch Shades last for years and should not be confused with the flimsy, carelessly made bamboo or imported screens which do not last and always look cheap.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

handsomely illustrated in colors, and fully describing Vudor Porch Shades and also

Vudor Re-enforced Hammocks

the hammocks that last—made with a unique patented re-enforced bed [illegible]. Though costing no more, one will outlast [illegible] ordinary hammocks, as well as being handsomer and more comfortable.

With the booklet we will send you name of the Vudor dealer in your town. Address

HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION

228 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.

In buying be sure that an aluminum name plate bearing [illegible]

HAVE YOU READ OUR VACATION BOOK?

"Mountain and Lake Resorts"

It will tell you how to get the best out of your Summer vacation, where to go, how to go, and the best place to stay.

This beautiful book of 112 pages is fully illustrated, gives description of the various resorts, list of hotels, rates, railroad fares, etc.

Send 10c. in stamps and a copy will be mailed to you. Address

GEORGE A. CULLEN
Gen. Pass Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, Department 15, 90 West St.,
New York City

Lackawanna Railroad

80 Shines 25c

Smaller size [illegible] for 20 shines 10c. Get it of your dealer—if he can't supply, clip out this whole ad as a certificate and we will supply you direct with

Eagle Brand Shoe Cream

Best for black or russet shoes—will not change original color [illegible] lasting, [illegible] rub off on [illegible] garments. Comes in glass jar.

American Shoe Polish Co., 224 N. Franklin St., Chicago

[illegible] — Best Cleaner for White or any Shade Canvas Shoes

For ten cents in stamps or coin, to pay cost of packing and mailing, we will send you enough

Barrington Hall
The Steel-Cut Coffee

to make eight cups of delicious coffee—together with this beautiful, frosted, aluminum graduate, designed for measuring (rather than guessing) the amount of dry coffee to be used.

⅓ Actual Size

READ MR E—'S EXPERIENCE

BARRINGTON HALL is pure, high-grade coffee, prepared by our patented process—a common-sense method of treating the berry whereby the substances which add nothing to its flavor and healthfulness are removed, and the coffee flavor is preserved to a remarkable degree.

By our **Special Process** all dust and the bitter cellulose skin, evidently placed by nature around the heart of the berry to protect it—certainly not intended for human use—are removed and thrown away; and when you buy a pound of Barrington Hall you get a pound of the best part of the coffee berry only.

"**Steel-Cut**" means that the coffee is cut (not ground) into fine, even particles. This cutting does not crush the little oil cells as does grinding, and the rich, aromatic oil (Food Product), which makes coffee flavor, is preserved. This explains why a pound of Barrington Hall makes 15 to 20 cups more of perfect, full-strength coffee than will the same weight of ordinary coffee.

PRICE 35c to 40c per pound according to locality. Packed in sealed tins only. If your grocer tries to sell you something "just as good," he has his [illegible]. Write us, and we can tell you how and where to get Barrington Hall. [illegible]

Address our nearest office

116 Hudson St.
New York City
or
246 N. Second St.
Minneapolis, Minn.

BAKER & CO.
COFFEE IMPORTERS

Why Not Save Your Carpets and Floors?

The

Sliding Furniture Shoe

is Guaranteed to do it and be of lasting satisfaction.

Made in all sizes for Wood or Metal Furniture

Polished Mott Metal and Annealed Glass

Leading Hotels Everywhere Are Using Them.

Retail price 25c to $1.85

Ask your dealer or write.

ONWARD MANUFACTURING CO.
Menasha, Wis.

SELF-CLOSING TOBACCO POUCH

Operated with one hand. Saves every grain. Does not leak. Saves its cost. Sells on sight. **Postpaid, Rubber 25c, Leather 50c each.** Druggists and Tobacconists send Dollar Bill for dealers trial order on display card. Large profits, quick sales. Traveling representatives wanted.

The Self-Closing Pouch Company, 517 Culver Way, St. Louis, Mo.

"The Pen's the thing"

It's the Gold Pen that is the life — the real basis of value and usefulness in any fountain pen. The thorough reliability of MABIE, TODD & CO'S Swan FOUNTAIN PEN is due to the absolute mechanical and scientific perfection of its Gold Pen in connection with our feed, which is made on Nature's Laws.

This has made the Swan Fountain Pen far superior to any other ever put on the market.

It is thoroughly dependable — always ready to write at the lightest touch.

Our illustrated booklet tells about the Swan Pen — Write for it today

MABIE, TODD & CO., Dept. A
Established 1843
17 Maiden Lane NEW YORK 149 Dearborn St. CHICAGO
London Paris Brussels Manchester

Eastwood Sandal

Children's
Sizes 4 to 8
$1.00

An Ideal "Play Shoe"

All the fun of "going barefoot" without the scratches and bruises

Eastwood Sandals allow the feet to expand naturally and are a grateful relief to children whose feet have been distorted by ill-fitting shoes. They relieve and prevent excessive perspiration.

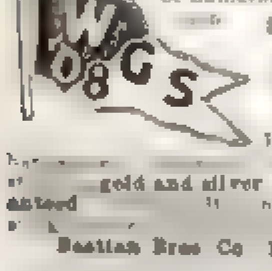
The Eastwood Sandals are made by an entirely new method of shoe construction. Stitching is all outside, no wrinkled linings, waxed thread or tacks — but smooth, clean, oak tanned leather next the feet.

Made over the celebrated Eastwood Lasts

Shipped to any address in the U. S., all charges prepaid, upon receipt of price as follows: Children's sizes 4 to 8 $1.00 [illegible] $1.25 [illegible] $1.50 [illegible] $2.00 [illegible] $2.50.

[illegible] also stock shoes for men, women and children on request

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. 209 Main St. Rochester, N. Y.



CLASS PINS AND BADGES

For Society or Lodge — College or School

Factory to you. Made to order in any style [illegible] Read this offer. Either of the two styles here [illegible] enameled in one or two colors and showing [illegible] or numerals, but not more than shown [illegible]

Silver Plate $1.00 doz. Sample 10c
Sterling Silver $2.50 doz. Sample 25c

[illegible] gold and silver. Satisfaction guaranteed [illegible]

Bastian Bros Co 13 South Avenue Rochester N Y

Foreign Hotel and Steamer Labels

[illegible] for posters and other purposes. Ten — all different — for one dollar.

Foreign Guide Co St. Louis Mo

THE TIGER GOD

(Continued from Page 5

the fierce, snarling face slipped down over the dull gray forehead of the elephant, and the next instant Bahadar was rocking like a small boat in a choppy sea as he danced the tiger to a soft pulp. Leaning far over, Amar saw the striped body thrown far backward by the elephant's forefoot, only to be caught in the hollow of the hindleg and returned. It was a game of giant football; and the mammoth player gave rumbling expression to his delight.

"There, stop, Lord of Creation; cease, Khudawand!" the *mahout* cried presently. "Ai, ai, little brother, be merciful."

Bahadar was trying to kneel on the tiger's body at this period; but Amar, in impatience, drove the iron hook into the soft bone of his huge forehead, and presently he desisted. Amar, seeing that the life was crushed out of the big cat, had Bahadar lift him to the ground. Then he stared in angry amazement at the striped body.

Tonkia had succeeded in turning Begum and had just come up.

"Look thou, Tonkia!" Amar cried. "It is not the One! This is one who brings forth young of this debased tribe. It is a mother of cubs."

"It is, indeed," added Tonkia, slipping down Begum's trunk. "And the monkey-faced Gond has told the truth, for he said it was not the tiger of Gopal, but another, he shot."

"And indeed he did smite this one with the long gun. See, here, the hole in the shoulder," Amar added. "And now we shall have again the Gond's tiger as Protector!"

"No, indeed," Tonkia objected. "Was there ever a bad female that did not extend her wickedness to the male? And if this breeder of young wandered here in a Gopal jungle it was by the friendship of the tiger they call the Preserver. And if she was an eater of men so also will he be an eater of men."

"And if we speak in the village of this other one Indra will become fattened on pride."

"Would it not be counted a disgrace, Amar, for men who are keepers of Lords of Wisdom, such as Bahadar, to babble with foolish tongues?"

"You are right, Tonkia," Amar confirmed; "Bahadar shall throw this carrion into a swamp. If the jackals and hyenas bury it, that is well. But didst ever hear, Tonkia, that the courage of an elephant may be made stronger by a portion of a tiger's liver?"

"Indeed it is true," Tonkia answered; "as true as that they are made to see at night by the swallowing of owl's eyes, fresh taken from the live bird."

"Well, we will soon take out the liver of this tigress, for undoubtedly she had courage. And now that we have gone thus far we will destroy the other tiger and end this foolish talk of a Protector."

"The kissing of a tiger is serious play," Tonkia objected.

"There is no danger, brother," Amar declared valiantly; "the tiger of Gopal is a fat pig, whose belly trails the ground; too lazy and self-content for strife. And Bahadar has been blooded this day over this one; and his desire for battle shows that he has often been in the line of beaters for tigers. From Ragnath, for the gift of eight annas, I can get a gun. We will come forth on Bahadar's back, brother, and slay Indra's pig tiger. Then we will pretend to have found it in the jungle dead from Indra's gun. That will prove that it was his debased tiger that killed Omrao and all the others, and not this lean-flanked nurse of young."

Amar ripped up the tigress, and as he gingerly tore out the liver he said: "'Tis as well the spirit of Omrao was properly laid by the Yogi, for half of the poor man is here within, no doubt."

As Tonkia climbed to the back of Begum Amar poured out upon the tigress a malediction of fervor. At each name of obloquy he twitched from the mottled muzzle a bristle or two of whisker. "They are not much, Tonkia, in the way of a beard, but will sell readily in the bazar as charms," he commented.

A fretful "Phr-r-u-tt!" from Bahadar — it was like a whine of fear — caused Amar to raise his head, to gaze with a sickening, paralyzing sense of horror into the yellow, glaring eyes of the Gopal tiger, a dozen yards away. He knew the huge head well, he had met its owner often in the jungle. There on the broad, sloping forehead were the black lines that formed the letter W. The massive head was thrust through the bamboos as though it were a painting on a green background. There was a certain placid dignity, a restfulness of conscious power, in the striated mask. No snarl curved the lips; and the yellow eyes held more of questioning than of threat.

Bahadar, even without a command, swung Amar by the waist to his neck.

Encouraged by his place of fair security the *mahout* recovered his speech. "Oh, ho! Khudawand, Protector of the Poor! Do not hurt little Bahadar," he sneered.

He touched the elephant in the neck, and in obedience the huge fellow backed slowly away, the tiger watching his going with seemingly idle interest.

"There she lies," Amar called; "thou art welcome to her evil-smelling carcass." Then he swung the elephant about; and as they pushed away at a rapid pace they heard echoing through the forest, in deep tones, the "A-e-ough!" of the tiger.

"Sit patiently, eater of children," Amar flung over his shoulders; "we will return. Ai, ai, Bahadar ——" Amar touched the elephant's head with the palm of his hand, and then his own forehead in salaam — "we will settle this matter of true gods."

When they had come to the village Amar went in search of a gun.

It was of wild dogs he spoke to Ragnath, the watchman — wild dogs that put the elephants in a temper with their yelp. And when he had crossed the gatekeeper's palm with a rupee the latter advised that a gun might be had; but powder and ball were only given out for special purposes. They were under lock and key and unstealable.

Just at that Tonkia came running to say the Baboo wanted Bahadar sent down to the river-bank at once to bring up two large boxes that had been landed from a steamer.

At the landing, when the big elephant was putting a long box on his tusks, the Baboo called, "Be careful, Amar, for in the box are guns, also powder and balls."

Had ever such a chance come to any one? Powder was in the box that gaped in frailty from its rough handling on the steamer. Even Bahadar knew that it was not strong, for the fingers of his trunk clasped it with nervous gentleness. The *mahout* gave a false order to the elephant with a kick from his toe; the box slipped on the ivory tusks, and the lid tore away in his trunk, spewing to the hard road rifles and guns; brass cartridges lay like a shower of gold in the sun.

While Baboo Ghose screamed from his fat throat unsweet words Amar slipped to the ground, and, while salaaming in deep penitence, deftly tossed into the hiding grass half a dozen cartridges with his nimble toes. Later, unobserved, he retrieved them; and, his task finished, got an old muzzle-loader from Ragnath and carried it to the elephant lines.

Amar had gone out many times with *sahibs* when they hunted bison up in the hills of Bhumia, and knew there was powder in the cartridges. With his little axe he tried to cut the bullet out. But the shell was a hard nut to crack; the bullet puzzled him — he couldn't cut it; he had never seen a nickel-covered bullet before; and it was so small. And when he had parted it from its brass shell he gave a cry of disgusted surprise.

"By the age of my father! Tonkia," he exclaimed, "this powder has been kept so long that its strength has partly gone; see how the color has faded. It will take a lot of this weakened stuff and such work to open these brass pots."

The cartridges were for a .450 Express, and held 70 grains of fierce cordite, many times the strength of black powder.

"It will take two portions now that it has passed out of its strength," he declared, and 140 grains of cordite was trickled into the doomed gun. The bullets being conical did not appeal to him, so he hammered them into a more or less spherical form and rammed two on top of the explosive.

While Amar charged his muzzle-loader with the union of gun-cotton and nitroglycerine, Tonkia had given Bahadar a piece of the tiger's liver sandwiched in a wheat cake. Now they were ready, and

When you have an old-fashioned candy pull — how good and wholesome it tastes — how different from the ordinary "store candy."

Necco Sweets are the good wholesome kind — they include every sort you may want.

Lenox Chocolates

are one of 500 different kinds. Try a box. How much better they are than nameless kinds.

For your pleasure's sake — for health's sake — for your children's sake look for the seal of Necco Sweets

At all dealers who sell high grade goods.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.
Summer and Melcher Sts.
Boston, Mass.

No. 207 $10.00

Rare Matrix Turquoise

We cut and polish together the Matrix or Mother Stone and the clear Turquoise, the delicate brown markings of the Matrix harmonizing beautifully with the exquisite blue of the gem. Send for our catalog No. 3, which illustrates many rich designs in Rings, Brooches, Scarf Pins, Cuff Links, Fobs, Necklaces, Collarettes, Bracelets, etc., in 14 Karat Solid Gold Mountings — a few pieces in Heavy Sterling Silver Art Craft Patterns. As we own the mines we use only the choicest stones.

No. 223, $12.50

When in New York call at our shop and office and see the rough stones being cut, polished and mounted.

Arizona Turquoise Mines Co.
171 Broadway, N. Y. (Entrance on Cortlandt St.)

SUMMER COTTAGES and Bungalows

[illegible]

Special $1.00 Offer

[illegible] send now [illegible] of this big [illegible] Keith's [illegible]

MAX L. KEITH 480 Lumber Exch., Minneapolis Minn

mounting the tusker they headed for the jungle. Tonkia carried a large-bladed hog-spear and a stout rump-stick to keep Bahadar head-on in the conflict. Just as they turned out of the village the grating roar of the tiger was carried to their ears; and a little later at a sharp turn of the road a running man turning the corner at full speed almost fell under Bahadar's huge feet; indeed, but for a gentle guarding shove of the trunk he would have been crushed

"Salaam, Kasim," Amar cried, discovering in astonishment that it was the *shikari*. Then an inspiration of torturing humor coming to him, the *mahout*, stretching his lean arm up the road toward the village, said, "He went that way, Kasim."

"Who went that way?" the Mussulman asked

"Why, the tiger, to be sure. Wert thou not chasing him? I heard his call of fear even before I saw him fleeing."

Tonkia laughed and pounded the elephant pad with his rump-stick in glee.

"Thou art a fool, *mahout*," Kasim retorted angrily, striding away. "It will be a matter for rejoicing the day the tiger makes a meal off thee, scrubber of elephants," he turned, a dozen paces away, to fling over his shoulder.

As Bahadar raised out of the flat lands, following the path up the hill deeper into the gloom of the forest, misgiving prompted Tonkia to say: "Why should we come out here, Amar, to slay this tiger when it is the work of Indra and Kasim, and they sit there in the bazar and boast of their hunting?"

"Be not afraid," the *mahout* answered brusquely; "this matter is Bahadar's, we do but help, being servants to his lordship But when we meet this jackal in the path stand firm behind me with the rump-stick, and strike my lord with full strength just above the tail should he have a sudden thought of turning homeward. He might perchance have a quick memory of the ghee cakes. No, Tonkia, there will be no fear in the mind of Bahadar. And when I smite the striped pig with the long gun, by my father! but he will soon finish him as he did the other."

Amar had scarce ceased his boast when, as in answering defiance, was heard a deep, moaning call from the tiger, "A-eough, a-eough, a-houk! A-eough, a-eough, a-houk!" straight ahead.

"He still talks to that debased female who is dead," Amar said. "Ai, ai, Bahadar, there he waits for thee to knead him into a pulp as a baker works his cakes. Push on, my Mountain of Teak Trees; hurry forth, River of Strength."

Amar was talking to keep his courage up, also that of Tonkia. Bahadar pricked his ears, and from his trunk a low, vibrant note of anger whistled

"We will come fair upon him," Amar said "for the wind blows our way from off his stinking body."

But this very factor of the tiger-stenched wind betrayed their advance, for the elephant, irritated by its unsavory odor, suddenly elevated his trunk, and blew a shrill note of defiance – the bull elephant's battle-cry.

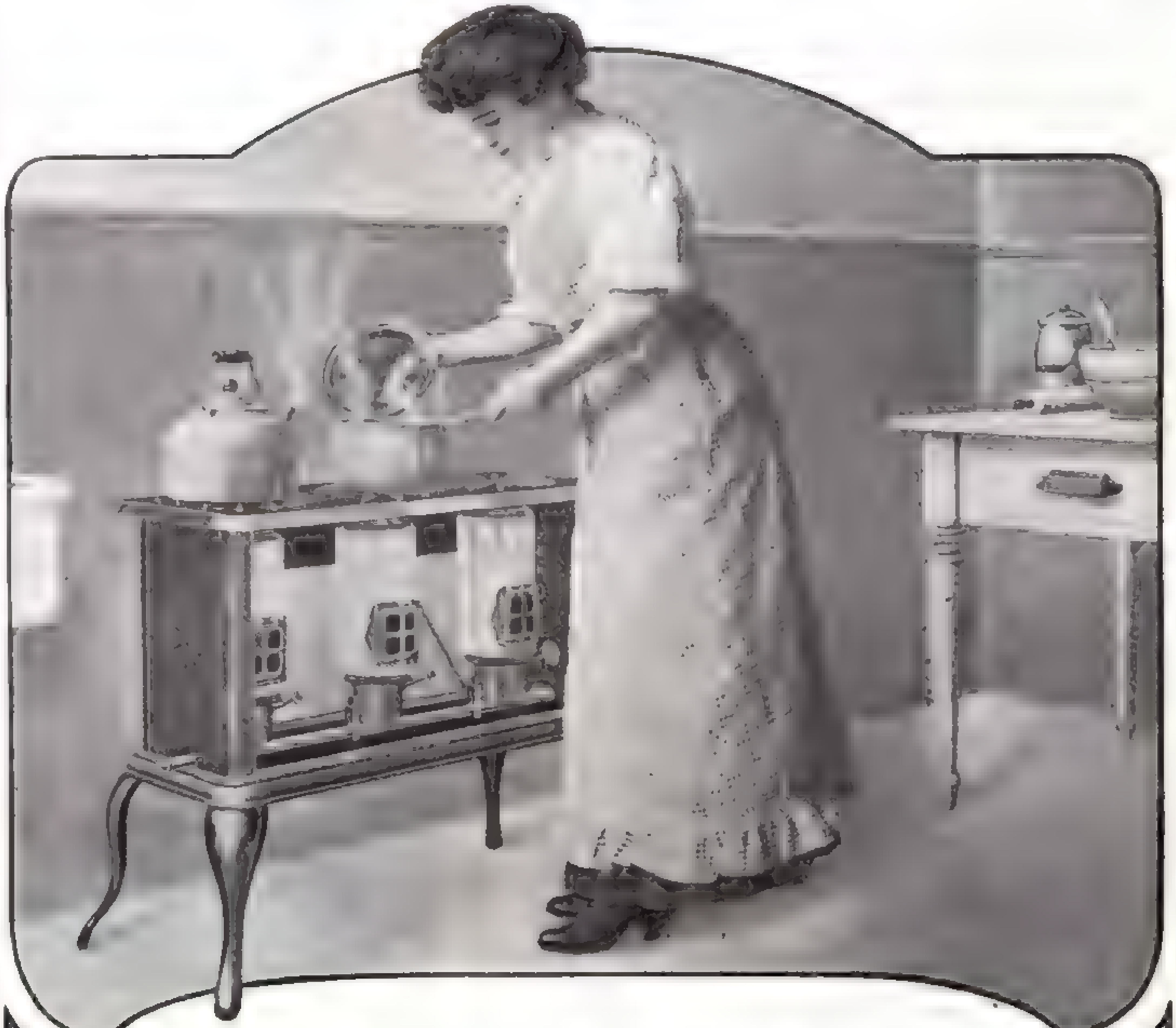
A growl straight ahead in the path caused the elephant to check; and Amar and the Dweller looked at each other for ten seconds. Then the great striped body slipped into the jungle, and the two men could hear the spoof-spoof of the huge pads as their owner traveled about them in a circle The *mahout* voiced all the conventional terms of abuse; but this tirade, so derogatory to the moral nature of the enemy, failed to draw him forth to an attack

"Look thou, Bahadar," the *mahout* commented, "here is a blustering eater of children and weak-livered villagers that thinks to frighten thee with his snarl."

"But could you not smite him with the gun when he comes again in the path?" Tonkia asked nervously.

"Even the Colonel *sahib*, who was practiced in directing the gun with his eye, would not give a tiger this chance of catching him with no bullet in his gun, brother. I was not *mahout* to a great *shikari sahib* six seasons to commit such foolishness. When he puts his strength against Bahadar's, and I can touch him with the gun, then will be the end of Indra's false god Where has the accursed eater of men gone? I hear nothing Push on, my lord," Amar continued, nudging the elephant, and holding the gun ready for emergencies.

A dozen paces and the elephant suddenly shivered beneath Amar like a boat that has



A Trouble-Saving Stove

Why sacrifice the quality of the cooking and your peace of mind over a coal fire when a New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove is all that's needed to change an overheated, inconvenient kitchen into a comfortable and handy room for housework?

The "New Perfection" Stove is a *home stove*. It is built for one specific purpose—to do *good cooking in home kitchens*. It is not a house heater—it is not intended to be. The

NEW PERFECTION
Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

throws off so little heat that you may work beside it all day and not be uncomfortably warm. Remember, too, irrespective of season, that the "New Perfection" is a most convenient and reliable cooker—safe, easily regulated, economical.

Your kitchen arrangements are yet incomplete if you have no "New Perfection" Oil Stove.

Made in three sizes—fully warranted. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

The Rayo LAMP is essential to evening comfort in the home—the one faultless light Do away with makeshifts and get a Rayo. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

Stop "Knocking" and "Missing"

Keep CARBON out. Be sure you are getting the BEST of PURE OIL. What do you know of the oil you use now? Don't simply order "a gallon of oil" at garages.

The best motor built cannot stand a poor oil.

Prove a good **brand** — then **stick** to it.

If your engine is "knocking" and "missing" you are using an oil that **burns** when the engine gets hot.

Burned oil leaves carbon, and carbon is just **gummy grit.**

It plasters the pistons and cylinder walls — and covers the spark plugs where they should be **clean.**

Carbon is like so much **sand.**

It grinds out the cylinders — ruins **compression.**

Carbon does more than anything else to wear out a motor and make it act badly.

Most oils are impure. Few are made **right.** They burn at low heat. Many are gritty before they are used, because they are filtered but **once.**

You cannot afford to use oils like these.

They cost you too much for **repairs.**

Let me sell you your oil **direct** — at **factory prices.** **You save about 30c on every gallon this way.**

Try my oil **free.**

Sullivanoil passes off in a vapor when its work has been done — the **formula** is right. Sullivanoil is not thick — is not thin — it's between. It forms a film of great toughness. You need but 6 drops of Sullivanoil where you use 10 drops now.

I have been making oil for 20 years.

I know how. I have run my own car since the first cars were used. I know the best oil for a motor.

Sullivanoil can not burn — so

Sullivanoil

deposits NO carbon. It is free from ALL GRIT, because it is filtered 5 times — and THEN filtered INTO THE CAN.

Prove all I claim. Mail the coupon below with check for $3.50 [illegible]

[illegible] 5 gallons **prepaid.** You use **one.** If that gallon doesn't [illegible] all [illegible] don't **want** to use the rest — no matter **why** — just send it back [illegible]

[illegible] Bradstreet [illegible] for this. Send it **now** [illegible] **every** [illegible] pleasant. Cut out and send the coupon **today,** or write me [illegible]

- -

O. L. L. Sullivan, Maker of Sullivanoil,
49 Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $3.50 for one 5 gallon can of Sullivanoil. It is understood that if I use one gallon [illegible] and do not like it for any reason, you will refund my $3.50 in full upon receipt of the remaining four gallons returned [illegible]

Name
Street
Town and State

Fine-Form
MATERNITY SKIRT
Registered in U.S. Pat. Office

[illegible] of great interest to **Every Prospective Mother.**

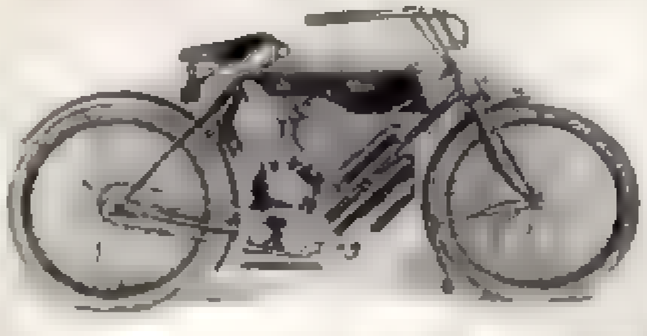
Something new [illegible] **Always drapes evenly in front and back** — [illegible] **Can be worn the year round.**

[illegible]

Free [illegible] **Fine Illustrated Book — "Fine Form Maternity Skirt"** [illegible] **Ten Days Free Trial** [illegible] **wear it ten days, and if you don't find it exactly as represented,** send it back and we will cheerfully **refund every cent** paid. **Other Skirts** — [illegible] **same guarantee.** — Illustrated book free. Which book shall we send? [illegible]

Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. 28, Buffalo N. Y.

"R.-S." Motorcycle



[illegible]

[illegible] testimonials from every part of United States [illegible] on request to Dept. [illegible]

Reading Standard Company, Reading, Pa.
Makers The Renowned Reading Standard Bicycle

EXTENDED [illegible] & FOLDED

Catalog Free

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

struck on a rock. His trunk went up with a swing to the left, only to curl like a steel coil between his tusks as a striped body suddenly hurtled through the air launched from a rock. The tiger's objective had been Amar, but the sudden lift of the huge head caught him in his spring, and a scream of rage came from Bahadar as the powerful claws sank into his trunk and ripped his ear. The shock almost unseated the *mahout;* his fingers closed spasmodically on the trigger of the gun, half-wrenched from his grasp, and the 140 grains of cordite ripped the barrel as if it were brittle glass, driving into Bahadar's neck a fragment a foot long. The awful shock threw the *mahout* senseless to the ground.

It was an hour before Amar recovered his senses. Then he rose and put his hand to his face — it was very sore, and his head was racked with pains. What had happened? Slowly came back to him the terrible scene. He felt a curious surprise that he was alive. Of Tonkia, of Bahadar, of the tiger, there was no sign whatever.

Voices of the evening told him that night approached. A jungle-cock was crowing in the distance, answered by the miaou of a peacock; myriad crows were wrangling over their resting-places in a wild mango tree. A family of monkeys eyed the lone man curiously from a big sal. Deeper in the jungle a sambur belled; his note of alarm hung with trembling faintness on the evening air to be taken up a little closer by the coughing bark of a ribbed-faced deer.

This caused Amar to start in fear. That way, somewhere, prowled the tiger. He started off toward the village, his bare feet beating swift time to the nervous fear that was in his heart. As he ran his mind cleared to a remembrance of the explosion and the encounter. There would be questions as to where and why he had parted with the elephant. It would cost him a full rupee to bribe Ragnath to swear the gun had been stolen by some thief.

The road had now merged from jungle path to village street, and Amar slackened his pace. A group of villagers blocked the way at Abdul's sweet-shop

"Ho, Amar!" Kasim cried, at sight of the *mahout,* "did you catch him?"

Amar winced.

"What has happened, *mahout?*" Baboo Ghose asked, interrupting Kasim's sneer; "we hearing too much tiger roar and elephant blowing his trumpet."

"I had gone with Tonkia to the jungle for green-eating for the elephants," Amar said deliberately, "when with awful roar the tiger that Indra maintains is the Protector suddenly sprang upon Tonkia as we were cutting the bamboos."

"And you ran away," sneered Kasim; "your liver turned to water and you fled; and perhaps it was but a jackal."

"Not so, Kasim," the *mahout* retorted hotly; "it is the way of a Mussulman to run when there is danger." He unrolled his loin-cloth and drawing forth the bristles he had plucked from the tigress asked, "And is this the beard of a jackal?"

Kasim and the others stared in astonishment at the undoubted tiger bristles.

"How are you getting these hairs?" the Baboo asked.

"The tiger seized Tonkia by the shoulders," Amar lied with ready fluency, "and having no weapon in my hand I grabbed him by the beard as one might a man in strife; but he fled to the jungle with Tonkia, and I think he has eaten the *mahout,* who was surely dead, for the tiger had crushed his shoulder and neck."

A chuckle caused Amar to turn quickly in time to see the monkey face of Indra straightening itself back from a broad grin; and there was the same evidence of mirth on the faces of the others.

Baboo Ghose explained. "Tonkia is coming here from the jungle half an hour since crying that the tiger has eaten up Bahadar and Amar."

"Also," Kasim added, "he is telling that he fought with that tiger, beating him with his rump-stick until you are all eaten up."

Everybody laughed except the *mahout.*

"Where is the elephant?" Baboo Ghose asked; for Amar remained silent, wondering if Tonkia had also spoken of the gun.

"Did not Tonkia also tell thee where to find Bahadar?" he replied testily.

"No."

"Well, neither do I"; and the *mahout* stalked away angrily to the elephant lines, hoping that perhaps Bahadar had returned.

He found only Tonkia, whose slow-working brains seemed now absolutely atrophied. Nothing remained clearly in his

An All-Metal Screen

Ready for any Window

There's not a crevice in the Sherwood Metal Screen — there's no warping — no swelling or shrinking, no cracking — none of the old wooden screen troubles.

The frame is of steel — rigid and weather-proof. Adjustable to any window. May be fastened permanently outside the window or put under the sash.

Sherwood Metal Frame
Adjustable
Window Screens

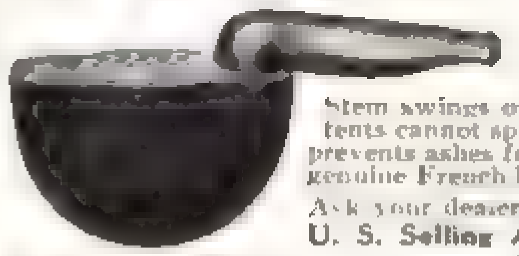
cost no more than wooden screens, wear five times as long — are much neater in appearance and, best of all, keep out all the flies and mosquitoes. No waiting for fitting — just go to the nearest hardware dealer or department store, select the height you want, the width will take care of itself. Heavily japanned to prevent rust. Prices 35c. to 70c. If not at your dealer's, write us for information.

Section Showing how wire is Secured in frame

Sherwood Metal Working Company
Syracuse, New York

IF YOU WANT A PIPE

to carry, without spilling, lighted or unlighted, in your vest, trousers or coat pocket, to smoke in an auto or a boat, in a high wind, or anywhere, buy the



Peach Pipe

Stem swings over bowl making a perfect cover, so contents cannot spill when pipe is not in use. Wind shield prevents ashes from blowing out while smoking. Made of genuine French briar and has [illegible] rubber stem.

Ask your dealer for it or send **LEAVITT & PEIRCE, U. S. Selling Agents,** Cambridge, Mass., **$1.00,** and the pipe will be mailed.

Send for circular. **Manufacturers, PEACH PIPE COMPANY, Boston, Mass.**

Buy a Copy of *George Randolph Chester's*

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

He did the Widows and Orphans *Good*

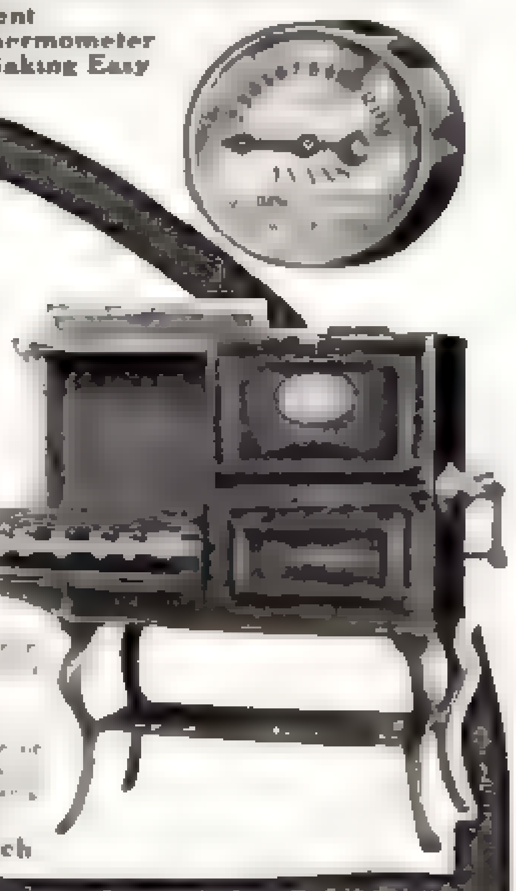
Cloth $1.50. Illustrated. At all booksellers or sent postpaid by the publishers.

Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Our Patent Oven Thermometer Makes Baking Easy



Let us send you our **New Kalamazoo Gas Range Catalog.**

Shows many styles of exclusive, special arrangements and convenient features in our Gas Stoves and Ranges [illegible] to a number of well known housewives [illegible]

[illegible] what has been accomplished with all the facilities and [illegible] Kalamazoo Stove Company's [illegible] with the help of [illegible] good women who **"know how and know what women want."** [illegible] who reads this new catalog will be surprised and interested to read about our practical Gas Range features — often thought of but never before embodied in any Gas Range. Remember we sell

On 360 Days Approval Test and We Pay Freight

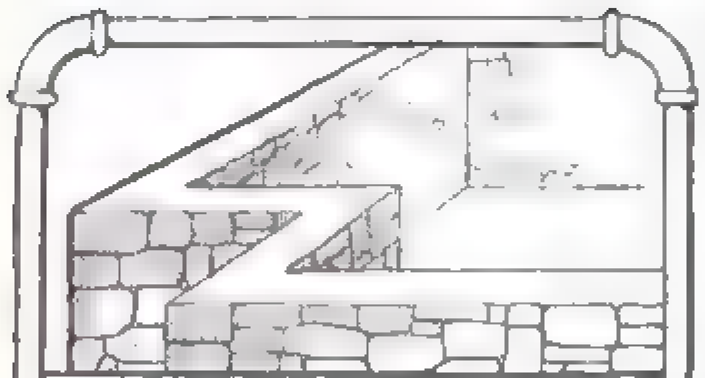
[illegible] Kalamazoo Gas Stove and Range is of the **Very Highest Quality** [illegible]

Write a Postal for Gas Range Catalog No. 808

[illegible] Quality [illegible] Gas Range Catalog No. 808

Kalamazoo Stove Company, Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich

Gas Ranges

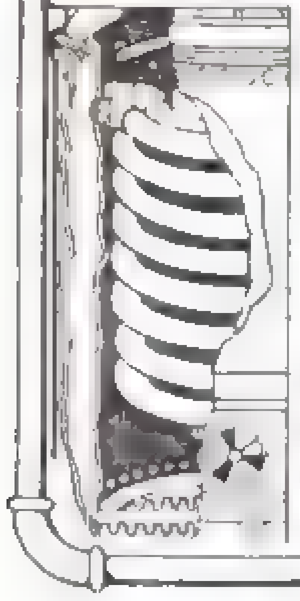


In Beginning Your House Consider Its Heating

[illegible] depend upon the [illegible] ted and easily [illegible] minimum of expenditure [illegible]

STEAM, VAPOR and HOT WATER

[illegible]



Monitor Coil Boilers

Make these systems of heating [illegible]

MONITOR STEAM GENERATOR MFG. CO.
115 Broad Street
LANDISVILLE, PA

18 Years Building Boilers

Thor — We now make the Thor Motorcycle complete as well as the famous Thor Motor, 2¼ to 5 H. P. Has the Thor Spring Fork, which increases rider's comfort and adds to life of machine. **Geared Transmission.** Reduces friction 70%. Drive positive and noiseless. Far in advance of all others. Great proposition for agents. Write for Free Catalog.

Aurora Automatic Machinery Co., 330 State Street, Aurora, Ill.

A Doctor Says,

"Sanitary Water Filter

[illegible] crushed quartz [illegible] and four finely perforated metal [illegible]

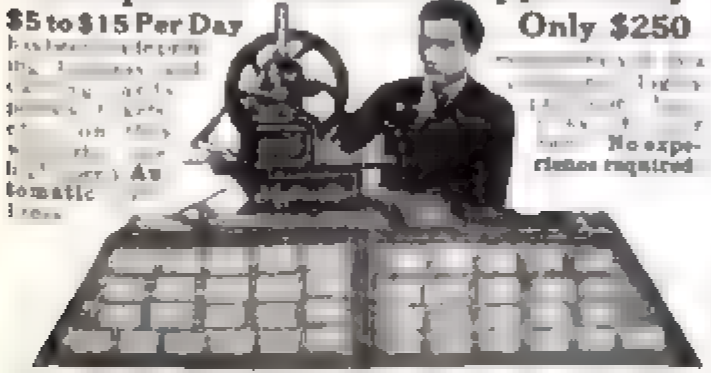
[illegible] on request.

GEO. E. GERE
943 W 3rd Street, St. Paul, Minnesota

Exceptional Business Opportunity

$5 to $15 Per Day [illegible] Automatic [illegible]

Only $250 [illegible] No experience required



Automatic Card Printing Press and Complete Outfit $250 [illegible] 24 inches, self feeding and inking, prints [illegible] in sizes from 1 x 2 to full postal size. Catalog free [illegible] Automatic Printing Press Co., Chicago
Factory 185 S Jefferson St Sales Office 171 Dearborn St.

KUSH CHAIR TIPS

[illegible] 25 cts [illegible] $1.00 [illegible] Agents wanted.
R. H. [illegible] & Co., 61 [illegible] Ave., Chicago, Ill.

mind except the great noise, which was the rebellious outbreak of the cordite. He had a dreamy vision of having been carried a hundred miles on the back of an elephant that soared through the air like a balloon, clawed at interminably by a dozen tigers. Then there was a long hyphen of lapsed memory, and the next thing Tonkia knew he was running along the road to Gopal.

"Speak not of the gun," Amar commanded; "Ragnath will tell that a thief came in the night and stole it, so we will not have many rupees taken from our pay nor be beaten with bamboos."

IV

THE result of Amar's crusade was to double the affliction of Gopal, for now it contained a rogue elephant—a man-killer.

"Of course it was Bahadar," Indra declared. "That is the worst of elephants; not a kill to satisfy hunger, as is the way of the tiger, but just out of pure evil temper to slay and destroy."

And indeed it was Bahadar. The jagged fragment of gun-barrel rankling in his neck festered to a sore that claimed a hovering cloud of flies; and, even as many an elephant or bison crazed by the poisoned arrow of a Gond or Bhil had turned rogue, so Bahadar, his sensitive elephant nerves, vibrant as a woman's, tortured by the rest-destroying sore in his neck, wandered half-crazed from village to village. One day a man cutting firewood in the jungle was torn limb from limb. That night Begum and the two other elephants in the lines at Gopal had the shackles twisted from their ankles, and in the morning there was only their tracks in the dust of the road, leading off in a wide trail down over the black cotton-soil, the crushed mimosa bushes along the canal marking their entry into a sea of elephant-grass that grew ten feet high. At the beginning of the elephant-grass even Amar stopped, saying: "We cannot follow him there; Bahadar, who has the wisdom of a man, would catch us like snared birds—no, we cannot go."

All this the Baboo related to the Thakore, and, swelling with indignation, declared: "Now, your Highness, how I am going to execute that debased tiger? I getting firearms of scientific precision, and Amar he is lose the elephant; otherwise I am making systematic beat according to rules of sport, and perforate the tiger with expanding bullet."

Then, in the way of a ripple in the monotonous destruction, came a kill of a villager by the tiger.

In desperation the Thakore, everything secular failing miserably, turned to the ever-sustaining force of the true Hindu—he appealed to Yogi Byro. Undoubtedly the wrath of the gods had descended upon Gopal; and Gopal, through the Thakore, stood prepared to pay damages.

The Yogi, called upon to appease the offended deity, went to the shrine of Ganesa, a hundred yards from the village, for meditation and propitiation of the god

For over an hour he knelt with clasped palms before the yellow, round-paunched, elephant-headed idol that sat with feet drawn up to inclose his vehicle, the rat.

He placed in the lap of Ganesa a bunch of the durba grass, sacred to that god, and cast at his feet a few grains of rice; then, lifting from a basket a white chicken, placed it in front of the image and waited for an answer. The chicken, called by the god, pecked at the grain, and the priest knew that his prayer had been heard

Yogi Byro went to the Thakore and said: "Ganesa has listened. The destroyer of the Dweller at the Gate will be given by the River Mother in one day or perhaps four. A *sahib* will come, because they alone, being without caste, like the skinners of dead animals, are slayers of a tiger possessed of a spirit."

That night Gopal was happy in the Yogi's promise; but in the morning consternation chilled the people's hearts as not even the death of their fellows had, for the sacred Brahminy Bull, his silky, brown skin covered with the linga symbol showing that he had been dedicated to Siva, had been killed—his holy fat neck broken and his consecrated flesh eaten by the Dweller at the Gate

Now, when the Yogi claimed that the anger of the gods had passed, the tiger had laid sacrilegious paws upon the creature under Siva's protection.

The Yogi's prestige as a true interpreter suffered; but he bade them wait.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE WONDERS OF VACUUM CLEANING

The Only Thoroughly Efficient and Strictly Sanitary Cleaning System the World Has Ever Known

BROUGHT WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

BY THE

Ideal Vacuum Cleaner

Operated by Hand — "It Eats Up the Dirt" — Or Electric Motor

The Greatest Event in the History of Household Economy Since the Appearance of the Sewing Machine

Brooms and brushes remove only **surface dirt**. The carpet-sweeper is the least thorough of all. Carpets, rugs, furniture, draperies, etc., [illegible] with pulverized street dirt, breed germs and quickly are ruined. [illegible] had only by installing a costly power plant or the even more costly method of [illegible] that would make Vacuum Cleaning thoroughly practical and possible for all. The **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** is the answer.

The **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** contains all the parts of the most efficient Vacuum [illegible] fixture. **No strength or skill of any kind needed**

The **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** is the first really scientific application of the Vacuum Cleaning principle. [illegible] metal construction throughout. It always works easily, and always is reliable. Neat, compact, firm and strong to endure, it is built for hard and lasting service.

Important to Every Woman

You know how much of your time and strength is given in the attempt to keep things clean. If you employ servants, you know how hard it is to get them to clean thoroughly

The **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** frees cleaning of all its painful toil and drudgery. If servants work with it at all, they **must** do thorough work. It means contented servants, and leaves them, as well as mistresses, with more time and strength for other tasks

With the **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER**, you simply place the nozzle of the hose against whatever object you want to clean, and instantly every particle of dirt, dust and grit **on** the object, **in** the object, and **under** the object, is sucked into the hose. And along with the dirt go germs, moths, vermin—nothing can escape that suction force. It is the only really dustless system

No More Ripping Up or Tearing Down

All the terrors and confusion of special housecleaning times abolished. Nothing has to be taken up and beaten. The **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER thoroughly renovates every time it cleans.** It cleans and renovates carpets, rugs and matting **without their being taken from the floor.** It cleans and renovates upholstered furniture **without its being taken apart.** It cleans and renovates draperies, etc., **without their being taken down.**

Get a Machine Now

The price of the **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** [illegible] can't afford not to have it

Your Protection

Every machine is guaranteed to be just as here represented and to give absolutely satisfactory service [illegible] it, let us know, and your money will be refunded at once.

We ask merely that you give us a chance to prove that our perfect little machine gives, in general, more satisfactory service [illegible] Vacuum Cleaning principle.

Send $20 for hand machine or $50 for electric machine, and we will ship it promptly. Send money today by Postal or Express Money Order, Draft or Registered Mail

If you order electric machine, state whether your lighting current is direct or alternating, and also give the voltage.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE

The American Vacuum Cleaner Co.
25 W. 33d Street
New York City
Astor Court Bldg.

What's He After?

What they'll all be after—the new 1908

Goodyear Official Base Ball

"The ball that lasts"

It has exactly the same action and playing qualities as the balls used in all of the big league games, but as it represents [illegible] new inventions of the manufacture of base balls for 14 years and which we have patented it is more **durable** than any other ball you can buy.

We used to hear "it will last as long as the cover"—GOODYEAR OFFICIAL BALLS will **outlast any cover ever made**—many of them. There are boys who have sent back a ball for six or seven re-coverings—no other ball with such a record. The explanation [illegible] booklet—send for it. It explains how with this ball you can become a better ball player. The **guarantee** back of the ball will save you many a dollar.

The cover of every GOODYEAR BALL is hand punched and hand stitched by experts. With other base balls [illegible] the same process that cuts the cover, punches the holes and the cover is [illegible] by machine, no allowance being made for stretching the leather. Our expert stitchers punch the holes with [illegible] where they are needed, so that every GOODYEAR BALL is a perfectly sewed ball, which not only looks and lasts longer, but also feels better to the hands. The cover, though of the finest selected horsehide, will be worn out eventually, but you can **get the ball re-covered** by sending us 40 cents in stamps, coin, or money order. Return the ball in the original box if possible.

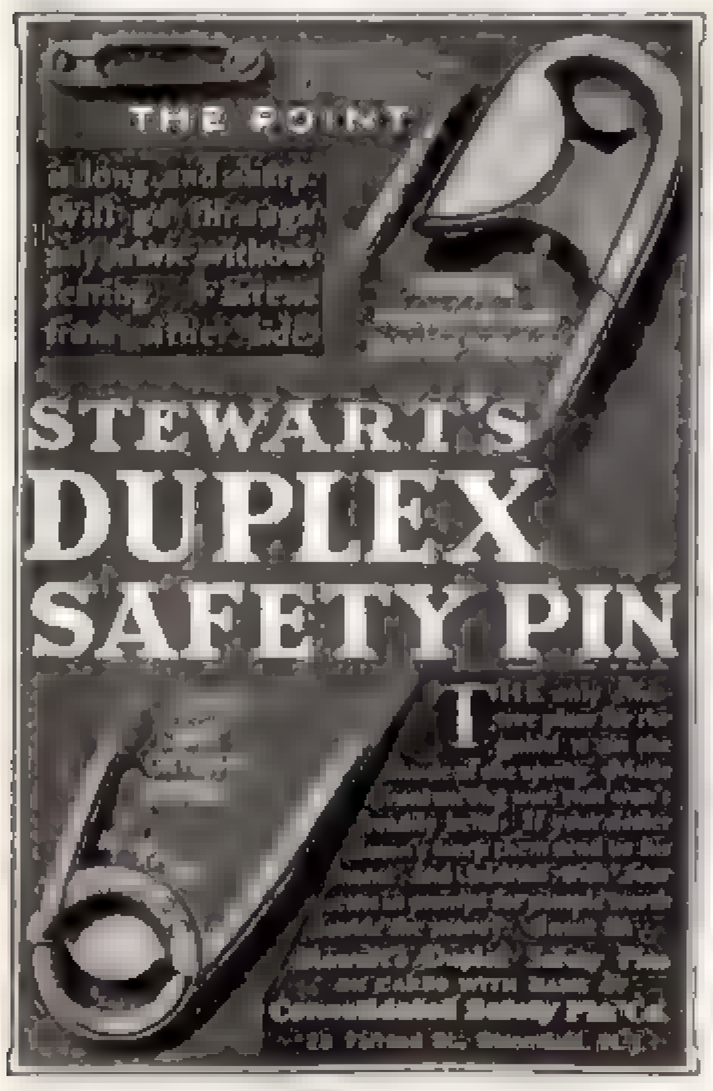
C. Edwin Booth, New Haven, Conn., says—"I am highly pleased with your ball. It has been used in **five full games.** I feel it has ten times as much service in it as any other ball."

Try this ball. It will not get soft or mushy. It will save you money.

GOODYEAR OFFICIAL BALL $1.25. GOODYEAR LEAGUE, $1.00. U. S. LEAGUE, 75c., all three regulation size and weight. GOODYEAR JUNIOR LEAGUE, 75c.—the boys' favorite.

Each and every ball made is fully guaranteed

Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Ball Dep't P, AKRON, OHIO



THE POINT is long and sharp. Will go through any fabric without bending. Fastens from either side.

STEWART'S DUPLEX SAFETY PIN

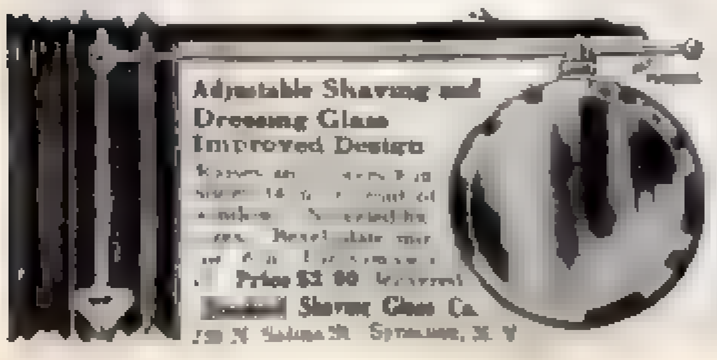
[illegible]

Consolidated Safety Pin Co.
[illegible] Farrand St., Bloomfield, N.J.

A Pleasant and Profitable Business

for anyone able to invest $250 in office equipment. The Gammeter Multigraph turns out 2000 perfect typewritten letters or forms per hour at a cost of 15 cents per 1000. Clean and simple as a typewriter. Multigraphed letters bring from $2 to $4 per [illegible] big demand for this work from business houses of all kinds. [illegible] operators in over 200 cities. **Write today for full information.**

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.
1805 Case Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio



Adjustable Shaving and Dressing Glass Improved Design

[illegible]

Price $3.00 [illegible]

[illegible] Shaving Glass Co.
[illegible] Syracuse, N. Y.

JACK SPURLOCK—PRODIGAL

(Continued from Page 9)

marry our first sweethearts, and it would be a not ignoble ambition to improve the breed of the American steer. Much has been done, suh, toward sho'tenin' the ho'ns of that useful animal. I firmly believe that by careful selection and breedin' the blank ho'ns can be eliminated altogether!"

"I shouldn't be surprised, Major," I returned judicially, though I didn't know just why any one should want to eliminate the blank horns. "It would be worth trying, anyway."

"Worth tryin', suh! The man who can accomplish that will be a benefactor of the race whom comin' generations will delight to honor. Jack, this all sounds mighty good to me. There is somethin' about the freedom and dignity of ranch life which appeals to me powerfully. I have often dreamed, suh, of sittin' under my own vine and fig-tree, watchin' the cattle on a thousand hills fattenin' themselves fo' my pleasure and profit. And there's somethin' in the Western climate which breeds men. They grow tall in that altitude, and have big hearts. The mountains teach them to hate the little, mean, triflin' things. They tell the truth out there, suh, fo' the lie means a blow. And when a man has to fight when he's called a liar he's mighty careful about how he lies. But if one man calls another a liar in this blank town, what happens? Nothin', suh! He simply says, 'You're another!' and by Geo'ge, suh! they're both satisfied, because it's true."

In such fashion did the Major beguile the journey until we had dropped Anita, to meet her again at the church door, and had dismissed the car in front of the Governor's building.

There was quite a craning of necks and whispering among the clerks when we entered the office, but it stopped suddenly when the Major inquired loudly of the Governor's secretary whether he was "runnin' a blank rubberneck wagon." He left me in the outer room saying: "I reckon I'd better go in first and prepare yo' father," a proposition to which I assented readily enough, for I felt that I needed a little preparing myself.

The Major returned in a minute and whispered: "Come along, Jack, though I fear we have hit on a singularly unfo'tunate day. From the fluency with which yo' father's cussin' the market, it looks as if you might have come home to a skinned bull, instead of a fatted calf."

I needn't have been afraid. The great scene for which I had been steeling myself began as tamely as the opening of a Sunday-school, though not with prayer. Whatever the object of the Governor's wrath, he lacked that versatility in anger which would have enabled him to shift it to me. He was standing at the ticker when I entered the room, cussing to himself with a monotonous repetition of epithet. As I had once pointed out to him, he shouldn't have sworn, for he lacked that gift of improvisation which alone can justify the use of strong language.

He dropped the tape when he saw me, took my hand, and, in a voice which he vainly tried to make less of a growl, told me to sit down.

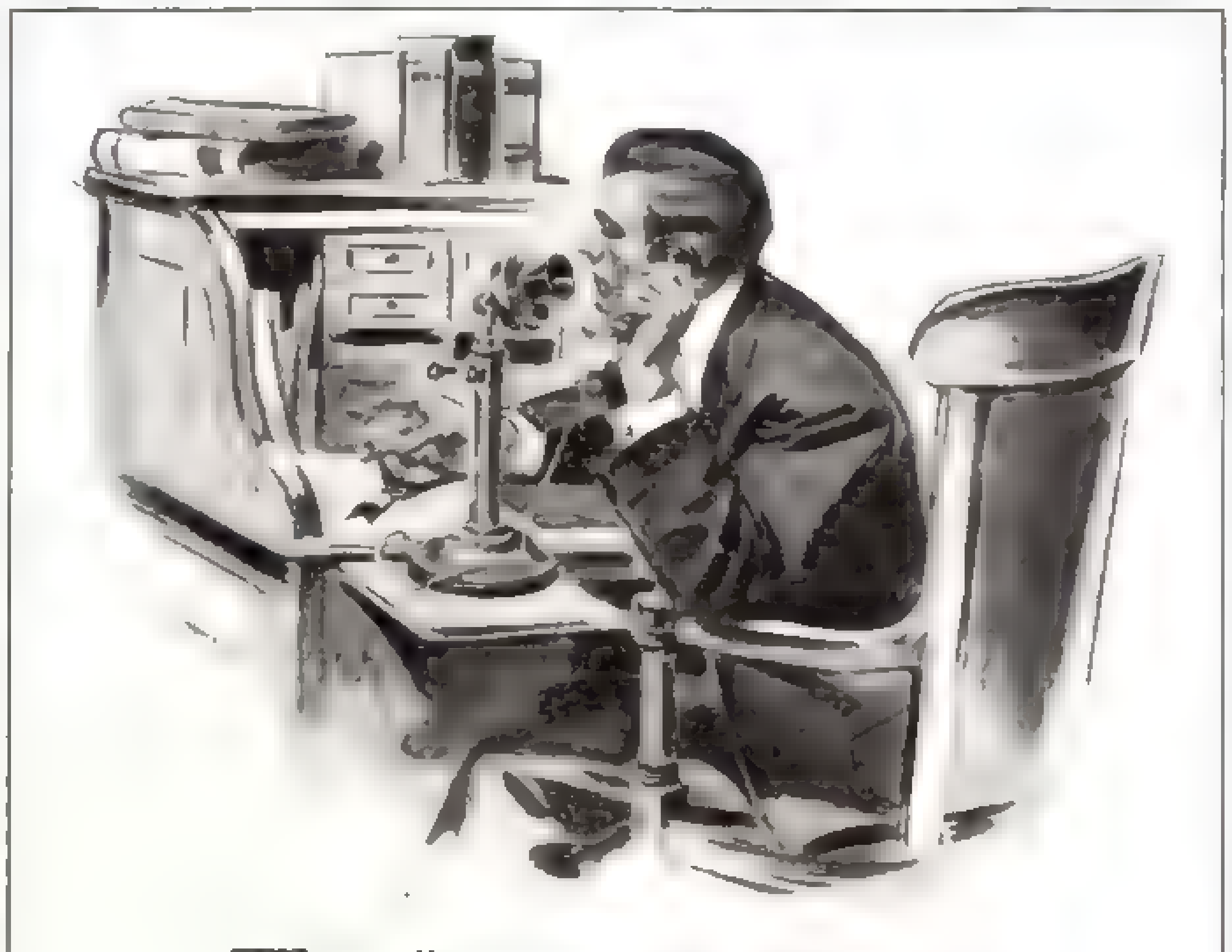
"I'm glad to see you, Jack, but I can talk to you but a minute now, for I'm up to my ears in work to-day; you'd better take the Major to the house and we'll all dine together to-night."

I was about to reply that I had business on hand which wouldn't wait, when the Major exploded:

"We're not goin' to do anythin' of the so't. You go right on with yo' cussin', suh, and Jack and I will sit down here until you need a little breathin' spell. Then we'll talk to you. Jack has some things to go over with you that won't hold over till evenin'."

The Governor looked annoyed, and seemed to be on the point of ordering us out, but he thought better of it. There appeared to be some curious bond of sympathy, and of affection even, between him and the Major, which was utterly inexplicable on any rational grounds. Their friendship was apparently based on one of those attractions of opposites which make people exclaim: "What does she see in him?"

Finally, the Governor reluctantly surrendered the tape and came over to us.



The Howard Watch

The man with the HOWARD makes an appointment over the telephone. He knows what he is talking about. He knows what time it is *now*. He calculates his time in seconds—not in quarter hours. The average man distrusts his watch. Ask him the time and he apologizes in advance. He doesn't say with the HOWARD owner, "It *is* thus and so." He says, "*I* have so and so." Or, "*My* watch says," etc. There is a new self respect that goes with having the *exact* time and *knowing* that you have it.

The HOWARD horologists make nothing but exquisitely adjusted watches. They know nothing less. Some of them represent the fourth generation of HOWARD watchmakers. The HOWARD tradition is handed down; it is in their blood.

A HOWARD watch is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each watch from the 17-jewel, in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at $35; to the 23-jewel, in a 14K solid gold case at $150—is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

Find the HOWARD dealer in your locality and talk to him. If you have any difficulty write to us. Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD. The HOWARD tradition is particular as to who represents it.

Elbert Hubbard visited the home of the HOWARD Watch and wrote a book about it. If you'd like to read this little journey drop us a postal card—Dept. M—we'll be glad to send it to you. Also a little catalogue and price list, with illustrations actual size—of great value to the watch buyer.

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

To keep cool! To feel perfectly at ease!
To find relief from summer heat!

Wear Loose Fitting

B.V.D.

Trade Mark. Registered U. S. Patent Office

COAT CUT UNDERSHIRTS
AND
KNEE LENGTH DRAWERS.

50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50 a garment.

[illegible]

Every garment of B. V. D. manufacture is identified by the *B. V. D. red woven label* which insures you a correctly cut, well made, perfect fitting garment.

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

In workmanship, in cut, in finish, and in material B. V. D. Loose Fitting Garments are unexcelled. Write for [illegible] and descriptive booklet.

All B. V. D. Garments are made of thoroughly tested woven materials selected for their cooling qualities.

ERLANGER BROTHERS.

MAKERS OF

The B. V. D. Loose Fitting **Union Suit** (pat'd 4, 30, '07)—$1.00, $2.00 and $3.00 a Suit, and
The B. V. D. Loose Fitting **Sleeping Suit**—$1.00, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 a Suit

Dept. A, Worth and Church Streets, New York.

That's Why
Give and Take

President Suspenders

always give absolute freedom of movement. There is no pull or strain on the shoulders or buttons. "Give and take" action of the cords distributes the tension so evenly that all parts of the suspenders bear it equally, no matter how sudden or continuous your action.

Our webs are highest quality, original in design, and all made at our own factory. The metal trimmings are brass, heavily nickel plated, making them rust-proof.

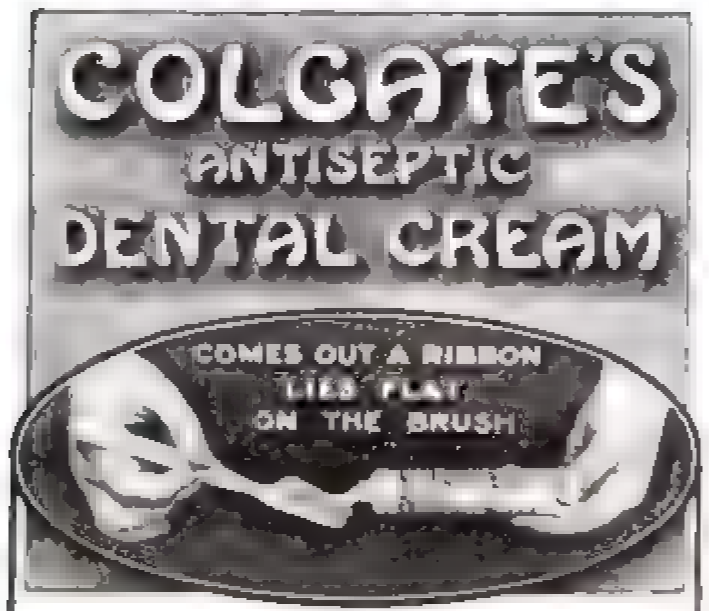
President Suspenders give 100% comfort and wear.

Begin today to get your full allowance of suspender comfort—buy President Suspenders now. Various weights and lengths.

Guarantee ticket on every pair. "*Satisfaction—New Pair—or Money Back.*"

If your dealer can't supply you, we will, postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., 717 Main St., Shirley, Mass.



DELICIOUS, antiseptic — more convenient, more efficient, and less wasteful than powder. The Colgate quality in

ANOTHER ORIGINAL COLGATE PACKAGE

COLGATE & CO., Established 1806,
New York, U. S. A
Makers of the world famed Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap, Powder and Perfume

THE WORLD'S FASTEST
SHORTHAND WRITER

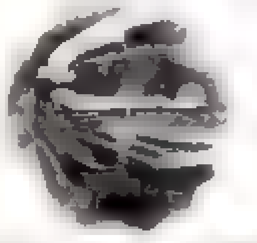
At the International Shorthand Speed Contest
held in Philadelphia, April 18, 1908 the Miner Medal emblematic of the world's championship for writers of ten years' experience or less, formerly held by S. H. Godfrey, of London, England, was won by **C. H. Marshall**, a graduate of the correspondence course of

Success Shorthand School

[illegible] Mr. Godfrey won with a speed of 165 words a minute. [illegible] Mr. Marshall won **with a speed of 260 words a minute** [illegible]

SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL
Suite 612, 1416 Broadway
NEW YORK
Suite 215, 79 Clark St.
CHICAGO

Cook's Automatic Stop
(Patent Pending)



Absolutely necessary to the
Perfect Talking Machine
No more rushing to stop the machine. Machine stops as record is finished. No more damage to the record or sound box
Fits Victor, Columbia, Zonophone, Star, or any other make disc talking machine.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR COOK'S AUTOMATIC STOP, or write us direct enclosing $3.00, and we will send you a stop complete by return mail.
COOK'S SALES COMPANY, Dept. P
29-31 Liberty St., New York

BIG BARGAINS IN BOOKS

We sell books at prices which cannot be matched anywhere. We have more than a million books in circulation in our Libraries so that we are constantly feeding in thousands of **new** books at one end and taking out thousands of **slightly used** books at the other. We also buy **New** books in such large quantities that we can afford to sell our "Overs" at prices equally low. Our Spring Catalogue, containing a long list of special bargains in Fiction, Science, History, Travel, Biography and Literature, sent on request. Address
Tabard Inn Book Co., 1614 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

6% AND SAFE!
Interest paid on deposits compounded half yearly. Write for free booklet A.
EQUITABLE BANKING & LOAN CO. [illegible] SMITH Ave. MACON GA.

Agents Wanted for washer retainer for garden hose; rapid seller and large profits; every hose user needs several. Send ten cents for sample pair and particulars.
L. M. CARR 214 West 3rd Street, Alton, Illinois

Send for Free Illustrated Descriptive Catalog showing advantages of "Are-and-Be" Detachable Leaf Ledger — the short cut in Bookkeeping
The Richmond & Backus Co., 113 Woodward, Detroit, Mich

"I don't suppose there's any particular use in following the details of this damned robbery any further," he growled. "Let's hear about your business, Jack."

"What have they been doin' to you, Spurlock?" the Major inquired genially. "Yo' face is so long and yo' manner so short that I judge the blank market has whip-sawed you."

"I've been held up," the Governor growled fiercely. "They've taken away the railroad to which I've given my life's blood for the last ten years—the railroad that I've built up from nothing into a great system. That's what the damned scoundrels have done, Major, but I'll make them sweat for it yet. I'll teach them to trespass on my side of the fence if it takes every last dollar I've got." And the Governor quivered with honest indignation.

I don't know much about the railroad business, but I had received the impression from the newspapers that it was the railroad, and not the Governor, which had given up its life's blood as a consequence of their association. I remembered that whenever they were short of a financial scandal they told how he had bought A. & P. for nothing, had issued the whole fifty-seven varieties of railroad securities against the purchase price, and had declared a ten per cent. semi-annual deficit ever since. But that's a detail. Apparently he had lost this valuable nothing and felt sore about it.

"You don't mean to tell me that you've lost control of Atlantic and Pacific?" the Major inquired incredulously. "That *would* be a hellish piece of business, suh."

"That's what I do mean—it's been stolen by that Bonsall bunch of highbinders."

"But how could that happen, suh, when you own the controllin' interest?" the Major persisted.

"Owned," the Governor corrected bitterly. "There's no harm in telling you the story now, for the papers will have it tomorrow. I saw this panic coming and foolishly let go a good deal of my stock — enough to lose control, in fact—expecting to make a little turn and pick it up lower. Then, when things got pretty well down, I picked up a big line of Chicago and Seattle, Bonsall's road, before I tried to get back my Atlantic and Pacific. As you know, C. & S. is a dividend payer, and it was bound to respond on the upward movement long before A. & P. It never occurred to me that that unscrupulous Bonsall would dare to cut in behind me and steal my own road. But he did, as I've found out since I tried to get back my stock. The minute I went into the market for it, A. & P. jumped like a jack rabbit, while C. & S. has only gone up a few points."

Someway this business that the Governor was talking about had a familiar ring — and then I remembered. I had heard scraps of conversation about this very deal while I was at the Bonsalls', without understanding at the time what it all meant. I hadn't even connected A. & P. with the Governor.

"Why!" I exclaimed, speaking as usual without thinking, "that must have been what they were always talking over at the Bonsalls'!"

The Governor rounded on me like a polo pony: "At the Bonsalls', eh! You've been at the Bonsalls', have you? Siding with the enemies of your own father again?"

I stifled the hot answer that came to my lips, and before I could give a tactful one the Major replied for me:

"Yes, suh, and earnin' an honest livin' there, after his own father had turned him from his do'."

I was too excited by an idea which had just come to me to care a rap now for either the Governor's reproaches or the Major's heroics, so, instead of supplementing his explanation, I burst out:

"Why, Governor! I believe that the Bonsalls have been up to the same game as you have. I know that they sold a lot of their C. & S. while they were buying your A. & P., expecting to get it back lower. They only hold control of C. & S. now through the Antrim estate stock, unless they've taken back the rest of their own stock during the last week; but the Antrim people are friendly to them. If you could buy that Antrim stock and add it to what you've got, you'd simply have swapped railroads, and have a bang-up dividend-paying system, instead of a bum jerk-water one."

It was as if some one had handed the Governor a ticket for a fourth-row seat

Amatite Roofing
Mineral Surfaced
Needs No Painting
Barrett Manufacturing Company

SEND FOR FREE ROOFING BOOKLET

MOST of the roofing manufacturers supply some simple sort of a circular or pamphlet with samples of their roofing.

The makers of Amatite Roofing have gone into the matter more deeply. Their Booklet entitled "Amatite" is a very handsome and interesting piece of printing.

It covers the whole roofing subject thoroughly.

The Ready Roofing proposition is explained at length, and the whole history of these roofings is given in detail, showing the steady progress that has been made. As this Company is the oldest and largest concern in the field, the history is accurate. This Company has been in the roofing business for over half a century.

Many of the improvements in ready roofings made from time to time have been its inventions, and the latest improvement, and in many respects the most important, is offered to the public in Amatite Roofing.

This material, as explained in the Booklet, has a surface of *real mineral matter*—Amatite—to take the brunt of the weather. It does not need painting. The kind of roofs that need painting are *out of date*.

The paint and labor of putting it on cost more than an Amatite Roof.

Amatite Roofing, once laid, requires no attention whatever. Its mineral surface does not require painting any more than a stone wall does.

The Amatite Booklet also explains the value of the Pitch in Amatite Roofing. Pitch is the *greatest waterproofing agent ever discovered*.

Water does not affect it in any way. An unbroken lining of pitch furnishes complete and permanent protection, which can only leak by being actually punctured, and such a lining sheet is just what Amatite provides.

It is impossible to give the explanation in detail here, but if you will send for the Booklet, which is free, you will find the arguments in full.

With the Booklet the manufacturers send a free Sample of Amatite, in order to show just what the mineral surface is like.

A postal card addressed to the nearest office of the Company will bring the Booklet and the Sample to you by mail. Every progressive farmer should have it.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING Co., New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cleveland, Allegheny, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Minneapolis, New Orleans, Boston, London.

Amatite
ROOFING
TRADE B MARK
READY TO LAY
MINERAL SURFACED
NEEDS NO PAINTING
DIRECTIONS INSIDE OF ROLL

AMATITE ON LUMBER SHED OF A. B. CRAMER COMPANY, SUFFOLK, VA.

Dioxogen
THE ANTISEPTIC CLEANSER
for mouth, teeth and throat; for cuts, wounds and burns and unhealthy conditions or injuries where infectious substances prevent healing. Dioxogen contains only one active ingredient, oxygen—real oxygen that can be absolutely identified, weighed and measured, oxygen that bubbles and foams as it works. Oxygen is the only workman in Dioxogen. Druggists everywhere.
THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL COMPANY, NEW YORK

A $50 Globe value for $5

Special limited introductory price to Post Readers $3.00

M[illegible] cen[illegible] what is contain[illegible] this great work [illegible] and valuable [illegible] at so low a price [illegible] printing process[illegible]

[illegible] **International Flat Globe of the World** [illegible] **International Geographical History of the World** [illegible]. These comprise the new **Twentieth Century System of International and World-Wide Review and Reference**. The Globe illustrates the entire [illegible] **History** [illegible] its three proper heads, Physical Geography, Mathematical Geography and Natural Geography. The perfect system of geographic review and reference they give has never existed before at any price.

Both the Globe and History are edited by **Robert E. Peary**, the celebrated arctic explorer, President American Geographical Society, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, London, etc. His name is sufficient guarantee of the value of this splendid new work.

SPECIAL THIRTY DAY OFFER. For this limited time we will send, prepaid, to every reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who sends us $3.00 the International Flat Globe and History. The price is so low, and their daily usefulness so great, no one can afford to miss this opportunity. Mr. Peary says: "This Globe-History should be in every home, office, school and library; they advance the simple and easy consideration of world-wide geography one hundred years."

The Flat Globe is beautifully printed [illegible] sheets of a 28 inch circular disc made [illegible] will last for 20 years. **It pictures the world at a glance** [illegible]

Robert E. Peary

[illegible] **Geography Globe** [illegible] **and History** [illegible]. **You need this Globe** [illegible]. **Send your order today.** Illustrated circular sent if desired. Address

International Globe Company
225 Fifth Avenue New York

on the aisle in Heaven. Without a word he reached for the telephone and called up his man on the floor.

"Give them all our A. & P. they want," he ordered. "Buy all the C. & S. you can get without running the price up too fast—yes, that's what I said. All—you—can—buy. Round up your men and get busy.

"Jack," he said, turning to me as he dropped the receiver. "You're not such a damn fool as I thought."

"Thank you, sir," I answered modestly "I could have given you first-hand information about that long ago."

"And you even seem to have some natural talent for high finance," he continued

"You don't call that high finance, do you?" I asked. "There's more high finance than that in a poker game—and more honor," I added, but that last was to myself.

"That's his blank pose, suh," the Major broke in. "Pretendin' all the time that he doesn't know anythin' about business. But he can't deceive me any mo'. He's shrewd, Spurlock, as I've been tellin' you all along, and he simply has a genius fo' finance."

The Governor reached for his hat. "I'm going to get the right man after that Antrim stock. They've been hit in the panic, and a good price will buy it, if they think it's going to interests that are friendly to Bonsall. Oh, I'll see that it gets into friendly hands! Gad! but Bonsall shall sweat for this. You stay right here till I get back, Jack. I'm not going to forget this."

"And I'll walk down the street with you," the Major ventured. Then, in an aside to me: "You wait here, and I'll break it to him about yo' marriage. This is the psychological moment," and he followed the Governor.

They were back in an hour, the Major's face graver and the Governor's sterner than I had hoped to see them. My heart sank again.

"I've got that stock, Jack, where I can take it over when I need it," the Governor began. "And I'm going to teach that dog Bonsall to keep his hands off my property. But not a word of this outside—understand?"

"I understand," I nodded. "And now about my own affairs. The Major has told you that I am planning to get married?"

"Whether I approve or not?" and there was a little growl in the Governor's voice.

"I should like to get married with your approval," I returned.

"But you'll do it anyway, you mean."

"That's about it," I admitted.

"What on?" the Governor demanded. "On me?"

"No, sir," I returned "I want nothing of you but your presence at the ceremony and your good wishes."

"What is this salary that Bill's going to give you?"

"Twenty dollars a week," I answered, blushing in spite of myself.

"It has been done; it can be done again, I suppose, on twenty a week, but I shouldn't have picked you as a likely subject for the experiment," the Governor growled. "It's all damfoolishness. You'll be back home whimpering for help in sixty days."

"If you feel that way about it, father, there's nothing more to be said," and I stood up. "I am going to marry Anita at two and leave for the West on the night express. I did want to part friends with you."

"I said this was all damfoolishness, and I repeat it," the Governor roared, standing up, too. "But, hang it all, Jack, I'm proud of you for it. You bet I'm going to the wedding, and I'm going to have the sweetest girl in New York for my daughter-in-law. Getting you married to her is like tying you up in trust. Now, you run right along to her and draw what you want from the cashier on the way out; I won't holler if you do act a little hoggish. Hampton was told to honor your drafts six months ago."

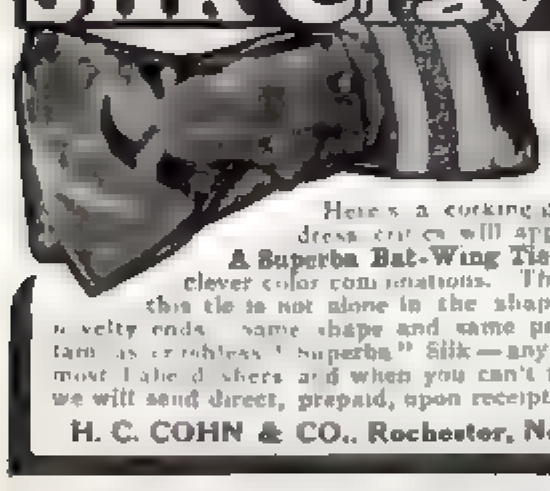
"You don't know what it means to me, father—not the money, but to feel that we're friends again" was all I could find to say. "The wedding's at two, sharp, at St. Aurea's"

"Make it three-thirty," the Governor replied. "I've got to keep in touch with the market till the close."

"It can't be done," I returned. "Anita has set the hour at two."

"It must be done," the Governor returned.

SUPERBA Silk Cravats



Here's a corking good thing dress critics will appreciate: **A Superba Bat-Wing Tie** in twenty clever color combinations. The "hit" of this tie is not alone in the shape, but the novelty ends. Same shape and same price in the famous crushless "Superba" Silk—any color. At most haberdashers and when you can't find them, we will send direct, prepaid, upon receipt of 50 cts.

H. C. COHN & CO., Rochester, New York

The Automatic Eye-Glass Holder

is a dainty device which winds up the chain and holds your glasses when they're not in use. Looks well on all occasions.

We have designed a new WHITE holder with gold-plated chain for wear with white shirt waist or vest

Fully guaranteed. Get it of your **jeweler** or **optician** or direct from us postpaid

Black enamel 50c. WHITE $1.00 Other styles at other prices.

Send for free [illegible] booklet A.

Ketcham & McDougall, 39 Maiden Lane, New York

Beaver Boards

The Modern Wall and Ceiling Material

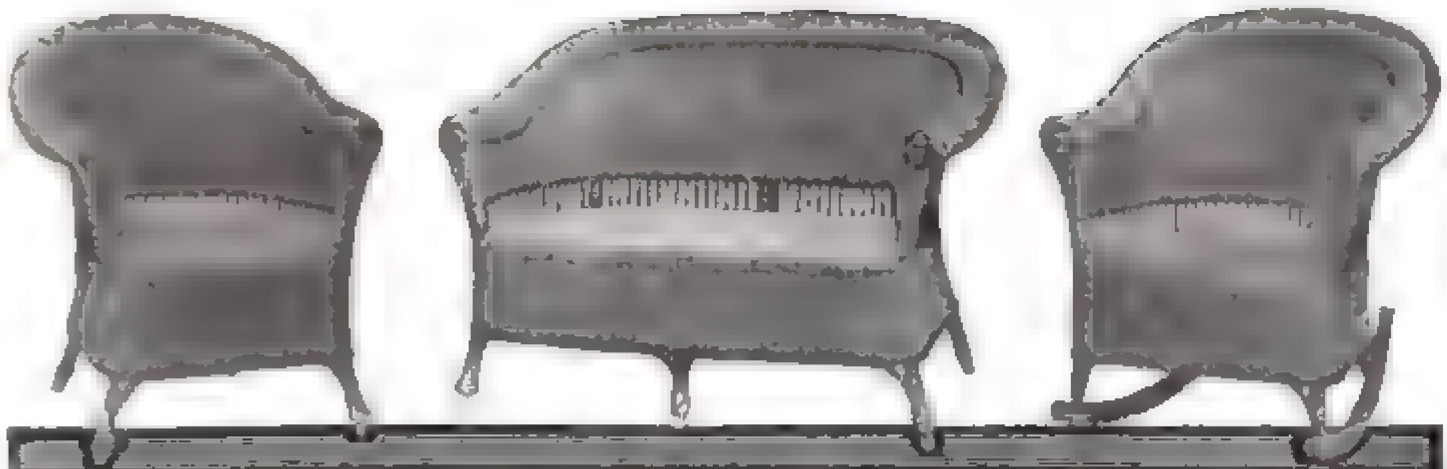
Takes Place of Both Lath and Plaster

Nails direct to studding. Susceptible to finest decoration – Practical – Economical – Durable – Samples free. Our handsome booklet tells all about the 6 kinds. Write for it today – lest you forget.

Beaver Manufacturing Co., 237 Perry St., Buffalo, N. Y.

IN THE STUD **Desert Bred Horses,** imported [illegible] from the Arabian Desert. **HALEB** – Winner of [illegible] Cup [illegible] other [illegible] strains. Address

Davenport Desert Arabian Stud, Hingham, Mass., or Morris Plains, N. J.



Your Home in Summertime

Its attractiveness depends almost entirely on the furniture.

The soft green of Fiber-Rush, its lightness and graceful designs, give every room an inviting aspect that nothing else can.

Fiber-Rush Furniture harmonizes with any scheme of decoration and readily lends itself to [illegible] so much sought for by the woman with [illegible] for artistic effect.

Lightness of weight makes Fiber-Rush Furniture [illegible] to move, but it takes most of the labor out of sweeping, dusting and [illegible].

Every piece of Fiber-Rush suggests comfort and elegance, giving an atmosphere to your home that makes it most alluring to the family and [illegible] of the visitor.

Please write for our free booklet. It illustrates by photographs, Living, Dining and Bedrooms, Reception Halls, Dens and Porches—all furnished [illegible] in Fiber-Rush. The pieces are shown in the natural green which is a part of the fiber itself and never fades out.

Fiber-Rush is an exceedingly tough, tenacious fiber treated by our own exclusive process. The fiber is rendered moisture proof—heat proof—cold-proof—capable of resisting the influence of any climate.

It is as strong and lasting as wooden furniture [illegible] and will not sliver, break or crumble.

It is not only the furniture for the summer home—the lawn—the porch—yachts and boats—but the furniture for the home *at the seat*.

We make Chairs, Rockers, Conversation Chairs, Roman Seats, Dining Tables, Library Tables, Desks, Settees, Lawn Swings, Cradles and Stools.

Every piece is sold under our Guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded.

Most leading dealers sell Fiber-Rush Furniture, or they can get it for you [illegible].

If you cannot buy it in the stores write us and we will send you the name of a dealer who will supply you.

Address our nearest office for **Book 8.**

Write Today for Fiber-Rush Book

The Ford & Johnson Co. **Largest Makers of Chairs and Fine Furniture** **Chicago, New York, Boston, Cincinnati, O., Atlanta, Ga.**

Fiber-Rush Porch Swing.

RIFLES

Nothing like a good, reliable, straight-shooting Stevens Rifle to keep your boy out of doors this vacation and in touch with nature. He will be a better boy for it and on the road to becoming a keen-eyed, quick-thinking, self-reliant man. With the gun, give him a copy of

Dan Beard's "Guns and Gunning"

now ready. An interesting and valuable volume on camping, woodcraft, habits of game birds, which animals are pests and which are not, etc. Beautifully illustrated by Belmore H. Browne. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Paper-covered edition, 20c.; cardboard-covered edition, 30c

160-Page Catalogue FREE [illegible] 5 cts. to cover postage. Filled with valuable [illegible] and care of firearms, notes on sights, ammunition, etc.

If you cannot obtain [illegible] Rifles, Shotguns or Pistols from your dealer, we ship direct, express prepaid [illegible]

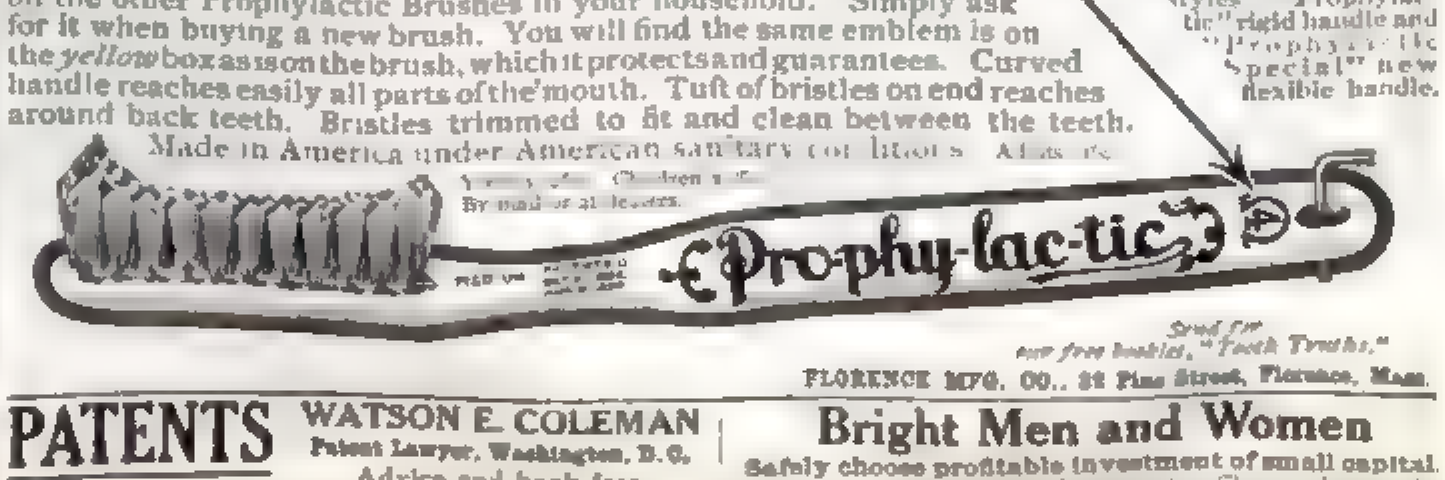
J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.,
730 Front Street, Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.

HOW TO TELL YOUR OWN TOOTH BRUSH

From the emblems shown above adopt one different from those on the other Prophylactic Brushes in your household. Simply ask for it when buying a new brush. You will find the same emblem is on the *yellow* box as is on the brush, which it protects and guarantees. Curved handle reaches easily all parts of the mouth. Tuft of bristles on end reaches around back teeth. Bristles trimmed to fit and clean between the teeth. Made in America under American sanitary conditions. Always [illegible]

Hole in handle and hook to keep brush dry and in your own place. Two styles "Prophylactic" rigid handle and "Prophylactic Special" new flexible handle.

[illegible] Children's [illegible]. By mail or at dealers.



Send for our free booklet, "Tooth Truths."

FLORENCE MFG. CO., 32 Pine Street, Florence, Mass.

PATENTS WATSON E. COLEMAN
Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.
Advice and book free.
Terms moderate. Highest references. Best services.

Bright Men and Women

Safely choose profitable investment of small capital. Ask Geo. H. Heafford, [illegible] Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois, for illustrated Gulf Coast land booklet. **It's Free.**

Look for the NAME

If "Whittall's" is woven in the back of any carpet or rug you are absolutely protected against inferior dyes, guaranteed that in finish it is perfect and that it possesses the longest wearing qualities.

WHITTALL'S

Carpets and Rugs

For variety and originality of artistic designs and exquisite combination of colors they are unequalled, and are the result of 25 years of untiring energy, study and skill.

If your dealer does not carry our goods write and we will send you the name and address of one in your vicinity who does.

Send today for free interesting booklet "How Carpets and Rugs are made, and how to select them." Address Dept. C.

WHITTALL'S, WORCESTER, MASS.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief For Prickly Heat, Chafing, and Sunburn, "A little higher in price perhaps than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." and all afflictions of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample Free.*

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J.

PORCELAIN ENAMELED IRON

UNBREAKABLE, therefore superior to plate glass for all furniture [illegible]

THE HUMPHREYS MFG CO., Mansfield, Ohio, U. S. A.

"Olds Runabout Owner"

[illegible] 2 cylinder opposed motors fitted [illegible] complete for $1[illegible] Write for particulars

Gay L. Smith Co., 28 Court St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Cook Without Fire

Send name now for Free Booklet describing and illustrating the popular **Ideal Fireless Cooker.** Get also Details of our great 30 Days' Free Trial Offer, by which you prove that the new patented "IDEAL" actually cooks **BETTER** and saves three-fourths of the **FUEL** and three-fourths of the **TIME** required by ordinary cooking methods. Greatest invention of the age. Learn about it by writing postal to-day to

J. W. MILLER CO., 13 Adams Street, Freeport, Ill.

6%

PROFIT AND SAFETY

[illegible] your money [illegible]

Certificates of Deposit

bearing 6 per cent. interest and guaranteed [illegible] investment. Write for the booklet.

Calvert Mortgage and Deposit Company
Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

We Would Like a Manuscript

That will duplicate the success of our "Quincy Adams Sawyer" and "Miss Petticoats" [illegible]

The C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

Patents of Value Secured by Patent Experts

Skilful and conscientious services. Pamphlet free.
E. T. & J. F. BRANDENBURG, Washington, D. C.

Another split seemed imminent, but the Major jumped in between us with a little of that diplomacy which he had talked about the night before.

"By Geo'ge, Spurlock! I'm ashamed of you!" he fairly yelled, shaking his cane at the Governor. "Can't you stop this blank chase of the dirty dollar long enough to see yo' own flesh and blood married? Are you goin' to keep the blankest, loveliest woman in New York waitin' at the altar while you grab a little mo' filthy lucre? Why, dash it all, man, I wouldn't let myself act the houn' like that fo' yo' whole blank railroad."

The Governor never blinked during this tirade, but when the Major was through he turned to me and said gruffly:

"I'll be there at two, Jack." That was as near as he could come to apologizing.

I did stop at the cashier's, and drew a little of the Governor's tainted money. Then I turned to the Major, who had followed me out, and observed:

"A little more diplomacy like that last, Major, and you'd make me an outcast for life."

The Major smiled. "My deah Jack," he replied, "haven't you learned yet that the way to handle yo' father is to beat him with yo' bare fists, and then to kick him when he's down?" and he started off to arrange matters at the church.

Smart marriages may be made in Newport or in Europe, but they must be celebrated in St. Aurea's. When I reached the church I found that the magic of the Governor's money had set a dozen florists to work, and so we had the flowers and the music and everything that goes with a big wedding, except the curious crowd in the church and the indecent one in the street. Owen Corliss acted as best man, the Major gave the bride away, managing to convey the impression that he was handing over a princess of the royal blood to a baseborn churl, and my old friend, the rector of St. Aurea, read the service in that rich, unctuous voice with which he always blessed a union of millions. I couldn't help thinking how horrified he would have been if he'd known that he was wasting those chest notes on paupers.

The breakfast at Sherry's was a merry affair. The Governor kissed the bride and told her that a year of roughing it in the West wouldn't hurt either of us, but that he expected us back at the end of that time to take our proper place in the world. Then he handed her ten thousand dollars with which to furnish our cabin in the wilderness.

The Major, faithful to the last, accompanied us to the station to see us off. There we found the Governor's private car attached to the train to take me to my twenty-dollar job, and the colored porter, an old friend of mine, grinning a welcome.

"Yo' father and I, Jack," began the Major, as he settled us on board, "are planning to make a little inspection tour of his new system next month, and we shall stop off fo' a visit in Canyon City. If, suh, the amazin' account of the resou'ces of Colorado which I find in this pamphlet is accurate," and he tapped a folder in his hand, "I think I shall look around preliminary to settlin' down there."

Just then the brakeman shouted the warning "All aboard," and our good-bys began.

"Major," I said, as he dropped to the platform after a last "God bless you!" "I've discovered the Big Idea!"

The Major's face lit up with the fine old enthusiasm. "What is it, Jack?" he asked excitedly.

"Get a job and work like the devil," I shouted back, and the old fellow shook his stick at me.

Inside Anita was waiting for me. "Well, dear," I said, sitting down beside her, "between the Governor's check and this private car they've rather managed to turn our little problem play into a comic opera."

"But you won't let them, Jack, will you?" she asked earnestly, taking my hand.

"Not if you can be happy out there," I answered.

"Happiness doesn't depend on latitude and longitude, but on ourselves, dear."

"Then we'll be happy."

A long silence. Then:

"I like the Major, Jack; he's a perfect old love. But are you *quite* sure, dear, that he has a good influence on you?"

I laughed a horrid laugh, Anita said. For the first time I realized that I was a married man.

(THE END)

Colonial Sectional Bookcases

Macey

LET ME TELL YOU WHY

Macey Bookcases are better than others

I am the originator of the sectional idea which has revolutionized the bookcase business of the world. I have been making sectional furniture for twenty years — better and better every year, and have directed the making of more sectional bookcases than all other makers combined.

Macey Bookcases and Filing Appliances are the culmination of my ripened experience and best skill. *They alone contain my latest improvements.*

Macey Bookcases excel in style, workmanship and finish — they are made under my personal direction at Grand Rapids, Michigan, the home of good furniture — furniture for the home.

The world wide success of the *Unit Idea* proves it was right in the beginning and now Macey Bookcases represent its highest development.

O. H. L. WERNICKE
Father of Sectional Bookcases

Comparison with others will confirm the truth of my statements about Macey Bookcases. Their superiority stands right out in plain sight so you can see it — *you cannot help seeing it.*

Macey superiority is boldly proclaimed in the pleasing Colonial design, here illustrated, and is equally pronounced in the Artcraft, Chippendale and Standard Styles.

Macey Bookcases and Filing Appliances are sold by responsible merchants in all localities, whose guarantee, backed by the maker, doubly protects the purchaser.

Macey Sectional Bookcases are not — just as good — they are better, much better than others, they are the best obtainable anywhere.

I will send you catalog R-1108 and "A Talk with Dad" containing further interesting facts about Macey Bookcases for the asking. If interested in Filing Appliances ask for catalog R-4407.

This mark identifies Macey goods. Another concern making similar goods still retains my name, although I severed my connection with it years ago.

Macey — *O. H. L. Wernicke, President of The Macey Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.*

MACEY RETAIL STORES:

NEW YORK — 343 Broadway
CHICAGO — 80-82 Wabash Ave.
PHILADELPHIA — 1017 Chestnut Street
BOSTON — 49 Franklin Street

ON EVERYBODY'S TONGUE

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM

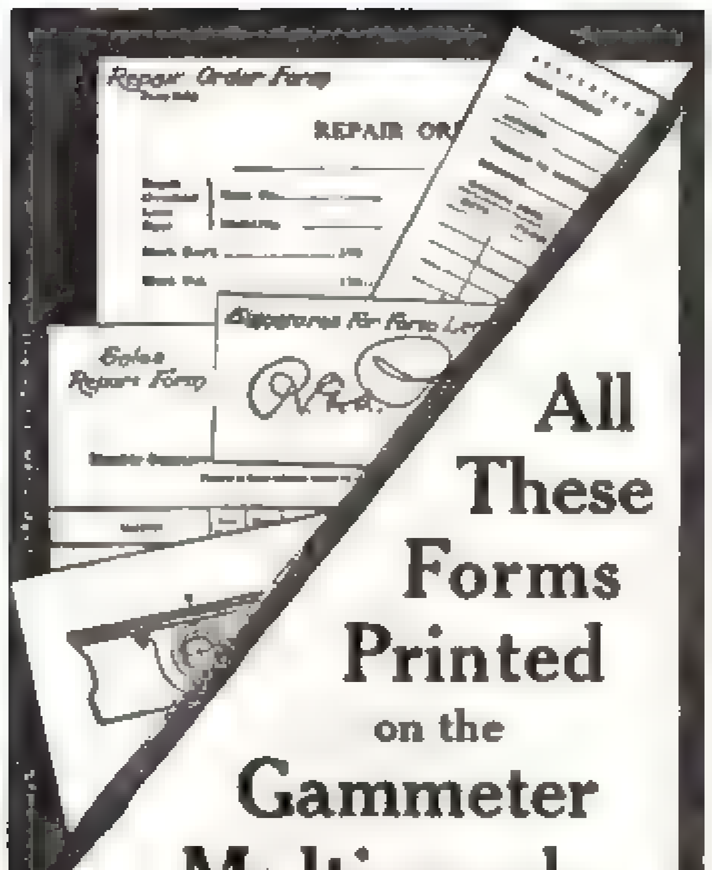
Chiclets

At All the Better kind of Stores 5 cents the Ounce or in 5¢ 10¢ and 25¢ Packets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

If your neighborhood store can't supply you send us 10c. for sample packet.

FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, INC., Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada



All These Forms Printed on the Gammeter Multigraph

The Double-Duty Machine that is a Real Multiple Typewriter and also a perfect Office Printer.

The Gammeter Multigraph does [illegible] work of two distinct sorts well and with greater speed and economy than any other way.

Multigraph form-letters are [illegible] printed typewritten letters that cannot in any way be distinguished from the work of a regular high-grade typewriter.

Multigraph printing is good printing and is done in your own office by office boy or girl at a cost of half of printer's charges, and without the printer's delays. Electrotypes may be used on the Multigraph, and a direct inking attachment is supplied for work not requiring actual typewriting.

Samples of Multigraph Work Sent on Request.

The American Multigraph Sales Company
1822 Case Ave., Cleveland, O.
Branch Offices Everywhere
European Selling Agents } The International Multigraph Co., 79 Queen Street, London, E.C.

Economize in Building
Fit up your house with KING MANTELS and save money on every mantel you use.

KING MANTELS

are superior in materials, design and workmanship, to any other mantels sold at an equal price.

Our magnificent **$5000.00 Edition "De Luxe" catalogue**, 80 pages, and **"Colonial Beauties"** Supplement, sent **for 12 cents** to pay postage (only to those interested.)

FREE Our 72 page book "Evidence" which shows 45 select designs in KING MANTELS and gives the opinion of satisfied customers, some in your vicinity. Send for it. Mailed free to those stating number of mantels required.

KING MANTEL CO.
547-549 W. Jackson Av., Knoxville, Tenn

Fireless Cooker
IDEAL Combination Steam Cookers, Bakers.

Greatest, most successful cooking invention of the age. Cooks a complete meal for from 8 to 10 persons on **one burner of any** stove, including **electricity** — uses **less fuel** than any cooking device on the market. No special preparation of food or watching needed. **Whistle Blows** when cooker needs more water. Nutrition of food retained. Cannot overcook. Holds 12 to 18 quart cans in canning fruits and vegetables. [illegible] up. Write for catalogue now.

The Toledo Cooker Co., Desk 10, Toledo, Ohio
Agents Wanted. Exclusive Territory.

Water Motor Freezer
guaranteed, 3 or 4 quart, exactly like cut. **Special Price $10.00** One [illegible] sold all we could make last season. It will [illegible] ice, time, water, &c. Durable — well made — good for years.
Small Motor Grinder [illegible] **$1.00** Agents wanted. Avoid [illegible] send money to **LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Newark, N. J.**

Rider Agents Wanted
in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1908 model. *Write for Special Offer.*
Finest Guaranteed 1908 Models .... $10 to $27
with Coaster Brakes and Puncture Proof tires
1906 and 1907 Models all of best makes .. $7 to $12
500 Second-Hand Wheels
All makes and models, good as new **$3 to $8**
Great **FACTORY CLEARING SALE**
We Ship On Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.**
Tires, coaster-brakes, parts, repairs and sundries, half usual prices. **Do not buy** till you get our catalogs and offer. *Write now.*
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. D-55, Chicago

WHY PLAYS FAIL

(Continued from Page 7)

characters in elaborate speeches. But the feeling to-day is against the long literary harangue, or any soliloquies at all. Conditions of life are different from those of the period of the literary drama. The stage was then the arena for the literary giants. Now we can get our literature in books, magazines, Sunday newspapers. Life is more strenuous. We accomplish more because of economic forms of civilization which bring the peoples of the earth close together. Therefore, life and character mirrored on the stage must reflect similar conditions—concise, striking, appealing, effective.

Human nature in its elemental phases is the same as it has always been. Dramatic appeal, therefore, should be made through the primary passions. A story involving love, jealousy, hate, stupidity, revenge, self-sacrifice is a safe subject to rely upon, because true drama deals with these elements. But the writer must have such a grasp of human nature as to make his ethical subject convincing. By this I mean the impulse or conduct which forces the clash of character, the struggle—for every drama is essentially a struggle. The motives must be clear and convincing. Even the villain must do wrong from the logical impulse to do wrong, but never from a good motive—or he'd be a hero. A play requires light and shade. The elements of good and evil are, of course, epitomized in the hero and villain. Dramatists of the restoration period, and later, frankly designated their characters by their leading attributes. Thus down to Richard Brinsley Sheridan's day such characters as Peter Teazle, Oliver Surface, Harry Bumper, Benjamin Backbite, Charles Surface, Careless, Snake, Crabtree, Lady Sneerwell and Mrs. Candor, reflecting in their names their characters, were still in vogue. To-day, however, characters reveal themselves by action and very quickly. The sooner their motives are revealed the sooner the audience becomes interested. Delay the motive and purpose of a play—and you court danger.

Too Many Threads Spoil the Fabric

Why plays fail is a mooted question. A quick reading shows to the practiced eye that the vast majority of plays submitted by amateurs are lacking in plot, in form and sound dramatic purpose. But our business is with the plays that find favor with the managers. Very likely the reason that these fail rests with the public, since the managers have found in them the elements of success and have reduced, so far as their skill and judgment would permit, the chances of their failure to a minimum.

One of the chief causes of failure of plays is lack of concentrated interest. Many plays have so many acting scenes, move so rapidly, and are so diffusive, under the wrong impression by the author that action is everything and character development of less value, that the stories involved do not fasten themselves upon the imagination. The author should, above all things, be economical of the mind of his audience, should not divert, but, on the contrary, hold it firmly to the main line of his story. The story need not be one single thread of a theme. It may be paralleled by another subject. In fact, for the sake of relief or variety, there should be parallel subjects, but everything should contribute effect and interest to the gradual unfolding of the climax or catastrophe. Plays also fail because, though well constructed and containing effective characters, the general interest is not sufficiently engrossing. The work must have not only something to say, but something worth saying, saying with deep and convincing force and significance, whether it be farce or drama.

The play If I Were King, produced by Mr. Sothern when he was under my management, has been one of his greatest successes, and it will doubtless continue to grace his repertoire as long as he chooses; but, after the first rough rehearsal of the play, we saw many grave defects in its structure which I am sure would have jeopardized its chances of success. It is a fanciful story about Villon, the French poet, and Louis XI, in which the scapegrace saves France; but the play was based upon too many political complications, and the sentimental, or "heart" interest, in which romance should abound, was slight. We stopped work on the play, postponed

The Patterson Hammock-Couch
THE ORIGINAL HAMMOCK-COUCH
is the one hammock in which one or several people can sit or lie in comfort without slipping, sliding, tipping or sagging. You can sleep in it—you can swing in it—safely and comfortably—far different from the heels-up head-down position that you have to take in the old-fashioned hammock.

Write for our book **"Hammock Comfort"**—it is illustrated in colors and describes The Patterson Hammock-Couch minutely. You'll be surprised to find how many, many uses this couch has. Just send your name and address on a postal—we'll send you the book at once.

In the meantime, ask at your dealer's to see The Patterson Hammock-Couch—he should have it—but if not, you can order from us direct
If it's made by Patterson—you take no chances.

Patterson Manufacturing Company
[illegible]
835 Dauphin Street
Philadelphia

No knots to tie. Ropes can't slip. Patterson Suspension Ring grips the rope like a vise.

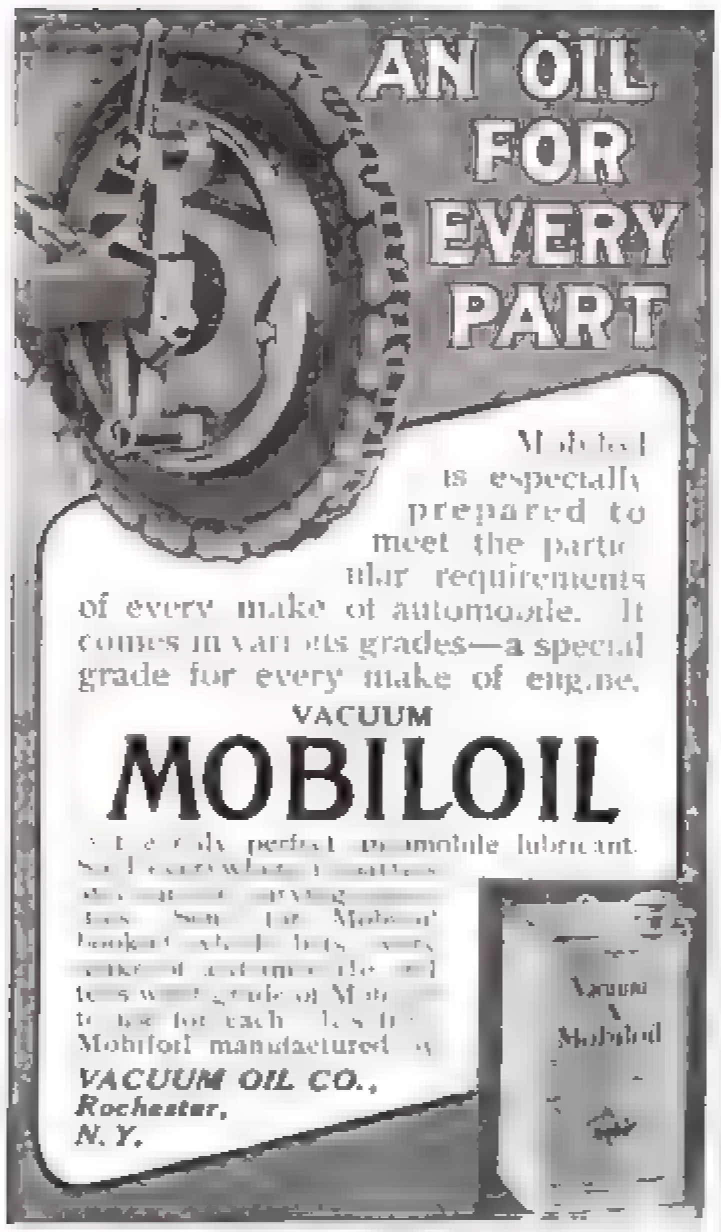
You secure from the use of such good business stationery as Strathmore Parchment not only personal satisfaction, but also adequate expression of the dignity and standing of your business.

Strathmore Parchment

is not merely a good writing paper; it is unquestionably the best of all good papers for business correspondence. Its crispness, strength, durability, beautiful finishes, really wonderful texture and exceptionally firm writing surface long ago gave it first place. Your printer, lithographer or engraver will show you samples, including three distinct finishes, two Fabric and a Glazed, with envelopes to match, or we shall be glad to send you the sample book.

"STRATHMORE QUALITY" COVER PAPERS for MOUNTS and FOLDERS. The same qualities — beautiful colors, rich textures and finishes combined with toughness and strength — which have created so wide a demand for Strathmore Covers in the printing of business literature, make them particularly desirable for fine mounts and folders. We make also special mounts in which Strathmore Papers are mounted on heavy cardboard. Samples on request.

MITTINEAGUE PAPER COMPANY, Mittineague, Mass., U. S. A.

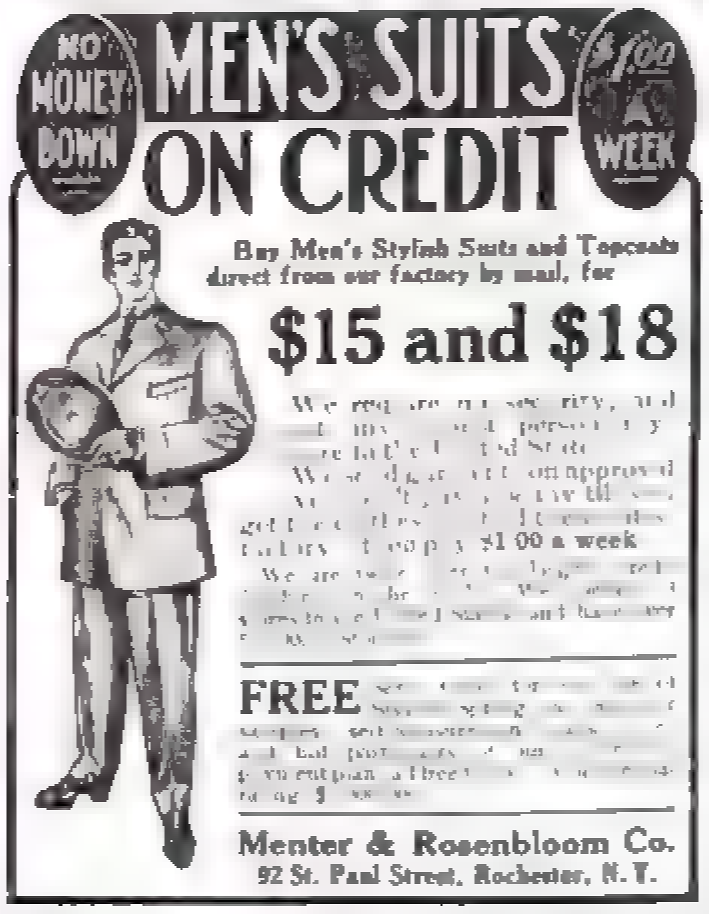

AN OIL FOR EVERY PART

Mobiloil is especially prepared to meet the particular requirements of every make of automobile. It comes in various grades—a special grade for every make of engine.

VACUUM
MOBILOIL

is the only perfect automobile lubricant. Sold everywhere [illegible] Send for Mobiloil booklet [illegible] Mobiloil manufactured by

VACUUM OIL CO.,
Rochester,
N. Y.


NO MONEY DOWN
MEN'S SUITS ON CREDIT
$1.00 A WEEK

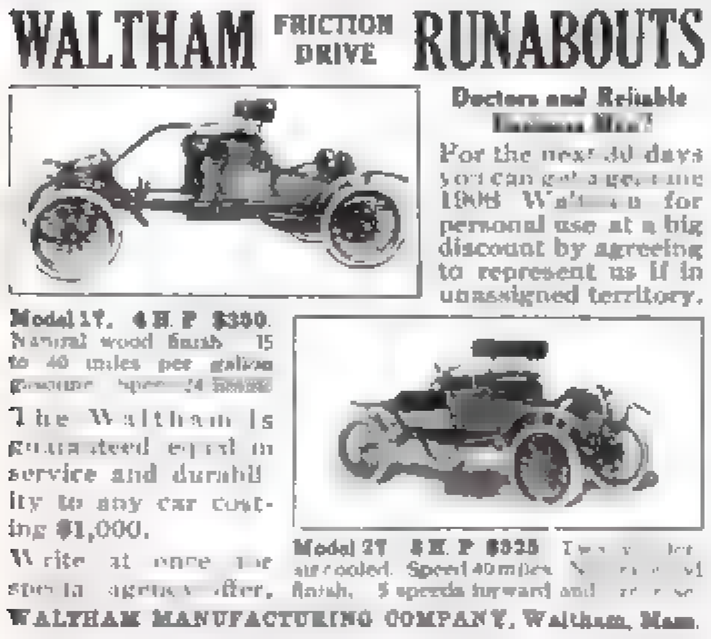
Buy Men's Stylish Suits and Topcoats direct from our factory by mail, for

$15 and $18

We require no security, and [illegible] United States. [illegible] $1.00 a week [illegible]

FREE [illegible]

Menter & Rosenbloom Co.
92 St. Paul Street, Rochester, N. Y.


WALTHAM FRICTION DRIVE RUNABOUTS

Doctors and Reliable Business Men!

For the next 30 days you can get a genuine 1908 Waltham for personal use at a big discount by agreeing to represent us if in unassigned territory.

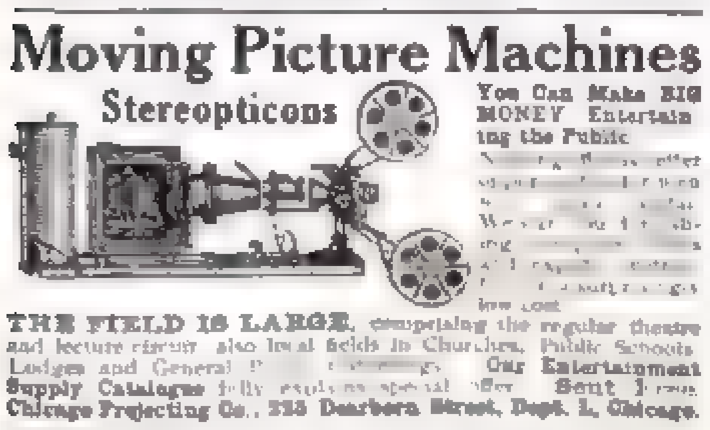
Model 17. 4 H. P. $350. Natural wood finish. 15 to 40 miles per gallon gasoline. Speed 24 miles.

The Waltham is guaranteed equal in service and durability to any car costing $1,000.

Write at once for special agency offer.

Model 27. 8 H. P. $325. Two cylinder air cooled. Speed 40 miles. [illegible] finish. 5 speeds forward and reverse.

WALTHAM MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Waltham, Mass.


Moving Picture Machines
Stereopticons

You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public [illegible] low cost

THE FIELD IS LARGE, comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General [illegible]. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue fully explains special offer. Sent Free.

Chicago Projecting Co., 225 Dearborn Street, Dept. L, Chicago.

Clean Your Pipe with Kleanit

The new pipe cleanser. Made of pure Para rubber. Every pipe smoker needs it. [illegible] end [illegible] stem, slip the other on a hot water faucet and your pipe is instantly and thoroughly cleaned, no muss [illegible] hands—leaves your pipe sweet and clean like new.

Don't buy new pipes—smoke the old one and keep it new by using Kleanit. Does not destroy the cake.

[illegible] Sent prepaid for 25c [illegible] Order today.

The Kleanit Co., Dept. A, Rochester, N. Y.

the date of the production, and the author was asked to develop the interest of the story upon new lines. He worked at it night and day, and the hero's motive changed from military ambition to one based upon the sentiment of love, as in the case of Claude Melnotte in the Lady of Lyons, who in a similar way made himself worthy of his lady's love by his deeds of daring and his military accomplishments. Thus the play had the value politically which the author had intended, but was helped to success by an attractive sentimental theme.

Plays sometimes fail through inadequate performance but rarely. Notwithstanding the drawbacks imposed on the author by a cast not perfect or ideal in its composition, a fairly intelligent rendering will suggest its dramatic merits, if it has any. Countless failures are chargeable to the best stars and to the best *ensemble* performances, for no other reason than that the author's work was unworthy. Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, Richard Mansfield, Beerbohm Tree, George Alexander, in fact all great contemporary actors, have illuminated new works from time to time with their unquestioned talent, and yet failed to draw audiences. But good plays and good parts make good companies and good actors, and Shakespeare is responsible for more stars than all the other playwrights of all time.

The masterly quality of Ibsen's plays in construction and character has made the Norwegian dramatist a model for advanced playwrights. But his subjects are usually unpleasant, and, as the success achieved by plays must be regarded from the point of view of the numbers who desire to see them, they are seldom a financial success. Managers never produce Ibsen; they cannot afford the luxury except for a few special performances. But he appeals to the actor-manager or to the star actress, since he affords splendid opportunities for a display of talent in these pathological stage studies. But Ibsen is not a part of the regular theatrical system for the ennoblement or improvement of the public—as the drama rightly should be. No one goes to the theatre to be educated, though a wholesome play incidentally does educate, stimulate and inspire. The stage, equally with the pulpit, has this power, which, as an ethical force in modern life, can be made a healthful, living thing, or a base and sordid one

The A B C of the Play-Builder's Art

I have been asked on several occasions what is meant by a well-constructed play. Such a play is a matter of arithmetic, a piece of architecture, the human emotions being the foundation upon which the action or superstructure is built.

The Two Orphans is a marvel as a study in construction. It will be observed that there is not a line, scene or character in this drama that does not directly lead up to and contribute to the final outcome of the story. The laws of play architecture must be strictly followed—the unities observed. By "unities" is meant the conforming to a law of construction that was announced by Aristotle. He prescribed that a play should possess, first, the unity of time; second, the unity of place; third, the unity of action—that all the incidents be directed to one catastrophe. These laws governed the classic drama, in which, in the absence of modern scenery and stage effects of the present, recourse could be had by an appeal to the intellect through an abundance of spoken verse. Such rules are not now observed, except so far as the artistic unity prescribes that a play shall concern itself only with its own subject and its characters, and that everything else that might happen to the characters, aside from the fate in which they are involved, be eliminated. This sense of unity, however, is merely the artistic law of proportion which is often obeyed instinctively by authors who have not studied the science of play-building

Sardou's Fédora well illustrates constructive skill. In the first act the Princess Fédora is brought face to face with the murderer of her fiancé—Loris Ipanoff. She vows revenge and invites him to her house. Having made sure that he is the guilty man she surrounds her house with spies who shall carry him to his death. Then she lures him into a recital of the story. She now learns that Loris killed her sweetheart because the latter had betrayed his (Loris') fiancée. This puts an entirely new

SNIDER
PROCESS
PORK
AND
BEANS
WITH
TOMATO SAUCE

A "LOVE-MADE" FOOD PRODUCT

MORE than 20 years ago we began to make Snider Catsup and Snider Chili-Sauce.

We made them as good as we knew how, and only made as much as we could make *right* no matter how great the demand.

Scarcely a year has since passed when we could not have almost doubled our sales on these products, if *enough* Tomatoes of *our* quality to produce *Snider-grade* could have been found.

But, we are a bit old-fashioned in our ideas about Progress and Success.

Perhaps *that* is why Snider Tomato-Catsup and Snider Chili-Sauce stay on the tables of nearly every good Club and high-class Hotel in America.

* * *

However, we've another hobby.

That hobby is our new "*Snider-Process*" Pork & Beans with Tomato Sauce.

This is a genuine love-made Food Product, and one we are proud of.

We think Snider-Process Pork & Beans will make friends for our *other* goods wherever the first tin finds trial.

The same old-fashioned ideas of thoroughness, and conscience, govern the output of Snider-Process Pork & Beans that governed the 20 year production of Snider Tomato-Catsup and Snider Chili-Sauce.

And, we have gone *further* in our process of *cooking* Pork & Beans than any cook has ever gone before.

We go far *enough* with it to eliminate the colicky "Gas" from the Beans for instance, and to render their every fibre readily accessible to the digestive juices of the Stomach.

This means that "Snider-Process" Pork & Beans freely give up their rich 23 per cent. of Nitrogenous Proteid to even the *average* American Digestive Apparatus, which "average apparatus" is none too good, according to the Doctors.

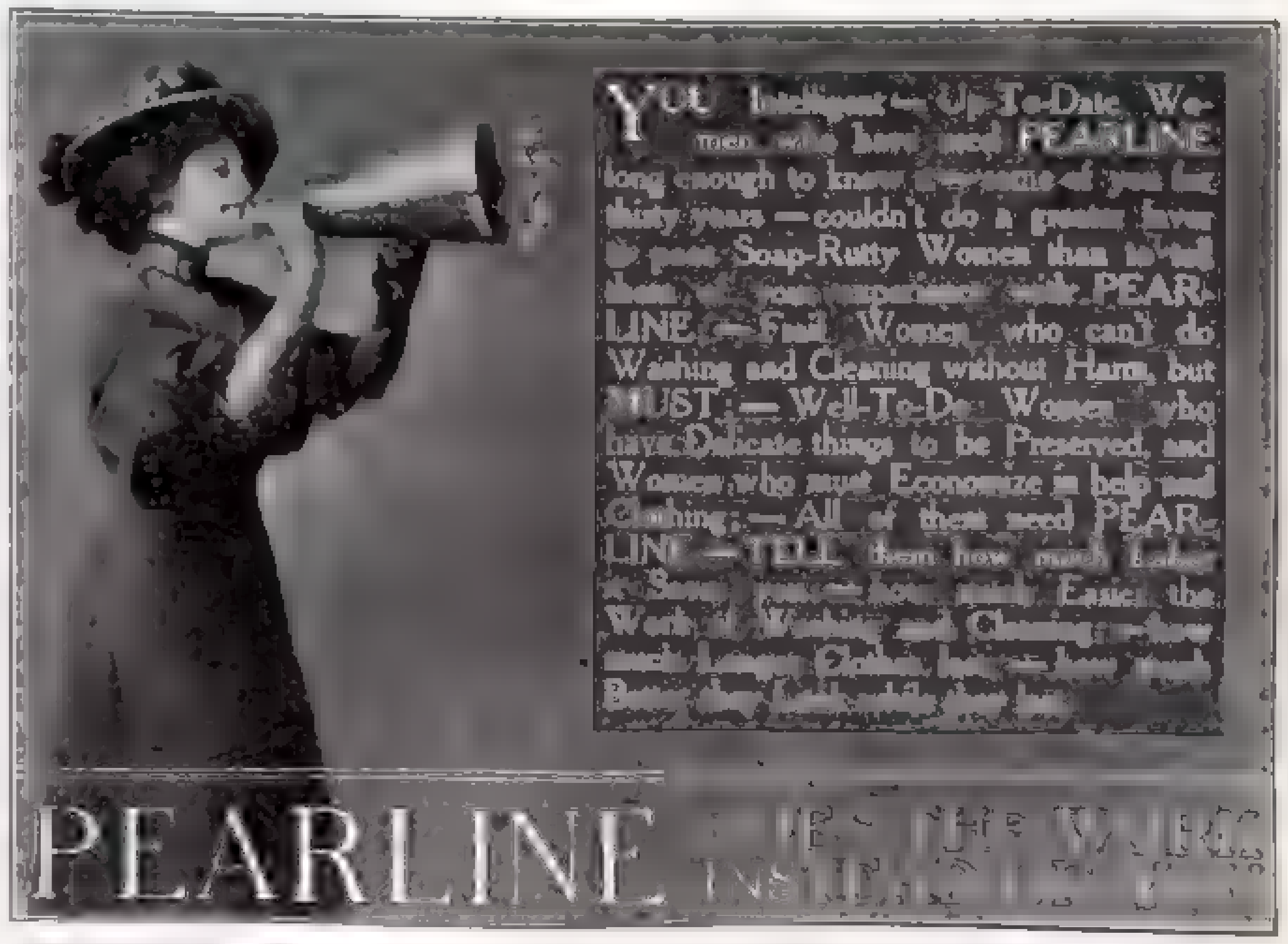
* * *

"Snider-Process" Pork & Beans are delicious enough to the taste, and inviting enough to the eye, to *justify* this most unusual offer,—

"If, after eating them, you say you have *ever* tasted, or ever seen, more delicious or finer looking Pork & Beans *anywhere*, at any time, the Grocer is hereby authorized to *refund* your money."

Just buy a tin of "Snider-Process" Pork & Beans on *that* condition *today*, and see *why* we are so proud of them.

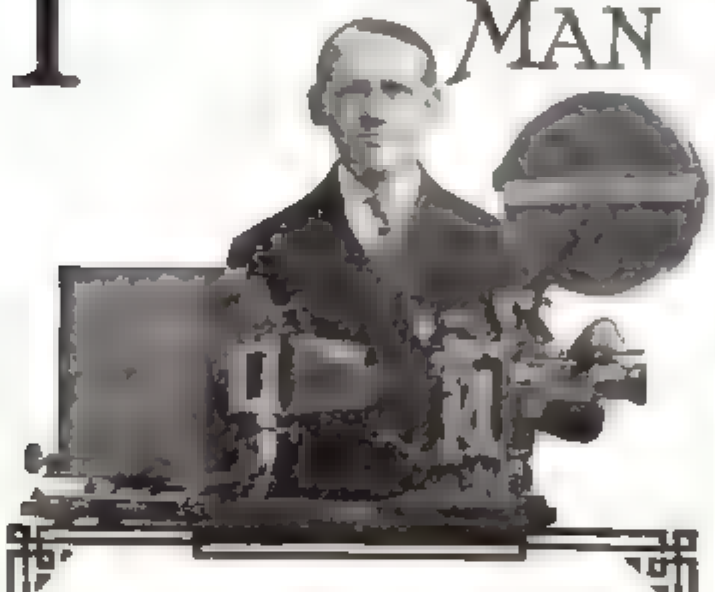
THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.
CINCINNATI, U S A.


YOU Intelligent — Up-To-Date Women who have used PEARLINE long enough to know the merits of it for thirty years — couldn't do a greater favor to poor Soap-Rutty Women than to tell them of your experience with PEARLINE — Frail Women who can't do Washing and Cleaning without Harm, but MUST — Well-To-Do Women who have Delicate things to be Preserved, and Women who must Economize in help and Clothing; — All of them need PEARLINE — TELL them how much Labor it Saves [illegible] how much Easier the Work of Washing and Cleaning [illegible] how much longer Clothes last [illegible]

PEARLINE [illegible]

WEDDING INVITATIONS 100 for $3.50
Announcements, etc. [illegible]
Visiting Cards 100 50c with case 75c. Monogram stationery. Write for samples.
THE ESTABROOK PRESS, 181 S. Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

CANDY
[illegible] send you, on receipt of 50c. in Money or Stamps, a handsome box filled [illegible] The box itself is a fine ornament [illegible] Sent postpaid.
BLANKE-WENNEKER 603 Market Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.



I AM THE MOVING PICTURE MAN

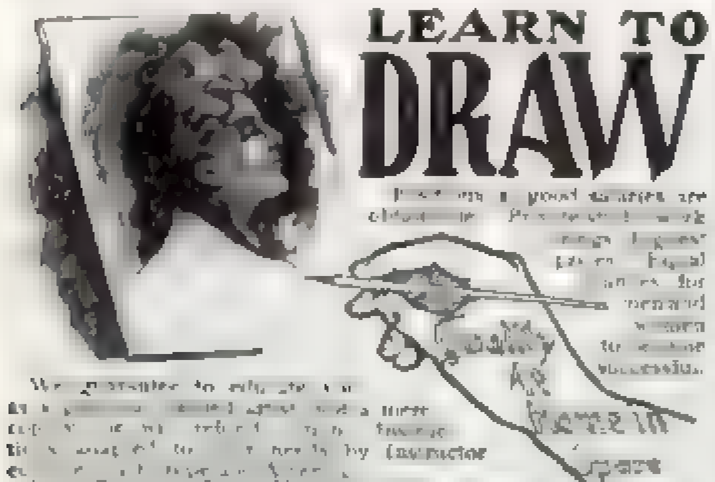
I Will Start You in the Moving Picture Business

At nominal cost—sell you the machine and outfit from $155 upward, and give you every assistance in my power to make the business prosperous. It is one of the best money-making opportunities of the age, for I have already started scores of people in all parts of America, and every one has been successful. It is a business that will not wear out or lose its drawing power. You may open a small theatre or hall of your own or entertain churches, clubs, societies and large or small public or private gatherings in city or country. I made $15,000 in one year at my moving picture hall on Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago, and that was only a side issue of my business. Men who have a little money lying idle; business men who want a profitable side issue or young men and women who want a quick-paying business of their own should write to me **immediately** for prices, plans and details. It is a golden opportunity, the biggest paying business for the amount invested in the world. The moving picture business is now at the height of its popularity, and so simple and easily started and maintained that any one may embark in it with my aid.

WRITE ME AT ONCE for my free book "How to Start a Moving Picture Business." No other concern can compete with me in quality, price or variety of stirring, exciting and beautiful motion pictures. **Write to-day.**

My machines and film service are in many of America's greatest theatres and vaudeville houses. I am recognized nationally as a leader in my line. Write direct to

LAEMMLE FILM SERVICE
CARL LAEMMLE, President
Address all Correspondence to
Dept. 11. 196-198 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.
Branch Houses in all the Principal Cities
Cable Address—FILMER



LEARN TO DRAW

[illegible] good salaries are [illegible] successful.

We guarantee to [illegible] by instructor [illegible]

Test Lesson Sent Free to determine natural [illegible] Write [illegible] The ACME School of Drawing, 717 Acme Building, Kalamazoo, Mich. [illegible] Resident School.

Everything for the Automobile
SUPPLIES AND PARTS
At Lowest Prices
Our 1908 Catalog [illegible] 200 pages 1000 illustrations, 5000 descriptive prices. Sent Free.
NEUSTADT AUTOMOBILE AND SUPPLY COMPANY
3942 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

BOYS' SUMMER CAMP
Under supervision of a New York Physician and experienced College men as Counselors.
Camp Schaghticoke [illegible]
Dr. L. Rosenbaum, Medical Director, 103 W. 117th St., N. Y.

phase on Fédora's scheme of revenge, since Loris has done exactly what she herself would have counseled him to do under the circumstances. But, having procured conditions designed to bring about Loris' death, she is in a quandary. If he leave her room he will be killed. She must save him at any cost. Moreover she has now fallen in love with him. Here comes the dramatic crux.

With a view to making her revenge complete, Fédora had already brought death into the family of Loris, and this scheme of the play is developed to the last curtain, when, just as Loris learns that Fédora is his long-sought enemy, she kills herself.

Camille, though much tabooed because of its questionable moral quality, is a wonderful drama of psychological import and great structural strength. No more powerful acts than the third and fourth of this play have been written in modern times. Theatrical they are, possibly ultra-sentimental, but they show masterful skill on the part of the dramatist

In practical form and spiritual import The Iron Master is a model of exquisite construction. Bronson Howard's Banker's Daughter quite as adroitly develops the same theme—that of a young woman, through a sense of duty or pique, marrying a man she does not love. Contact with the great love of the husband brings about a psychological revolution of her character, and she is won. The Wife (by Belasco and De Mille), which I produced, is successfully founded on the same theme.

J. M. Barrie has shown marked versatility in the creation of such plays as The Little Minister, Quality Street, The Professor's Love Story and Peter Pan. The success of The Little Minister rests largely upon the interesting assortment of cleverly-drawn Scotch characters surrounding a pair of lovers, one of whom, Lady Babbie, masquerades as a gipsy and so wins the love of the local clergyman. Quality Street is a unique love story worked out through clean and charming incidents, of which the masquerade (the excellent but old stage device of pretending to be some one else) is also a feature.

The Silver King and The Middleman, by Henry Arthur Jones, were powerful pieces of characterization. In the latter, a father, wrapped up in his invention, is ignorant of the sad love story affecting his daughter. In The Silver King the author developed an interesting proposition. The question of the feelings of a murderer has been a popular one for the poetic as well as for the philosophic writer. To bring this into a play—to show the influence and progress of sorrow and remorse consequent upon the commission of a crime—Mr. Jones allowed the audience to see that the hero, Wilfrid Denver, did not actually kill the murdered man, but that he, Denver, thought he did.

Stage Family and Stock Company

Stock companies, though we have no permanent ones now, are organized with a view to fitting the exigencies of any dramatic story brought forward. Thus there is a certain proportion in the value of parts, without which a play would be an amorphous quantity. Stage stories usually have a hero and a heroine, a villain and a female villain, a first old man, who represents a fine type of the elderly father, a second old man, sometimes known as the rustic, and a first and second old woman, who have similar relations. There are also the juvenile man and woman, who rank second to the leading male and female characters, and, for comedy, what are known as the ingénue and soubrette, opposite to male types of similar characters. Then there are what are known as character types, men and women who play intermediate rôles of special, either sinister or humorous, significance.

When a play is written for a star it must be so contrived by scenes or situations that the star may reveal his salient qualities either for serious or humorous work. It is clear that such plays are not always the most artistic. Yet Shakespeare wrote with this end in view—Hamlet, Richard, Othello, Macbeth being all star parts—and so did Sardou when he wrote Tosca, Fédora, Theodora for Bernhardt.

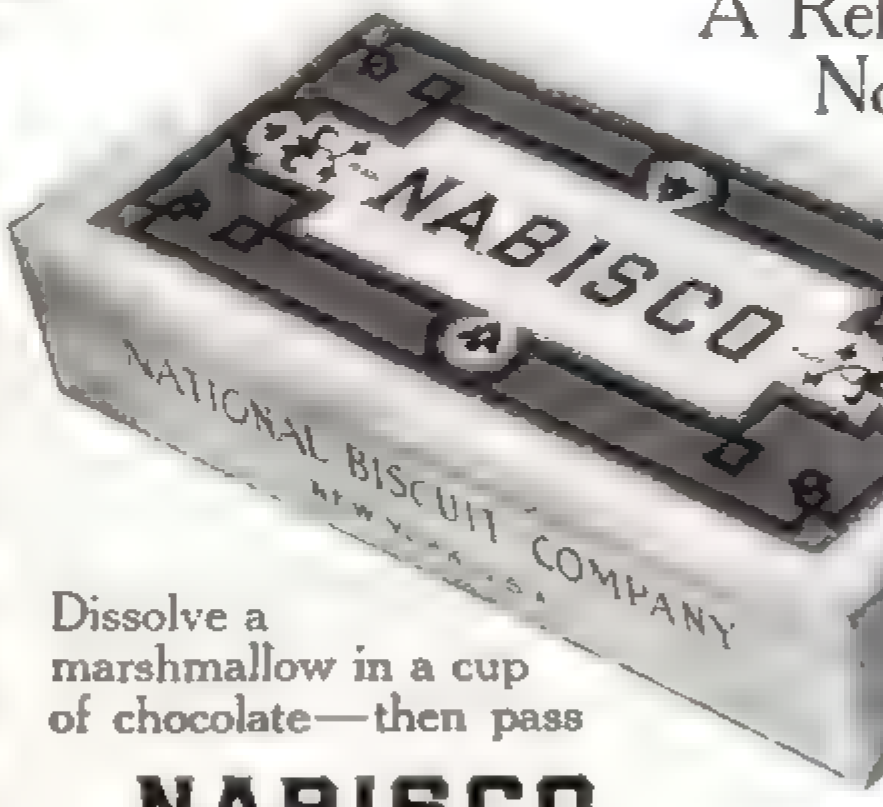
An author is greatly helped by having for such service an actor or actress of great power and versatility. It enables him to dig deeper and with more definite effects into the depths of human nature, for such an artist, than if he wrote for a conventional company of merely adequate actors.

THE exclusiveness of the color-fast patterns and the very clever way in which they are made leave little between Cluett Shirts and the product of the custom shop, aside from what the wearer saves in first cost.

Cluett
TOWN AND COUNTRY
SHIRTS
Sold only under the Cluett Label
$1.50 & more

"To-day's Shirt," a booklet on request

CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY, Makers of ARROW Collars, 459 River Street, Troy, N. Y.



A Refreshment Novelty

Dissolve a marshmallow in a cup of chocolate—then pass

NABISCO
SUGAR WAFERS

They blend deliciously with this unique refreshment.

In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins

Festino
Another dessert confection in the form of an almond enclosing a kernel of delicious cream

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Kleanwell TOOTH BRUSH
Sold in a Sealed Box
The Brush that holds its Bristles.
Send for Booklet. Different Shapes for Different Mouths
ALFRED H. SMITH CO. 84 CHAMBERS ST. NEW YORK

The Union Trust Company of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS
$26,000,000.00
Transacts a General Banking and Trust Company Business

4% On Savings Accounts
Booklet mailed on request

DIRECTORS
H. C. Frick
H. C. McEldowney
P. C. Knox
W. N. Frew
J. M. Lockhart
B. F. Jones Jr
J. B. Finley
H. C. Fownes
William G. Park
A. W. Mellon
J. M. Schoonmaker
George E. Shaw
Wm. B. Schiller
D. E. Park
Henry Phipps
James H. Lockhart
E. C. Converse
R. B. Mellon
Thomas Morrison

An Unusually Strong Investment
In Small Denominations
$100 $500 $1,000
First Mortgage 6%
Guaranteed Gold Bonds
Secured by
First Mortgage on Rich Agricultural Land.
Protected by
United States Government Legislation.
Guaranteed by
American Water Works and Guarantee Company of Pittsburgh, Pa.
Paid-up Capital and Surplus, $3,600,000. Established 1882
For further reference write to
First National Bank — Commonwealth Trust Co.
Second National Bank — Colonial Trust Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Circular and handsomely illustrated volume "Irrigation" mailed free upon request
H. M. Payson & Co., Portland, Me.
Battles, Heye & Harrison, 131 South 5th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. Trumbull & Co., 35 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.
MUNICIPAL & CORPORATION SECURITIES COMPANY
351 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
JAMES S. KUHN, Pres.
L. L. McCLELLAND, Sec. and Treas.

First Mortgage Bonds
OF WELL-KNOWN RAILROADS
At prices to yield highest return consistent with entire safety.
Legal Investments for Savings Banks and Trustees
Send for Special Circular
LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.
BANKERS
44 State Street, BOSTON
The Rookery, CHICAGO

Fractional Lots—Stocks
High-grade dividend paying stocks and selected income bearing bonds in lots of one share upwards. Write for circular A 19, describing securities listed upon the New York Stock Exchange yielding from 5 to over 10% per annum at present quotations.
MAILED UPON REQUEST WITHOUT CHARGE TO YOU.
DAILY MARKET LETTER
J. F. Pierson, Jr., & Co.
Members New York Stock Exchange
66 Broadway, New York

Your Savings

IMPROVED REAL ESTATE AS AN INVESTMENT

WHEN you examine the sources of fortunes you find, in many cases, that the beginnings have been made in improved real estate. This is especially true of the wealth of German-Americans, whose habits of thrift are highly developed and whose example in regard to saving and the employment of savings is well worth following. Improved real estate, when judiciously bought, is a desirable and profitable investment for everybody, and an attempt is made this week to state the most important facts about it.

The strictly legal definition of improved real estate is land that is not in the state in which Nature left it. The common definition, however, is land on which something has been built that produces income. It may be a dwelling, a store, a hotel or a factory. Unimproved real estate, on the other hand, is just land, as, for example, a vacant lot. To buy unimproved land is something like purchasing stocks which have not yet paid dividends.

Most improved real estate, and especially that which concerns the average investor, is in or about a city. In the first instance it is referred to as urban; in the second as suburban.

The value of land is most important in the consideration of improved real estate as an investment; for the reason that, while the buildings on it depreciate owing to wear, tear and usage, the ground, if suitably located, becomes more valuable all the time. One of the first warnings to be offered the investor who buys improved property is not to be misled by the handsome appearance of any building on it. If the land is poorly located in such case the rent for the property is almost sure to be low, or the house may be vacant for long periods. A rule followed by shrewd and successful investors in improved real estate is not to let the value of the building exceed the value of the land on which it stands, because the depreciation in the building will more than offset the increase in the value of the ground. An excessive proportion of the cost of the building to the cost of the land is usually taken to mean that the building will not rent well, otherwise the land would have risen in price.

Location the Main Point

The basis of all value in improved real estate is utility. The extent of this utility is the amount of rent that the property brings. If you buy the bond of a railroad you expect security and steady earning power. So with improved real estate. What earnings are to a railroad, rent is to improved property. Unless you live in the house yourself or use it for your own purposes, rent is the return you receive on the investment. Since "buildings are the servants of the land which they cover" they should perform the largest possible amount of work.

The amount of rent that improved property brings depends largely upon its location. This location depends, in turn, on the kind of property you have and its nearness to the things which the people living or using the property most need. For example, a desirable factory should be near the best transportation facilities; the residence which is best adapted for investment should be in a district of similar buildings, one that is free from nuisances of all kinds—and by nuisances, in this connection, is meant railroad tracks, factories that produce smells or smoke, or squalid tenements. The retail shop for the investor should be on the main highway of traffic where the greatest number of people pass every day. Sometimes investors in improved real estate seek to divert business from its beaten path to other streets by building stores there. But more frequently these attempts fail for the reason that people want to go from shop to shop and from place to place in the quickest, shortest and most agreeable way.

Since the value of land is such an important consideration in improved real estate as an investment, it is interesting to see what some of the factors that make for the increase of its value are. By far the most important is increase of population. It is estimated that the addition of four people

We Own and Offer
5% BONDS
Yielding 5¾%, of a well established, high grade
STREET RAILWAY
system operating 85½ miles without competition, also controlling all gas and electric lighting, in an important industrial and agricultural community of 100,000.
Bonds secured by first lien (subject to small underlying debt maturing 1911, provided for) on all the property which has cost a considerable amount in excess of bonded debt. Strong sinking fund.
Earnings largely in excess of all requirements. Dividends of 6% are being regularly paid upon $2,600,000 preferred stock. Bonds of this issue are owned by well known European and American investors.
Full particulars on request. Send for circular E-17.
N. W. HALSEY & CO.
BANKERS
NEW YORK, 49 Wall Street
PHILADELPHIA, 1429 Chestnut Street
CHICAGO, 152 Monroe St.
SAN FRANCISCO, 424 California Street

Municipal Bonds Are Safest
Because of the greatly reduced earnings of transportation and industrial companies we discourage the purchase of their securities.
The safest investment is in municipal bonds. Our free pamphlet, "A Message to Investors," will tell you why. Send for it before investing. It contains facts not commonly reported. We offer carefully selected bonds, yielding from 4 to 6% in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000.
SOPER, CORDRAY & COMPANY
Investment Bankers
212 Vickers Building, Baltimore, Md

THERE ARE MANY HIGH-CLASS SECURITIES LISTED ON THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE SELLING BELOW VALUE, WHICH IF BOUGHT *OUTRIGHT* NOW, WOULD YIELD ATTRACTIVE INCOME WHILE CARRIED, AND SHOULD EVENTUALLY ADVANCE MATERIALLY IN PRICE. WE SHALL BE GLAD TO CORRESPOND WITH YOU ON THE SUBJECT.
Send for Weekly Financial Review
J. S. BACHE & CO.
(Members New York Stock Exchange)
BANKERS, 42 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Safe Investment
paying 5¾%
THE individual having $1000 or more to invest, need not accept 4% interest or less in order to obtain a thoroughly safe investment.
We are offering and fully recommend a long time bond secured by mortgage on one of the largest and best located interurban electric railroads of standard steam railroad construction — in the country at a price to pay 5¾% interest. In normal times this bond is certain to sell at a higher price.
[illegible]
Adams & Company INVESTMENT BANKERS
13 Congress Street, BOSTON

Investment Securities
in ODD LOTS of Ten shares and upwards may now be profitably purchased.
Send for Special Circular
POST BROS. & CO., 41 Wall Street, New York
Members N. Y. Stock Exchange

20 Beautiful Volumes
29 Able Authors
42 Popular Biographies

Remarkable
SACRIFICE SALE OF
Hurt Books

WE are closing out at a bargain a few sets of the "MAKERS OF AMERICAN HISTORY," a library of popular biography which contains 7,568 pages of the most interesting and instructive reading ever published. In these 20 beautiful volumes will be found the life stories of forty-two great Americans—men who moulded the history of the nation. Each biography is a complete story in itself, written by some eminent authority, such as Capt. A. T. Mahan, Gen. J. G. Wilson, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Prof. W. G. Sumner, Prof. R. H. Thurston, James Schouler, and others equally well known. In these lives is interwoven the narrative of American history from the earliest times down to the close of the Civil War period. Every hero and patriot is treated, not in the dry and technical form so common to biography, but in a simple, fascinating style that will appeal to all who enjoy good, wholesome reading.

No Other Work Like It
To read these volumes is to be grandly entertained, and at the same time to come into intimate contact with the great heroic characters in American history. This is the only work which covers the whole field and is at the same time of distinguished authorship. For an hour's pleasant reading or for serious study no other work will compare with it. There is not a dull page in the entire 20 volumes, which are beautifully printed, bound in art cloth, and illustrated with portraits, maps, plans, etc.

Here's Our Great Offer
We have on hand a few sets of this splendid library which, from handling in our stock room, are not in perfect condition. For all practical purposes they are as good as new; in fact, an expert could hardly tell the difference. The lot is so small we have decided to close them out for $1.00 down, and $1.00 a month until the full amount of the special limited clearance price, $19.50, has been paid. The subscription price is $30.00.

FREE—For Five Days
On receipt of the accompanying coupon we will send you a complete set for five days' examination, carriage prepaid, subject to return at our expense, if you do not find it the greatest bargain ever offered. The work will be a valuable addition to your library.
Do you think you can afford to miss this chance for a bargain!
The University Society, 78 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SPECIAL COUPON
THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY 78 Fifth Avenue, New York
[illegible]
(S. E. P. 5-2-08)
Name
Address

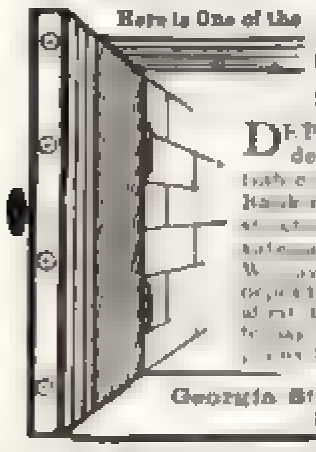
We refer to any Commercial Agency, Bank or Trust Co.

Best Earth On Earth
is
New York City
Real Estate

We own [illegible] lots in New York City, bought [illegible] Williamsburg Bridge [illegible] Manhattan Bridge [illegible] the attractiveness of its terms [illegible] In the meantime, we should be glad to secure the right kind of a representative in each community [illegible] We want them [illegible] M. F. [illegible] Mobile, Ala., and Rev. R. [illegible] make from $[illegible] to $[illegible] per year [illegible] make especially successful agents. [illegible] IMMEDIATELY

Wood, Harmon & Company
Dept. E, 261 Broadway, New York
Largest real estate concern in the world
P. S.—Application for advance information regarding lots will receive careful attention

LEARN BY MAIL TO BE A
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT
They earn $2,500 to $10,000 a year
We fit you to pass the C. P. A. Examination and equip you for practice anywhere. [illegible] Course embraces Theory of Accounts, Practical Accounting, Auditing, Commercial Law—also Bookkeeping and Business Practice.
Write to-day to Dept. N, mentioning subject that interests you.
UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, INC.
27-29 East 22d Street, New York



Here is One of the Safest Plans for investing your savings
DEPOSITORS are protected by a deposit of $1,600,000.00 non-negotiable mortgages with the Germania Bank of Savannah, by rigid legal restrictions of the state, and by every [illegible] Write to-day for booklet A, which fully explains how secure it is.
Georgia State Building & Loan Ass'n
Savannah, Ga.

No Safer Security
at any rate of interest for the small or large investor [illegible] Mortgages on [illegible] New York and Suburban Real Estate. This security is afforded our patrons. We pay
5% a Year
for full time your savings are left with us. Always subject to your control, and available for emergencies on [illegible] Thousands of patrons in all parts of the country—probably some in your neighborhood [illegible] Established 15 years. Assets $[illegible]
Industrial Savings and Loan Co.
1 Times Bldg., Broadway & 42d St.
New York

Financing An Enterprise
A practical book by Francis Cooper, telling how money is secured for enterprises. Capitalization, prospectus writing, methods of presenting, etc., discussed fully. The only successful work on promotion. Endorsed by [illegible] 540 pages. Buckram binding, prepaid $4. Send for pamphlet and list of business books.
The Ronald Press, Rooms 29-31, 229 Broadway, N.Y.

Book on Figures Free
To introduce my "Red Book on Figures" I will send you my 32 page book, to convince you my ideas are practical. Cut out the drudgery. Don't be a figurehead. Be head figurer. [illegible] more rapid calculators. My methods make mathematicians. Don't work yourself to death. Send 10 cents for mailing charges. Agents wanted.
F. MALONE, Figure Expert, 100 Mills Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

UNIFORMS Of Distinctive Style and Quality for Bands, Military, Police, Letter-Carriers, Firemen, R.R. Men. Cost no more than the ordinary kind. Write for prices. Address Dept. B.
The Pettibone Bros. Mfg. Co.
Established 1872. Cincinnati, O.

WATCH Your Investments Send One Dollar for a year's subscription to our Monthly Bulletin containing the latest News and condensed Earnings (revised monthly) of 1800 Railroads and other Corporations. As to our accuracy, refer to any large banking house.
Bankers Educational Bureau, Wellesley, Mass.
Correspondence Courses on Investments and Finance.

to any community adds one foot of store frontage to its business district. Fifty persons additional increase the value of each front foot of retail property by one dollar.

This increase in value, due to growing population, is what is called the unearned increment. The popular meaning of this widely-used phrase is any increase in the value of land not due to the efforts of its owners. The enormous increase in value of the Astor and Goelet real-estate holdings in New York City was mainly due to this unearned increment. Their land in many sections of the city became valuable because great stores, hotels and office buildings were erected around it.

The record of increased land values, owing to the growth of population and business, is a wonder story. No case is more remarkable in many respects than Seattle. Thirty years ago a lot at Third and Seneca Streets there sold for $150. It is now held at $240,000. This property is in the heart of the retail district. Another Seattle lot, known as the New York Block, was sold in 1865 for $20. To-day it is worth half a million. The prices paid for lots on which to build office buildings in New York City, particularly in the downtown financial district, are little short of fabulous. A few years ago the small lot at the corner of Broadway and Wall Streets sold for $750 a square foot (the ground there is so valuable that it is sold by square foot instead of front foot), and the total price paid for this plot of a little more than one thousand square feet was about $800,000. This is the highest price ever paid for a piece of ground this size.

Depreciation of Property

Having seen the elements which combine to make property valuable, let us now see what makes it undesirable for the investor. In purchasing improved real estate for investment it is prudent to avoid buildings which may be devoted to the wrong use, such as an elaborate business structure in a residence district; be too costly for the location, such as an expensive tenement on cheap land; or have suffered physical depreciation, as in the case of a shop that needs much repairing.

Since the depreciation of buildings is one of the chief concerns of the investor in improved property, an estimate of it, made by Mr. Richard M. Hurd, a well-known authority on real estate, is of value. This scale of depreciation, providing that the property is kept in repair, is as follows:

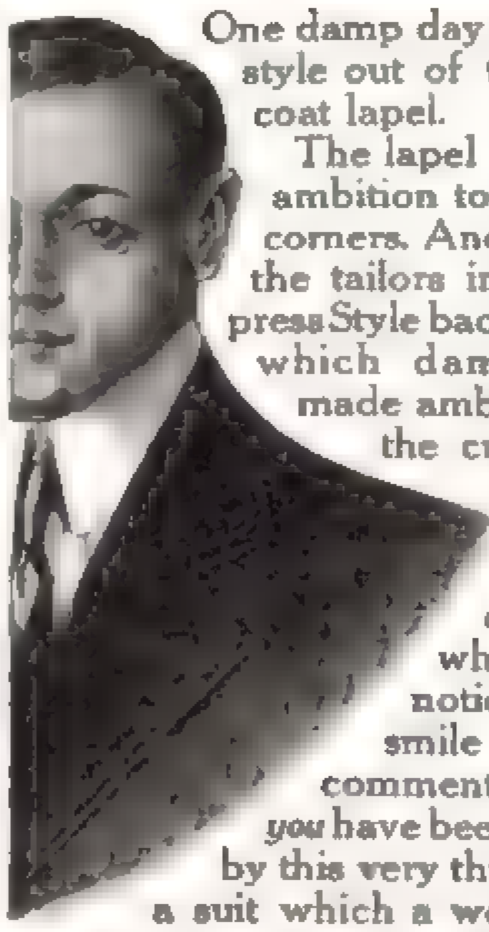
CLASS OF BUILDING	LIFE IN YEARS	ANNUAL DEPRECIATION
Cheap frame tenements .	10 to 15	5 to 10%
Ordinary frame residences	25 to 30	2 to 3%
Cheap brick tenements and office buildings .	25 to 30	2 to 3%
Cheap brick or stone residences	35 to 50	1 to 2%
Better class frame residences	35 to 50	1 to 2%
Better class brick and stone residences . .	50 to 75	1 to 1¼%
Good brick and stone office buildings	75 to 100	1%
Steel skeleton buildings .	Unknown	

Retail Stores the Best

In the Borough of Manhattan (City of New York) where only fifty private residences are built every year, the bulk of investment in improved real estate is in business or multiple residence buildings, the latter being the apartment houses or tenements.

For the general investor who seeks the choicest security the best improved real estate is retail stores on the main streets where traffic and business are heaviest. Land here grows in value and the shops are in constant demand. The value of the store depends upon the number and the purchasing power of the people who pass every day. With such property the fixed charges are taxes and insurance, and amount to but fifteen per cent., usually, of the rent. With an office building, on the other hand, the expenses are much heavier, and include janitor, elevator, heat and electric-light service.

The average yield of desirable retail property on good streets is about six per cent.; on office buildings it is from four to five per cent.; on apartment houses it ranges from six to eight per cent., and on tenements it is from eight to twelve per cent. These yields are all on New York



"Pre-Shrunk" Coat Lapels Don't Warp

One damp day takes all the style out of the ordinary coat lapel.

The lapel develops an ambition to rise—at the corners. And it does. All the tailors in town can't press Style back into a lapel which dampness has made ambitious. And the curled points, the wrinkles and puckered seams come right where everyone notices, and they smile and make comments. Probably *you* have been humiliated by this very thing—and on a suit which a week ago was *new* and a model of grace and beauty.

It's your own fault, though, if you have this humiliating experience again, for there is a remedy—certain and sure.

Next time you wish garments supremely stylish, good fitting and well made, insist on Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments.

You'll find them modish and "snappy" beyond compare.

—You'll secure a fit and finish which will be a revelation to you of how royally *good* a garment can be.

—And in addition to this, you can be certain that the garments you select will continue permanently to make you look just as you see yourself in the glass at the clothier's until the suit is worn out.

You see all the shrink tendency in the fabrics from which Kaufman garments are made, was taken out of the cloth *before* making, by the exclusive Kaufman "Pre-Shrinking" Process, which can be used by no other manufacturer.

No shrink tendency left in the suit itself, as it comes to you, to be acted upon (as in ordinary suits) by dampness or changes in the weather.

No possibility of the garments in any part chafing, pulling, puckering, wrinkling, bagging, or drawing up during all the months—rain or shine—that you wear them.

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments

Other garments may be as stylish—not more so. Other garments may perhaps be perfect in fit and finish—but not a shade *better*.

But Kaufman garments *alone*—because "Pre-Shrunk" by the exclusive Kaufman process—will *preserve* and *retain* that style and fit as long as the garments are worn.

Your dealer will gladly show you Kaufman suits in the popular fabrics for Spring and Summer, at $12 to $30 the suit. Most people, however, can be suited at $15 to $18.

But to be sure you are getting Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments, ask the dealer to show you this label, sewed in the garments, before you buy.

Kaufman
Garment

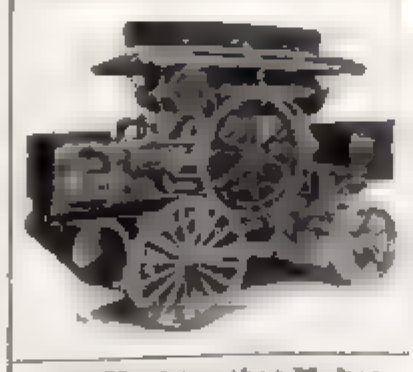
Every man who takes pride in his appearance should have the Kaufman STYLE BOOK. Ask your dealer for it or write to us. It's free—and an accurate guide to what you should wear for Spring and Summer, 1908

Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago

See Campus Togs for Young Men

Ask Your Dealer for the Only Cool and Comfortable Summer Shoe E. C. Skuffer Sandal
Made in 30 Different Styles. Suitable for Men, Women and Children
When you wear E. C. Skuffers, you have foot comfort, no bodily ills from the feet, such as close, unventilated shoes cause in hot weather. Skuffers give the feet proper protection and perfect ventilation. [illegible] comfortable. Sandals will relieve [illegible] Made of the best material with most careful construction over the most hygienic lasts.
We will ship any size to any address in the United States, shipment prepaid, upon receipt of $1.00 per pair for children's sizes 4-8; $1.25 sizes 9-11; $1.50 sizes 12-2; boys' and women's larger sizes 3-[illegible] $2.00; men's 6-10, $2.50 per pair. Send also name of your dealer.
Engel-Cone Shoe Co., East Boston, Mass.

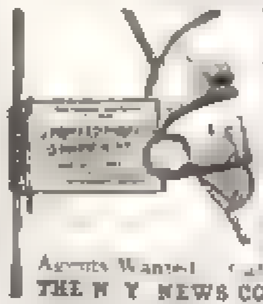
Send for our free book on the Care of Feet



The Machine that Makes the Money

$887.16 Earned in 11 Days
When the owner, with only one assistant, actually earned $887.16 in eleven days cleaning houses with one of our Portable House Cleaning Wagons and we know and can prove to you that you or any other competent, energetic man can do as well or better [illegible] you were investigating the money [illegible] 400 operators in as many towns in the United States are making from $[illegible] to $[illegible] [illegible] Capital required from $[illegible] up. In every community where there are churches, hotels, [illegible] buildings and residences there is work waiting for the owner of a [illegible] descriptive matter and letters from [illegible] who are making money operating our machines. [illegible]
GENERAL COMPRESSED AIR & VACUUM MACHINERY COMPANY
Largest Manufacturers in the World of [illegible] Portable and Stationary Systems for Homes, Office Buildings, Residences, Etc.
4485 Dept. C, Olive Street, ST. LOUIS

"Making a Newspaper"
By John L. Given, recently N. Y. Evening Sun
A book for everyone who wants to keep abreast of the times [illegible] Thirteen [illegible] pages [illegible]
HENRY HOLT & CO., 34 West 33rd Street, New York



Is Your Umbrella Worth 25c?
Insure the return of your umbrella if lost or left behind by attaching to the rib an
UMBRELLA IDENTIFIER
[illegible] postpaid for 25c
Agents Wanted [illegible]
THE N. Y. NEWS CO. Dept. 14, 15 Warren St., New York

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST
We invite you to send for a copy of our new booklet, "Questions and Answers concerning Banking by Mail," which will tell you of a safe and convenient method whereby you can lay aside a portion of your earnings and have it draw 4% interest, compounded twice a year. Please ask for Booklet "M."
THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO [illegible] 6½ [illegible] THE CITY OF BANKS [illegible] MILLION DOLLARS

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

$3.00 $3.50

Spring of 1908

[illegible]

BECAUSE

My world-wide reputation for the past 32 years, as the maker and retailer of the best shoes for the money, is back of every pair.

BECAUSE

W. L. Douglas shoes have no equal for style, fit, comfort and wear.

Shoes at all Prices, for Every Member of the Family, Men, Boys, Women, Misses and Children.

W. L. Douglas $4.00 and $5.00 Gilt Edge Shoes cannot be equalled at any price.

[illegible]

CAUTION [illegible] **Take No Substitute** [illegible] from factory to any part [illegible]

W. L. DOUGLAS, 163 Spark St. Brockton, Mass.

Ranch Life in The Rockies

New Book JUST OUT. Taking like wildfire. Everybody wants it. Hit of the day. Contains 100 views of ranch and farm scenes, government land and mining laws, correct Colorado map, etc. Describes cowboy life. Tells how to succeed.

Special Offer! The above great book is free to all sending us 50c for a full year's subscription to our big western monthly farm and family magazine. Clubs of 3 and 3 books $1.00, 5 for $1.50. Stamps taken. Address

Rocky Mtn. Farm Magazine, Sta. 2, Denver, Colo.

Wisdom of Franklin

The "Wisdom of Benjamin Franklin as compiled by himself [illegible] Poor Richard's Almanack," has [illegible] Massachusetts [illegible]

[illegible] Mass.

"Worth Its Weight in Gold"

Right and Wrong Thinking

and Their Results

The Undreamed-of Possibilities Which Man May Achieve Through His Own Mental Control.

By AARON MARTIN CRANE

[illegible]

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO., BOSTON

Send for Free Complete Catalogue

Perfect Comfort for Man and Horse

Whitman Saddle

Used by the best riders of all countries, over ten thirty years ago and improved every year since. Ideal for gentleman or lady rider and a saddle fit for the [illegible]

Mehlbach Saddle Company, 106-E Chambers Street, New York City

6%

This bank issues Certificates of Deposit, yielding interest at the rate of 6%, payable semi-annually. Capital $100,000.00.

Please write for booklet "S."

FIRST TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK
BILLINGS, MONT

SEND US 25c

League Base Ball Shoes

[illegible]

Ask for Catalogue

Base Ball Uniforms $1.00 to $14.00

THE ATHLETIC UNIFORM CO., 46 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO

60 TOURS TO EUROPE

ALL EXPENSES INCLUDED—$150 TO $1165.

Send for Index to Tours.

THOS. COOK & SON
245 and 1200 Broadway, New York and Branches
ROUND THE WORLD TOURS TRAVELERS CHECKS

property. The range averages about one per cent. higher in smaller communities. In addition there would be opportunities in smaller places to buy and rent dwelling-houses, and the average return on these is from five to six per cent.

In this summary of yields it will be seen that the return from the desirable retail store is less than some other kinds of property, but in the end it will be found that the retail store is easier to rent, that it costs less to operate, and that it is more likely to appreciate in value than any of the other buildings. In addition, the rent of a retail store is less difficult to collect than the rent, for example, of a group of people living in a big apartment house or in a crowded tenement.

The Chance for the Small Investor

But the question naturally arises, how can the small investor, or the average man with savings, share in the benefits of improved real estate as an investment? He cannot buy a big store or an office building. A plan by which he may avail himself of this chance to employ his money has been developed by German-Americans and other thrifty citizens of foreign birth, and consists of watching, taking advantage of opportunities to buy low-priced improved property, such as cottages, by buying it, putting it into good repair and renting it out to desirable tenants.

Here is a concrete example of what may be done with this form of investment. A man in Philadelphia bought a house and lot for $3000, paying $1000 down in cash and giving a mortgage on the property for $2000. His expenses for the year were: taxes, $37.50; water rent, $12.50; repairs, $36; expense of collecting rent, $18; interest on mortgage, $100: or a total of $204. He received $30 a month rent, or $360 a year. Deducting the expenses, the net return to the owner was $156, or a yield of fifteen and six-tenths per cent. on the money invested. The income, if put into a savings-bank, would pay off the mortgage in less than thirteen years. This is the German plan of acquiring property, which consists in saving the net income from rent and using it to buy more real estate.

Summed up, improved real estate, when located in desirable quarters and kept in repair, is a safe and profitable investment. The owner, of course, runs the risk of fire or bad tenants or vacancy, but ultimately the risk is perhaps not greater than that incurred by holders of securities in corporations which are liable to suffer from bad management or hard times. In seasons of financial depression the best kind of improved real estate holds its value and always offers an opportunity for the raising of money by mortgage on it.

The Chemist Author

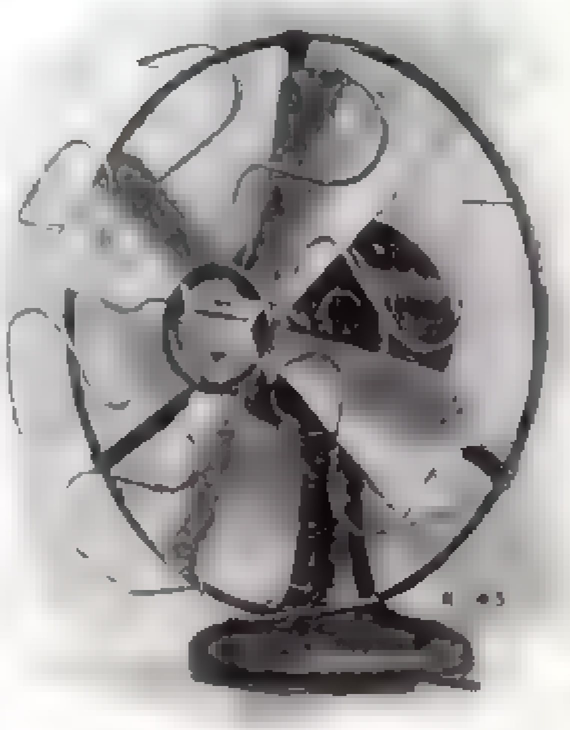
MEN have graduated into fiction from all kinds of places, but few from a chemical laboratory. But this is what John Uri Lloyd did. For many years he continued his pharmaceutical way, enriching his profession with many original researches. He was president of the American Pharmaceutical Association, and wrote many scientific papers. His first imaginative book was Etidorhpa, which was principally famous because its title was "Aphrodite" spelled backward. Then, as everybody knows, he became famous with Stringtown on the Pike.

Mr. Lloyd lives in a handsome home in Norwood, which is a suburb of Cincinnati. He has taken a very active interest in the affairs of the township, and one of the streets is named after him. He has written all his books with a lead-pencil, and using the arm of an old-fashioned rocking-chair for a desk.

Many authors say that they write fiction "merely as a diversion." Frequently the diversion exists for the author only. In Mr. Lloyd's case, however, it is really a case of fiction being a diversion, because he is a successful man of science and business. He has given all his royalties from books to charity, and he has built, among other things, a monument to a Jewish patriot soldier and aided in the building of a Catholic convent. With his brother he built and equipped the Lloyd Library, one of the finest and largest private scientific libraries in the United States, which, in time, will belong to the city of Cincinnati. His brother, by the way, was secretary of the Cincinnati Baseball Club for many years.

Home Comfort in Hot Weather

is very fully realized in having a breeze when you want it and where you want it. Our new household fan is so easily moved about, that you can have your living or sleeping rooms luxuriously cool at surprisingly small cost.



Price $9.00
Direct or Alternating Current

The "STANDARD"
Low Priced Household
ELECTRIC FAN

actually consumes but one-half the current required for an ordinary 16 c.p. lamp.

It is an ideal fan for every home purpose—light, quiet running, yet durable and of the highest degree of efficiency.

You will be surprised at the amount of cool comfort to be had at trifling expense.

"The Standard" line includes fans for every requirement, in either Direct or Alternating current, and every model carries our guarantee of perfection in both material and workmanship.

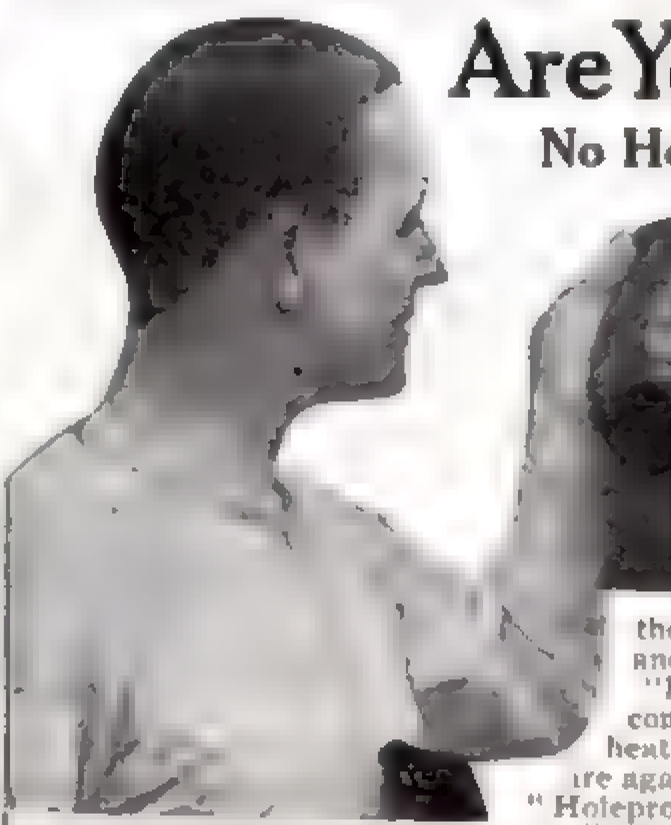
Stocks of fans are carried by dealers in all principal cities. If your local dealer has not these fans on hand, send your orders to our factory or nearest branch below and prompt shipment will be made. Our Special Fan Booklet "S" is ready to mail.

New York, 140 Chambers St. Philadelphia, 1109 Arch St., Chicago, 43 West Jackson Boulevard. Dallas, 344 Live Oak St.; Cleveland, W. R. Herning, 337 Frankfort Ave., N. W. New Orleans, S. J. Stewart, 316 Bourbon St.

The Robbins & Myers Co. Main Office and Factory SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Are Your Sox Insured?

No Holes or Darns for Six Months or You Get New Sox



Holes are unsightly—darns are uncomfortable, and buying new socks constantly is a needless drain on your pocket-book.

"Holeproof" Sox enable you to avoid all these annoyances.

"Holeproof" Sox fit well—feel good—and wear like spun metal.

"Holeproof" Sox fit your feet because they are knitted by a special process which shapes them to the natural lines of your feet.

"Holeproof" Sox are fast colors because they are dyed in a special blend of pure, natural and perfectly harmless dyes.

"Holeproof" Sox are doubly sterilized. When they come out of the dyes they are sterilized with moist heat of a very high degree and, after pressing, they are again sterilized with dry heat of a very high degree.

"Holeproof" Sox are reinforced at heels and toes—not "thickened" but *toughened* so they will wear and not come to holes and darns. This is why we can guarantee "Holeproof" Sox to last six months without holes or darns. If they should not *outlast* this guarantee, you get new socks free of charge.

$2 a Box of 6 Pairs **Holeproof Sox**

Registered

"Holeproof" Sox are sold only in boxes containing six pairs of a size and one color or assorted colors. Sizes are 9½ to 12; weights medium, light and extra light for midsummer wear. Colors: black, light and dark tan, pearl gray and navy blue.

If we had to replace many "Holeproof" Sox we would be out of business in a year. We have been making and guaranteeing "Holeproof" Sox during the past ten years and we have grown from nothing to one of the largest sock knitting concerns in the world.

This is why we are able to give this guarantee:—

"If 'Holeproof' Sox come to holes or darns in Six Months, you get New Sox FREE."

Why subject yourself to the annoyance and humiliation of holey socks? Why bother and fuss with darning? Why not wear "Insured Sox"?

How to Order

Ask your dealer for genuine "Holeproof" Sox. If he does not handle them, send direct to us. We will pay transportation charges. Cut out the coupon, fill it out and mail to us at once. Do this now.

Our little book "How to Make Your Feet Happy" tells how "Holeproof" Sox are made.

You can have this book for the asking. We send it postpaid on receipt of your request.

Holeproof Hosiery Company
111 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

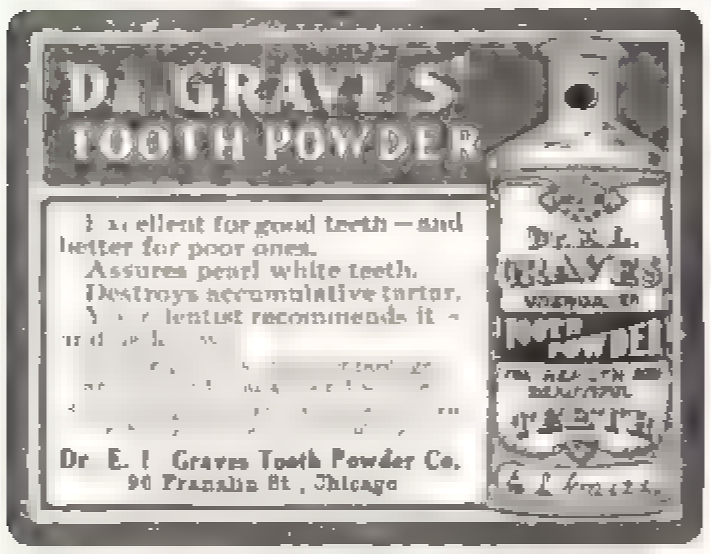
Holeproof Hosiery Co.
111 Fourth Street
Milwaukee, Wis.

Enclosed find $
for which send boxes
"Holeproof" Sox Size
Weight
Colors
Signed
Address

Pozzoni's
COMPLEXION POWDER

Beautifies without injuring the skin. It is entirely free from harmful ingredients and is prepared of purest materials.
The Wooden Box retains the delicate perfume until the last speck is gone. Sold everywhere. Insist on getting

Pozzoni's


Dr. E. L. GRAVES TOOTH POWDER FOR HEALTH AND BEAUTIFUL TEETH
Dr. GRAVES' TOOTH POWDER

Excellent for good teeth—and better for poor ones.
Assures pearl white teeth.
Destroys accumulative tartar.
Your dentist recommends it [illegible]

[illegible]

Dr. E. L. Graves Tooth Powder Co.
96 Franklin St., Chicago

MEADE & BAKER'S CARBOLIC MOUTH WASH
Meade & Baker's Carbolic Mouth Wash

A delightful, fragrant mouth wash—with a pleasant after-taste—very beneficial to gums and teeth, too. At your druggists, 25c—50c—$1.00

[illegible] postage

Meade & Baker
96 Franklin Street, Chicago
(Formerly Richmond, Va.)

FIX YOUR ROOF

5c Per Square—We will guarantee to put any old leaky, worn-out, rusty, tin, iron, [illegible] paper, felt, gravel or shingle roof in perfect condition, [illegible]

Roof-Fix The Perfect Roof Preserver, makes old [illegible] free roofing book [illegible]

The Anderson Manufacturing Co., Dept. 65, Elyria, Ohio

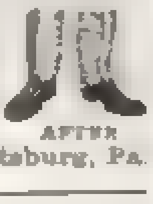
WESTERN CANADA LANDS!

We own 135,000 acres **Last Mountain Valley** [illegible] wheat [illegible] buyers. [illegible] **agents** [illegible] handsome [illegible] booklet and maps.

WM PEARSON CO., LTD.,
314 Northern Bank Bldg., Winnipeg, Canada.

Automobile Accessories of every description [illegible]

CENTAUR MOTOR CO., 53 Franklin Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.


LAME PEOPLE

[illegible] The Pittsburg Orthopedic Company [illegible] manufacturer of deformity [illegible] AFTER [illegible] world, 635 Liberty St., Pittsburg, Pa.

Wedding Invitations Engraved and issued by the
Old Kent Stationery Co., Box 446, Baltimore, Md.
Post [illegible] samples
100 Invitations, 2 sets Envelopes, complete, . $6.50
Succeeding hundreds $2.00 50 Visiting Cards 75c

PATENTS Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Box C, Washington, D. C. Est. 47 years. Best references. Careful work. Terms moderate. Booklet Free. Write us.

RUG-FAKING

(Concluded from Page 10)

paramount importance to an intending buyer. These "washed" rugs are handled by every rug-dealer in the Union. The unscrupulous merchant without a sense of moral responsibility and the department store of unquestioned reputation both buy and sell "doctored" rugs. The rug-buyer, by the exercise of care and discrimination, may steer clear of the peculiar perils that await the man in search of a rug of real excellence.

Except perhaps in the case of a rug that has gone through the process of artificial antiquating, a thorough examination of both the right and the wrong side of a rug should be sufficient to determine its true condition. In a "doctored" rug, however, it is difficult for any one outside of the trade to know, with reasonable certainty, all that should be known to make its purchase safe. Yet, even those who have not delved into this mysterious art may, in a measure, be guided by the following observations.

When a rug has a decidedly silky sheen there is reason to fear that it is "doctored." If on examination it can be seen that the rug is a modern handiwork, this fear will prove to be well founded, because no modern rug possesses that extravagant gloss unless it is the direct result of "doctoring." To determine the comparative age of the rug it should be closely examined on the wrong side. If the piece has the usual profusion of fine downy particles of wool on the back, it was recently made and imported. In the case of real antiques, this fuzzy substance should altogether or in part disappear by coming in contact with the floor.

It should be also noted that genuine antiques have a rather firm body, whereas "washing" loosens the texture and as a rule reduces the weight of a rug

Those familiar with the properties of wool will detect a lack of elasticity in the threads due to their acid treatment. To a trained eye other symptoms will readily betray the work of the "washer." Very often it is enough merely to glance at a carpet proudly displayed in a show-window to discern its true character. It is to auction-rooms, however, that the worst specimens of such rugs usually find their way, where, under the alluring glare of artificial lights and with the consummate art of a wily auctioneer, they are unloaded upon a public whose sound, practical judgment seems to have grown in inverse ratio to the size of its purse.

Such sales do not afford buyers sufficient opportunity to examine the rugs properly, neither do they furnish any guarantee for the future.

That this is important in the existing condition of things has been seen.

A rug-buyer first of all should thoroughly examine the nap of the piece, going over it carefully to see if it has been injured by the process of "washing." The thinning down of the nap, or its complete disappearance in certain spots, is a serious defect and an ill omen.

Next to a healthy fabric, stability of color is the most important requisite in Oriental rugs. The testing of various colors to determine their permanency is necessary in costly pieces.

Another result of treating, which is considered inimical to the character of a rug, is the running of one color into another. This is more in evidence in rugs with light ground, though in fine designs a closer inspection is needed. As a general rule, to govern one in his selection of Oriental rugs, it will be safe to avoid exceedingly silky pieces, pieces with a loose fabric and those with a dull brown cast.

Such are the difficulties and dangers of rug-buying. Yet who would not encounter them all for the sake of obtaining one of those genuinely beautiful and exquisite gems of the Oriental loom!

There can be no better proof of the wonderful charm and the intrinsic merit of Oriental rugs than the fact that, in spite of all that has been done to inject the poison of distrust in much that pertains to their manufacture and sale; in spite of all that the modern competition of other hand-tufted floor-coverings, uniformly devoid of artistic effect and permanent worth, has done, Oriental rugs still remain matchless in sustained beauty, unrivaled in skilled workmanship, and in durable, practical qualities unequaled.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS AND VARNISHES
S-W-P
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS VARNISHES
OPAL
FLOOR FINISHES
CH
It means just as much to you to know who makes the *best* paints and varnishes as it does to know who makes the best shoes, woolens, foods. It is just as important to get the *right* paint or varnish for a surface as it is to get the *best.* That is why you should never forget the name Sherwin-Williams when you have need of any treatment for any surface—paint, varnish, stain or enamel—because they make a finish for every surface—the right quality—the best for the purpose.

We number the leading railroads, street railroads, steamship lines, manufacturing concerns, decorators and master painters among our customers. Many use our goods exclusively. Thousands of merchants all over the continent sell our household paints, varnishes and finishing specialties. These things are made clear in the booklet, "Who Makes the Best Paints and Varnishes?" Sent free on request

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
LARGEST Because Best PAINT & VARNISH MAKERS in the WORLD
Factories Cleveland, Chicago Newark Montreal, London, Eng
Sales Offices and Warehouses in 25 Principal Cities
[illegible]

The **Idea** Behind Collier's

It is the idea behind **Collier's** that has made it "*The National Weekly.*"

That idea is:

To give the average American—irrespective of party or creed or section—a paper
In whose Editorial *Honesty* he can believe,
On whose *Information* he can rely,
Whose Stories will be by the *Best* writers, *worth reading,*
Whose Pictures will be by the *Best* artists, *worth framing.*

A paper which he will *welcome into his home* each week as he would a *friend*—an interesting, entertaining, *well-informed* friend upon whose word he can rely.

Collier's, *The National Weekly*
414 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

GLOUCESTER SWINGING BED HAMMOCK

For Porches, Lawns, Tents, Bungalows, Dens

Combines Hammock, Couch and Swing Seat

Made without or with wind shields as shown in picture. Made of heavy canvas, strong wood frame and thick mattress with removable [illegible] packed with [illegible] sent anywhere by express or freight.

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

telling more about the advantages and uses of this hammock, and price list of styles and sizes. The genuine Gloucester Hammock is sold only direct by us, the makers. Write *today* for particulars, hammock weather is due.

E. L. ROWE & SON, Inc.
27 Wharf Street, Gloucester, Mass

RIB-LATH for HOMES

Build Stucco Houses—
artistic, fireproof, inexpensive.

Specify Rib-Lath
for exterior walls and interior partitions.

Hy-Rib Sheathing for light [illegible] cement [illegible] siding and solid partitions without studs [illegible] illustrated B[illegible]

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL CO.
561 Trussed Concrete Building Detroit Mich.

Why send your garments to dry cleaners [illegible] ments when you can do the work yourself with

HOME DRY CLEANER
FOR WEARING APPAREL

A new discovery, thoroughly cleanses the finest fabrics without shrinking or fading. Trial package, enough to clean [illegible] equivalent, sent postage prepaid for 25c. For sale by [illegible] gists or The Acme Chemical Co., 431 Vine Street, Cincinnati, O.

Correct Wedding
Invitations and Announcements Engraved
[illegible] $9.00 [illegible] $8.00 [illegible] $3.00 [illegible]
COLONIAL ENGRAVING CO., Shoe and Leather Building, Boston

My new catalog No. 21 showing Flags in colors and illustrating every necessity for outfitting
Motor Boats and Yachts
sent Free. Reliable goods, low prices, prompt delivery.
HOPKINS, 119 Chambers Street, New York

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY selling these wonderful Scissors. V. C. Giebner, Columbus, O. [illegible]
Self Sharpening
Cuts to the End
FREE OUTFIT Thomas Mfg. Co., 810 L St., Dayton, O.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED
Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.
EVANS, WILKENS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Patents, Trade-Marks, Designs and Copyrights [illegible] furnished on request. LANGDON MOORE, formerly Examiner U. S. Patent Office, Washington Loan and Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Keewatin Camps for Boys in the Wisconsin Woods
[illegible] Life in "the Open." Long trips. Real Camping. Winter Tutorial Camp. Booklets.
J. H. KENDREGAN, Box 96, DELAFIELD, WIS.

CLARK'S 40 Tours to EUROPE
Most comprehensive and attractive ever offered.
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from Page 15)

of live oak, cedar, magnolia and palmetto. And on these courts a very gay company of young people in white were playing or applauding the players while the snowy balls flew across the nets and the resonant blows of the bats rang like volleys.

And first Mr. Cardross presented Hamil to his handsome married daughter, Mrs. Acton Carrick, a jolly, freckled, young matron who showed her teeth when she smiled and shook hands like her father; and then he was made known to the youngest daughter, Cecile Cardross, small, plump and sun-tanned, with ruddy hair and mischief in every feature.

There was, also, a willowy Miss Staines, and a blond Miss Anan, and a very young Mr. Anan—a brother—and a grave and gaunt Mr. Gatewood, and a stout Mr. Ellison, and a number of others less easy to remember.

"This wholesale introduction business is always perplexing," observed Cardross; "but they'll all remember you, and after a time you'll begin to distinguish them from the shrubbery No"—as Mrs. Carrick asked Hamil if he cared to play—"he would rather look on this time, Jessie. Go ahead; we are not interrupting you. Where is Shiela ——"

And Hamil, chancing to turn, saw her, tennis-bat tucked under one bare arm, emerging from the jungle path; and at the same instant she caught sight of him. Both little chalked shoes stood stock-still —for a second only—then she came forward, leisurely, continuing to eat the ripe guava with which she had been occupied.

Cardross, advancing, said: "This is Mr. Hamil, dearest"; and to the young man: "My daughter Shiela."

She nodded politely.

"Now I've got to go, Shiela," continued Cardross. "Hamil, you'll amuse yourself, won't you, until I return after luncheon? Shiela, Mr. Hamil doesn't care to play tennis; so if you'll find out what he does care to do ——" He saluted the young people gayly and started across the lawn.

CHAPTER VI

THE young girl beside him had finished her guava, and now, idly swinging her tennis-bat, stood watching the games in the sunken courts below.

"Do you like guavas?" she inquired. And, closing her own question: "But you had better not until you are acclimated. Do you feel *very* sleepy, Mr. Hamil?"

"No, I don't," he said.

"Oh! You ought to conform to tradition. There's a particularly alluring hammock on the veranda."

"To get rid of me is it necessary to make me take a nap?" he protested.

"So you refuse to go to sleep?"

"I certainly do."

She sighed and tucked the tennis-bat under her left arm. "Come," she said, moving forward, "my father will ask me what I have done to amuse you, and I had better hunt up something to tell him about. You'll want to see the groves, of course ——"

"Yes, but I'm not going to drag you about with me ——"

"Come," she repeated; and as he stood his ground obstinately: "Please?"—with a rising inflection hinting at command.

"Why on earth don't you play tennis and let me sit and watch you?" he asked, joining and keeping step with her.

"Why do you ask a woman for reasons, Mr. Hamil?"

"It's too bad to spoil your morning."

"I know it; so in revenge I'm going to spoil yours. Our trip is called Seeing Florida, so you must listen to your guide very attentively. This is a pomelo grove —Thank you," to the negro who opened the gate—"Here you see blossoms and ripe fruit together on the same tree. A few palmettos have been planted here for various agricultural reasons. This is a camphor bush"—touching it with her bat—"the leaves when crushed in the palm exhale a delightful fragr ——"

"Calypso'"

She turned toward him with coldest composure. "*That* never happened, Mr. Hamil."

"No," he said, "it never did."

A slight color remained in his face; hers was cool enough.

"*Did* you think it happened?" she asked.

In the Adirondack Mountains

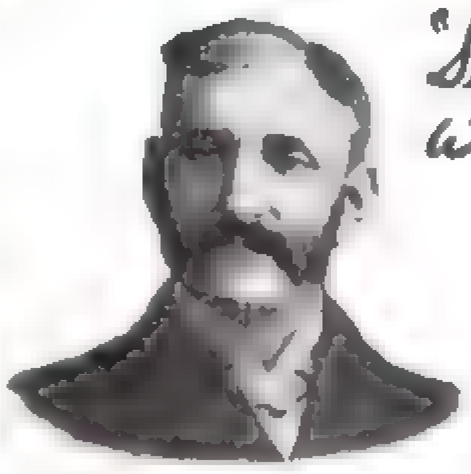
you can wear business clothes or a dress suit, fish, hunt or camp, play tennis, golf, bowl, dance or lose yourself among the mountains' shady nooks and quiet retreats. You can stop at palatial hotels, boarding-houses, farm-houses, cottages or camps, just as you desire.

The Adirondacks, the National Playground, are easily reached from all directions by the New York Central Lines.

I will gladly send you an itinerary of a trip from your home city to the Adirondack Mountains and return (side trips if you wish)—illustrated literature, maps, information on hotels and incidental expenses—and sum up the entire trip into an approximate cost.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Address J. F. FAIRLAMB, G. P. A., Room 345, Grand Central Station, New York



W. R. FOX [illegible]

Simply Write Me and Say

"Send me a Fox Typewriter for a Free Trial and Examination"

Now let there be no misunderstanding—you neither agree to purchase nor obligate yourself to purchase. You make no first payment—no deposit—you pay no express charges.

I simply want you to find out for yourself, as hundreds of other shrewd business men have found out, just what the Fox Typewriter will do—just how all round superior it is to every other typewriter on the market.

I know typewriters as you know your own front hall. Before I made the first model of the Fox I had taken every typewriter then on the market and examined and studied it piece by piece. I knew every defect, every disadvantage, every flaw in every typewriter and there were (and are to-day) many of them.

Then I made the Fox—dodging these defects, side-stepping these flaws, overcoming these disadvantages. I added many new features that no other typewriter possessed, many that no other typewriter has even to-day.

The Test or Trial Will Not Cost You a Penny

If you want it after the trial, I will sell you one direct on favorable terms, or my nearest representative will do it for me. If you already have a typewriter we will take it in part payment.

This is the way I sell typewriters; it is a good, fair, honest way. It has not a weak link in the chain of fairness.

I do not belong to any trust and nobody dictates the price I shall sell at or how I shall sell.

That's my business.

I sell my machine strictly on its merits, not for what it used to be but for what it is to-day.

It is no joke to successfully sell typewriters in competition with a big trust. My machine has to be better than others (not simply as good) to stand a chance in competition. It is better.

If the machine is not as good as I say it is it would have been impossible for me to build up the enormous business I have, because today I am selling thousands of Fox Typewriters—in every civilized country in the world.

All the writing on the Fox is always in sight and directly in the line of vision, the writing line is indicated and the printing point is pointed out so that the Fox is just what I claim, a perfect visible typewriter.

The typebar and hanger are the heart of a typewriter, that means they are the most vital part, a weak typebar means a weak typewriter. Show me a typebar bearing that is narrow and has no wearing surface and it tells me that under hard wear such a typewriter will not retain its alignment and sooner or later get out of order.

On the Fox the bearing is wide and the bar heavy and will stand years and years of hard work.

Then again with the Fox, one machine is equipped to do all kinds of work—letter writing—invoicing—billing—tabulating figures—stencil cutting and heavy manifolding, anything any typewriter can do the Fox will do—and more.

You can buy one machine and two carriages of different lengths and change them at will.

You can lift the platen or writing cylinder right out and put in another in a second. You can write in two colors and you do not have to touch your ribbon from the time you put it on the machine till it is worn out.

You can do all these things and many more and do them better than you can with any other typewriter.

And remember this is the machine I want to place in your office for trial and examination at my expense. It doesn't cost you a penny to try it.

Will You Do This?

Let me appeal to you as a fair minded business man to at least be friendly enough to give me a chance to show you what I have. I am sure you would want me to give you such a chance if you had something to sell me.

Trade in Your Old Typewriter to me

Name
Business
Street
Town

All I want you to do is fill out and mail me today the attached coupon. Send it to me personally.

W. R. FOX, Pres.
FOX TYPEWRITER CO.
249 Front Street
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Send for my catalog which takes up the construction in detail. It's free.

THE COOKING SCHOOL

Best Chefs and Cooks say it
is the secret of their success

LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It gives a delightfully appetizing flavor to all Soups, Gravies and Stews, and is the ideal sauce for Steaks, Roast Meats, Fish, Salads and Rarebits.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N. Y.

Next time you are thirsty and feel a little [illegible] and tired out, ask at any soda fountain for

VINELAND
GRAPE JUICE
"From the Land of the Vine"

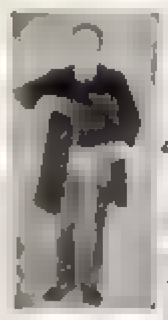
It is the fresh, unfermented juice of well ripened [illegible] grapes. Delicious, refreshing, [illegible] for the whole system. Ask for it by its full name [illegible] refusing the [illegible].

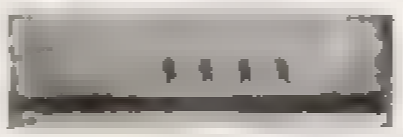
At druggists, grocers, etc., and at soda fountains. Ask for **Vineland**. If your dealer will not supply you, we will ship direct, paying delivery charges, 1 dozen quarts, $5.50, 1 dozen pints, $1.00.

Interesting Booklet "The Bounty of the Arbor," Mailed Free

A GRAPE-VINE FREE. Mail us tinfoil cap from a Vineland Grape Juice bottle, any size, and we will send free a cutting of the famous Vineland grape, with [illegible] Here on our [illegible] the [illegible] Government has established the Experimental Vineyard of the Middle Atlantic States, which is in charge of government experts.

VINELAND GRAPE JUICE COMPANY
214 West Boulevard, Vineland, N. J.





"Seventeen Million Pictures" given away FREE

We have a new copyrighted [illegible] of **Theodore Roosevelt**, [illegible] **White House** [illegible] **Photographs** [illegible] made elsewhere.

Also a remarkably impressive view of the **Atlantic Battleship Fleet**, pride of the American Nation, sailing from [illegible] Roads. The moving ships, the clouds of black [illegible] of the sea and scene, **thrill** one to the [illegible].

[illegible] **prize picture** of the gigantic, "sky-scraping" [illegible] the **Mauretania**, taken on her way from [illegible] the most wonderful group of [illegible] in **the world** [illegible] **48 story** [illegible] picture are [illegible] **it is a novel, beautiful thing**.

For **ten cents** to cover actual postage [illegible] we will [illegible] **original photograph** [illegible] **FREE** [illegible] **actual photographs** [illegible] **perfect gems** [illegible] give [illegible] perfect idea of them.

[illegible] **send 10 or 25 cents immediately** [illegible] **whether you own a Camera or Kodak**, and if so, what kind. An offer so good as this is made only once in a long while.

DEPT. OF PHOTOGRAPHIC RESULTS
106 East 23d Street, New York
Largest and finest developing and printing plant in N. Y. City

CEMENT If interested in this Building Material, read CONCRETE, Standard Monthly on Cement Construction. $1 per year. Sample Copy 10 cents. Concrete Publishing Co., [illegible] Newberry Building, Detroit, Mich.

FIFTY YEARS EXPERIENCE IN LENDING ON FARMS in the "Corn Belt" of Illinois warrants the statement that our Loans are the best [illegible]. Write for List of Mortgages for sale. A. G. Danforth & Co. Bankers Established 1858 Washington, Ill.

He shook his head. "No," he repeated seriously, "I know that it never happened."

She said: "If you are quite sure it never happened, there is no harm in pretending it did. . . . *What* was it you called me?"

"I could never remember, Miss Cardross—unless you tell me."

"Then I'll tell you—if you are quite sure you don't remember. You called me 'Calypso.'"

And looking up he surprised the rare laughter in her eyes.

"You *are* rather nice, after all," she said, "or is it only that I have you under such rigid discipline? But it was very bad taste in you to recall so crudely what never occurred—until I gave you the liberty to do it. Don't you think so, Mr. Hamil?"

"Yes, I do," he said. "I've made two exhibitions of myself since I knew you ——"

"*One*, Mr. Hamil. Please to recollect that you were introduced to me only a few moments ago. I am scarcely supposed to know how many exhibitions of yourself you may have made before we were formally presented."

She stood still under a tree which drooped like a leaf-tufted umbrella, and she said, swinging her racket: "You will always have me at a disadvantage. Do you know it?"

"That is utterly impossible!"

"Is it? Do you mean it?"

"I do with all my heart ——"

"Thank you; but do you mean it with all your logical intelligence, too?"

"Yes, of course, I do."

"I wish we had begun—differently," she mused.

"I don't wish it."

She said, turning on him almost fiercely: "You persisted in talking to me in the boat; you contrived to make yourself interesting without being offensive—I don't know how you managed it! And then—last night—I was not myself—for the first time in my life, Mr. Hamil. . . . And then—*that* happened!"

"Could anything more innocent have happened?"

"Something far more dignified could have happened when I heard you say 'Calypso.'" She shrugged her shoulders. "Are you, in your inmost thoughts, fastidious in thinking of that girl? Is there any reservation, any hesitation?"

He said, meeting her eyes: "She is easily the nicest girl I ever met—the very nicest. Do you think that I might have her for a friend?"

"Do you mean this girl, Calypso?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then I think that she will return to you the exact measure of friendship that you offer her. . . . Because, Mr. Hamil, she is, after all, not very old in years, and a little sensitive and impressionable."

He thought to himself: "She is a rather curious mixture of impulse and reason; of shyness and audacity; of composure and timidity; of courage and cowardice and experience. But there is in her no treachery; nothing mentally unwholesome."

They stood silent a moment smiling at each other rather seriously; then she drew a light breath.

"What a relief!" she said.

"What?"

"To know you are the kind of man I knew you were. That sounds rather Irish, doesn't it?" . . . And under her breath—"Perhaps it is. God knows!" Her face grew very grave for a moment; then, as she turned and looked at him, the shadow fell.

"Do you know—it was absurd, of course—but I could scarcely sleep last night for sheer dread of your coming to-day? And yet I *knew* what sort of a man you must be. And this morning"—she shook her head—"I couldn't endure any breakfast, and I usually endure lots; so I took a spin down to the lake in my chair. When I saw you just now I was trying to brace up on a guava. Listen to me: I am hungry!"

"You poor little thing ——"

"Sympathy satisfies sentiment, but appetite prefers oranges. Shall we eat oranges together and become friendly and messy? Are you even *that* kind of a man? Oh, then, if you really are, there's a mixed grove just beyond."

So together, shoulder to shoulder, keeping step, they passed through the new grove with its enormous pendent bunches of grapefruit, and into a second grove where limes and mandarins hung among clusters of lemons and oranges; where

In no two offices are business conditions identical. In no two countries are the demands upon a typewriter the same. It is the ability of the

Smith Premier Typewriter

to meet every typewriting demand that has secured for it the recognition of the world

Write for informing booklet

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y. Branches Everywhere

American Gentleman SHOE
$3.50 $4.00 $5.00

The custom toe shoe we advertised in February produced such widespread interest we are led to believe that American Gentlemen who appreciate solid comfort will be glad to know that they can also secure this custom toe shoe in an oxford. The

American Gentleman Shoe

is made in a great variety of styles and lasts; for every taste there is an American Gentleman Shoe that satisfies in style, fit and wear

The shoe illustrated is **No. 1303**, an all patent leather plain toe, custom last Blucher oxford, broad silk laces, single sole and welt, dull gray ooze calf, quarter lined

An ideally comfortable shoe, dressy enough for any occasion.

Write for free copy of our beautiful booklet illustrating many styles of the American Gentleman Shoe

HAMILTON, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, St. Louis, U. S. A.

A Weekly Salary to You This Summer

LAST fall we tried an experiment. Instead of the competitive cash prize offer which we had made to our subscription agents for a number of years, we offered for the winter and spring months to pay a weekly salary, and in addition a commission on each order sent. From our standpoint we received the largest amount of business ever secured in a corresponding period, while the agents made more money than ever before. So well satisfied are we with the result that the plan will be continued.

It has been the custom in past years to curtail during the summer months the amount of money expended on agents' work, but this year, from June to September, inclusive, the offer to our subscription workers will be exactly the same as during the winter months —a liberal salary and commission, with all risk and competitive element eliminated.

If you are willing to devote all or a part of your time this summer to representing THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL among your friends and neighbors—to looking after their renewals and to sending new business, drop us a line. No previous experience is required and there is no expense to you.

Circulation Bureau
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

kumquat bushes stood stiffly, studded with egg-shaped, orange-tinted fruit; where tangerines, grapefruit and king-oranges grew upon the same tree, and the deep scarlet of ripe Japanese persimmons and the huge tattered fronds of banana trees formed a riotous background.

"This tree!" she indicated briefly, reaching up; and her hand was white even among the milky orange bloom—he noticed that as he bent down a laden bough for her.

"Pine-oranges," she said, "the most delicious of all. I'll pick and you hold the branch. And please get me a few tangerines—those blood-tangerines up there. . . . Thank you; and two Japanese persimmons—and two more for yourself. . . . Have you a knife? Very well; now, break a fan from that saw-palmetto and sweep a place for me on the ground—that way. And now please look very carefully to see if there are any spiders. No spiders? No scorpions? No woodticks? Are you sure?"

"There *may* be a bandersnatch," he said doubtfully, dusting the ground with his palmetto fan.

She laughed and seated herself on the ground, drew down her short, white tennis-skirt as far as it would go over her slim ankles, looked up at him confidently, holding out her hand for his knife.

"We are going to be delightfully messy in a moment," she said; "let me show you how they prepare an orange in Florida. This is for you—you *must* take it. . . . And this is for me. The rind is all gone, you see. Now, Ulysses. This is the magic moment!"

And without further ceremony her little teeth met in the dripping golden pulp; and in another moment Hamil was imitating her.

"Isn't this primitive luxury, Mr. Hamil? We ought to wear our bathing-clothes. . . . Don't dare take my largest king-orange! Yes, you may have it—you *must!* I won't take it. . . . Are you being amused? My father said that you were to be amused. What in the world are you staring at?"

"That!" said Hamil, eyes widening. "What on earth ——"

"Oh, that's nothing—that is our watchman. We have to employ somebody to watch our groves, you know, or all the negroes in Florida would be banqueting here. So we have that watchman yonder ——"

"But it's a *bird!*" insisted Hamil—"a big, gray, long-legged, five-foot bird with a scarlet head!"

"Of course," said the girl serenely; "it's a crane. His name is Alonzo; he's four feet high; and he's horridly savage. If you came in here without father or me or some of the workmen who know him, Alonzo would begin to dance at you, flapping his wings, every plume erect; and if you didn't run he'd attack you. That big, dagger-like bill of his is an atrocious weapon."

The crane resembled a round-shouldered, thin-legged old gentleman with his hands tucked under his coat-tails; and as he came up, tiptoeing and peering slyly at Hamil out of two bright, evil-looking eyes, the girl raised her arm and threw a kumquat at him so accurately that the bird veered off with a huge hop of grieved astonishment.

"Alonzo! Go away this instant!" she commanded. And to Hamil: "He's disgustingly treacherous; he'll sidle up behind you if he can. Give me that palmetto fan."

But the bird saw her rise, and hastily retreated to the farther edge of the grove, where presently they saw him pretending to hunt snails and lizards as innocently as though premeditated human assassination was furthest from his thoughts.

There was a fountain with a coquina basin in the grove; and here they washed the orange juice from their hands and dried them on their handkerchiefs.

They walked on, passing through grove after grove, Alonzo tiptoeing after them, and when, as a matter of precaution, from time to time Shiela looked back, the bird pretended not to see them until they passed the last gate and locked it. Then the great crane, half-flying, half-running, charged at the closed gate, dancing and bounding about; and long after they were out of sight Alonzo's discordant, metallic shrieks rang out in baffled fury from among the trees.

They had come into a wide, smooth roadway flanked by walks shaded by quadruple

An All Round Paint

It's Spring—time to brighten up. Let's see what can be done with the all round paint—Neal's Carriage Paint, Acme Quality. First, of course, you can finish your carriages, buggies, vehicles of all kinds. Then you can paint your porch furniture, lawn swing, settees, iron fences, flower stands, garden tools—in fact anything outdoors or indoors requiring a durable varnish-gloss finish, in deep, rich colors such as black, green, wine color, vermillion, carmine, deep blue.

PAINTS ENAMELS THE ACME QUALITY KIND STAINS VARNISHES

This is the mark to guide you in buying right finishes for every purpose.

ACME QUALITY

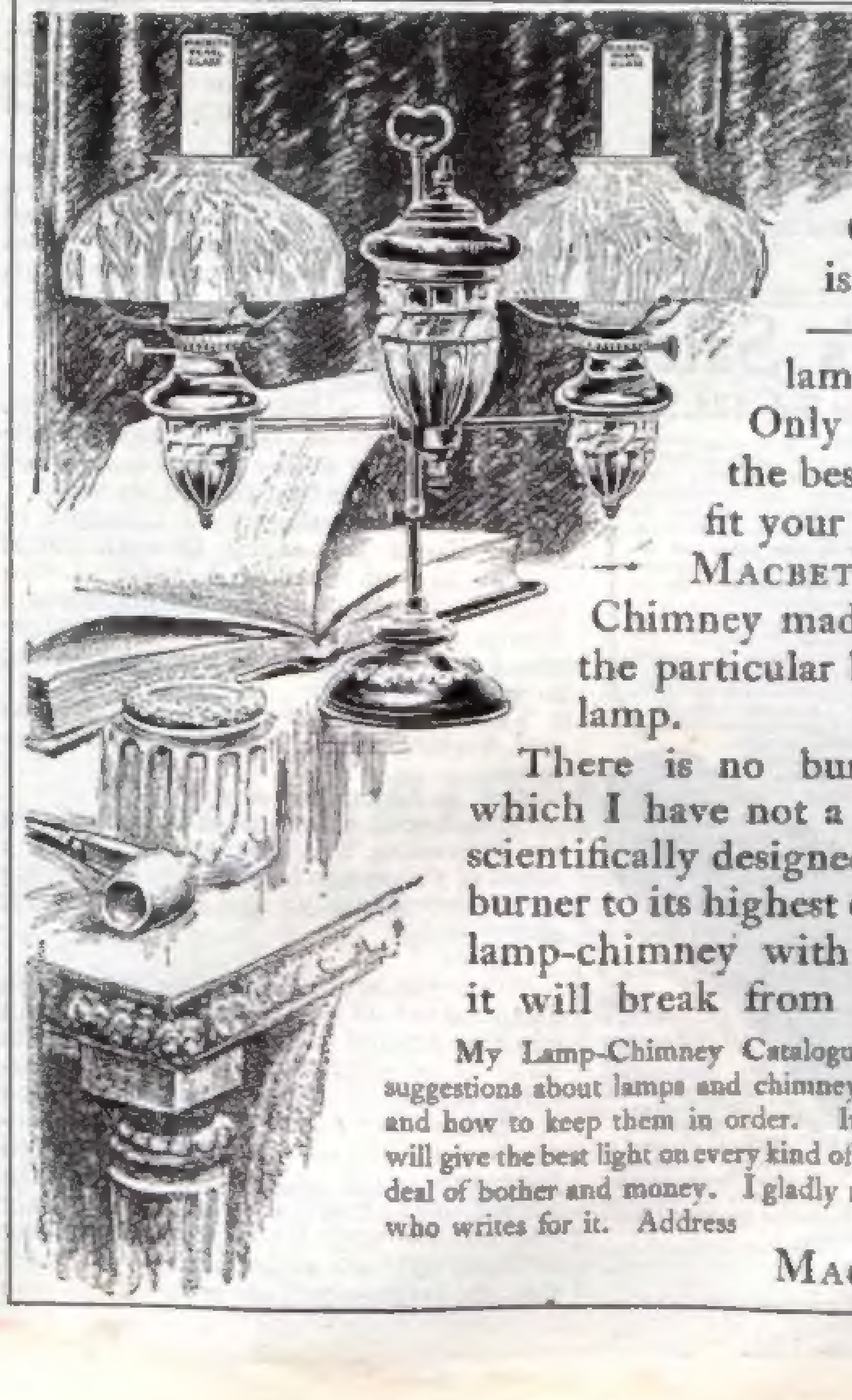
also covers Paints, Enamels, Stains, and Varnishes for every purpose in or about the house.

If you want to enamel a bedroom or refinish woodwork, furniture or floors there is an Acme Quality specialty exactly suited to your purpose.

Write for the **Acme Quality Text Book on Paints and Finishes.** It tells what finish to use and how to use it. Sent free.

If you are thinking of painting the outside of your house, ask the practical painter about Acme Quality New Era Paint.

Acme White Lead and Color Works, Dept. Q, Detroit, Mich.
IN DETROIT—Life is Worth Living



Only one light is fit to read by—that's the best lamp-light.

Only one way to get the best lamp-light—fit your lamp with the MACBETH Pearl Glass Chimney made specially for the particular burner on your lamp.

There is no burner made for which I have not a lamp-chimney scientifically designed to bring that burner to its highest efficiency. No lamp-chimney with my name on it will break from heat.

My Lamp-Chimney Catalogue is full of practical suggestions about lamps and chimneys and wicks and oils, and how to keep them in order. It tells which chimney will give the best light on every kind of lamp. It saves a great deal of bother and money. I gladly mail it, free, to anyone who writes for it. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

Ralston Shoes $4.

"Foot-Print Fit"
is guaranteed by Ralstons, and by Ralstons only. Unlike any other shoe, the inside of Ralstons—shaped over the exclusive Ralston anatomical last—fits every curve, mound and hollow of the foot. Hence *immediate* comfort. No "breaking in."
Style too, that is not and cannot be duplicated except by the high priced custom makers.

New Style Book
for Men and Women—Sent Free

Where we have no agent we sell direct and guarantee satisfaction or money refunded (only 25cts. extra for delivery). Union Made.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
985 Main St., Campello (Brockton), Mass.

Beauty plus Economy
when
Gilding
Enameling
Staining
with
SAPOLIN
(Ask your dealer in Paints)

A postal brings you free
the interesting romance,
"A Twentieth Century
Aladdin's Lamp."

GERSTENDORFER BROS.
Dept. F. 231-5 East 42nd St., New York

Receiver's Sale
A $56.00 Library For Only $24.50

Wonderful opportunity to get these fifteen magnificently bound volumes, comprising the Library of Universal History, **for less than half value.** The publishers have failed. We, as receiver, must dispose of enough sets to pay the obligations of the publisher. For a limited time we will send a set for free examination without asking you to pay one cent down.

Here is Our Offer: **Send us your name and address** on the coupon or a postal telling us you would like to receive for **free examination** the 15 vols. of the Library of Universal History in your home and we will send them to you, charges prepaid. Look over these books for a week and then if you decide that you do not want them *send them back at our expense.* If you wish to keep this superb work send only 50c and then $2.00 a month for twelve months—only $24.50 for this $56.00 library.

The Library of Universal History is a complete history of the whole world written by America's greatest historians and endorsed by America's greatest scholars. There are over 5,000 pages, 100 finely engraved maps and 700 large full page illustrations.

Write to us at once, just put your name on the coupon. Without obligation or expense we want you to examine this grand work in your home for a week before deciding.

15 Massive Vols.
Each vol. 7 in. wide; 10 in. high; wt., boxed, nearly
75 lbs.

Tear Out, Sign and Mail Today

P
5-23
FREE
COUPON
American Underwriters Corporation,
Department 282,
240 Wabash,
Chicago

Without expense or obligation to purchase, I would like to examine the Library of Universal History in my home free for a week.

Name ....
Address ....

rows of palms. Oleander and hibiscus hedges ran on either side as far as the eye could see, and long, brilliant flower-beds stretched away into gorgeous perspective.

"This is stunning," he said, staring about him.

"It is our road to the ocean, about a mile long," she explained. "My father designed it; do you really like it?"

"Yes, I do," he said sincerely; "and I scarcely understand why Mr. Cardross has called me into consultation if this is the way he can do things."

"That is generous of you. Father will be very proud and happy when I tell him."

They were leaning over the rail of a stone bridge together; the clear stream below wound through thickets of mangrove, bamboo and flowering vines all a-flutter with butterflies; a school of fish stemmed the current with winnowing fins; myriads of brown and gold dragon-flies darted overhead.

"It's fairyland—the only proper setting for you, after all," he said.

Resting one elbow on the stone parapet, her cheek in the hollow of her hand, she watched the smile brightening in his face, but responded only faintly to it.

"Some day," she said, "when we have blown the froth and sparkle from our scarcely tasted cup of acquaintance, you will talk to me of serious things sometimes—will you not?"

"Why—yes," he said, surprised.

"I mean—as you would to a man. You will find me capable of understanding you. You once said to me, in a boat, that no two normal people of opposite sex can meet without experiencing more or less wholesome interest in one another. Didn't you say that? Very well, then; I now admit my normal interest in you—untinged by sentiment. Don't disappoint me."

He said whimsically: "I'm not intellectual; I don't know very much about anything except my profession."

"Then talk to me about it. Goodness! Don't I deserve it? Is a girl to violate precept and instinct on an ill-considered impulse only to find the man in the case was not worth it? And how do you know what else I violated?—merely to be kind. I must have been mad to do it!"

He flushed up so vividly that she winced, then added quickly: "I didn't mean that, Mr. Hamil; I knew you were worth it when I did it."

"The worst of it is that I am not," he said. "I'm like everybody who has been through college and chooses a profession for love of it. I do know something about that profession; outside of it, the least I can say for myself is that I care about everything that goes on in this very jolly world. Curiosity has led me about by the nose. The result is a series of acquired smatterings."

She regarded him intently with that clear gaze he found so refreshing—a direct, fearless scrutiny which straightened her eyebrows to a fascinating level, and always made him think of a pagan marble, with delicately chiseled, upcurled lips, and white brow youthfully grave.

"Did you study abroad?"

"Yes—not long enough."

She seemed rather astonished at this. Amused, he rested both elbows on the parapet, looking at her from between the strong, lean hands that framed his face.

"It was droll—the way I managed to scurry like a jack-rabbit through school and college on nothing a year. I was obliged to hurry post-graduate courses and Europe and such agreeable things. Otherwise I should probably be more interesting to you ——"

"You are sufficiently interesting," she said, flushing up at his willful misinterpretation.

And, as he laughed easily:

"The horrid thing about it is that you *are* interesting and you know it. All I asked of you was to be seriously interesting to me—occasionally; and instead you are rude ——"

"Rude!"

"Yes, you are!—pretending that I was disappointed in you because you hadn't dawdled around Europe for years in the wake of an education. You are, apparently, just about the average sort of man one meets—yet I kicked over several conventions for the sake of exchanging a few premature words with you, knowing all the while I was to meet you later. It certainly was not for your *beaux yeux;* I am not sentimental!" she added fiercely. "And it was not because you are a celebrity—you are not one yet, you know. Something in you certainly appealed to something reckless in me; yet I did not really feel very sinful when I let you speak to me; and, even in the boat, I admit frankly that I enjoyed every word that we spoke—though I didn't appear to, did I?"

"No, you didn't," he said.

She leaned over the parapet, standing on the tips of her white shoes, and looked down at the school of fish. Presently she pointed to a snake swimming against the current.

"A moccasin?" he asked.

"No, only a water snake. They call everything moccasins down here, but real moccasins are not very common."

"And rattlesnakes?"

"Scarcer still. You hear stories, but ——" She shrugged her shoulders. "Of course, when we are quail-shooting it's well to look where you step, but there are more snakes in the latitude of St. Augustine than there are here. When father and I are shooting we never think anything about them. I'm more afraid of those horrid woodticks. Listen: shall we go camping?"

"But I have work on hand," he said, almost dejectedly.

"That is part of your work. Father said so. Anyway, I know he means to camp with you somewhere in the hummock, and if Gray goes I go, too."

"Calypso," he said, "do you know what I've been hearing about you? I've heard that you are the most assiduously run-after girl at Palm Beach. And if you are, what on earth will the legions of the adoring say when you take to the jungle?"

"Who said that about me?" she asked, smiling adorably.

"Is it true?"

"I am—liked. Who said it to *you?*"

"You don't mean to say," he continued perversely, "that I have monopolized the reigning beauty of Palm Beach for an entire morning?"

"Yes, you have, and it is high time you understood it. *Who* said this to *you?*"

"Well—I gathered the fact ——"

"*Who?*"

"My aunt—Miss Palliser."

"Do you know," said Shiela Cardross slowly, "that Miss Palliser has been exceedingly nice to me? But her friend, Miss Suydam, is not very civil."

"I'm awfully sorry," he said.

Shiela Cardross shrugged. "I'm sorry, too; I was inclined to like her. She misses more than I do, because we are a jolly and amusing family. It's curious how much energy is wasted disliking people. Who is Miss Suydam?"

"She's a sort of a relative. I have always known her. I'm sorry she was rude. She is, sometimes."

They said no more about her or about his aunt; and presently they moved on again, luncheon being imminent.

"You will like my sister, Mrs. Carrick," said Shiela tranquilly. "You know her husband, Acton, don't you? He's at Miami fishing."

"Oh, yes; I've met him at the club. He's very agreeable."

"He *is* jolly. And Jessie—Mrs. Carrick—is the best fun in the world. And you are sure to like my little sister Cecile; every man adores her, and you'll do it, too—yes, I mean sentimentally—until she laughs you out of it."

"Like yourself, Calypso, I'm not inclined to sentiment," he said.

"You can't help it with Cecile. Wait! Then there are others to lunch with us—Marjorie Staines—very popular with men, and Stephani Anan—you studied with her uncle, Winslow Anan, didn't you?"

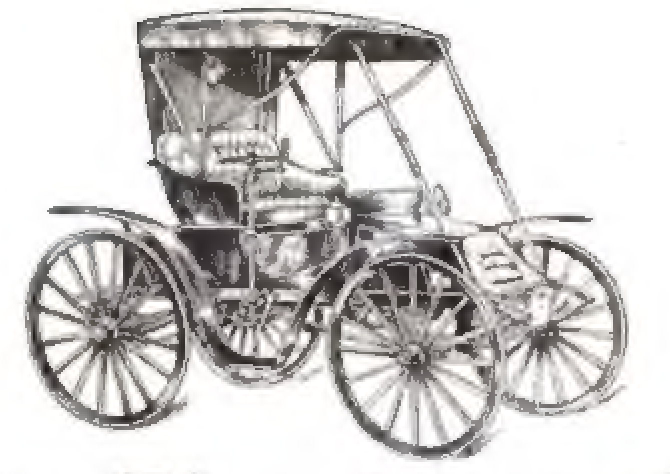
"Yes, indeed!" he exclaimed warmly; "but how did you ——"

"Oh, I knew it; I know lots about you, you see. . . . Then there is Phil Gatewood—a perfectly splendid fellow, and Alex Anan—a dear boy, ready to adore any girl who looks sideways at him. . . . I don't remember who else is to lunch with us except my brother Gray. Look, Mr. Hamil! They've actually sat down to luncheon without waiting for us! What horrid incivility! *Could* your watch have been wrong?—or have we been too deeply absorbed?"

"I can speak for one of us," he said.

"Thank you. I will reserve my own confession ——" lowering her voice as they came out upon the lawn in full view of the table which was spread under the most beautiful liveoaks he had ever seen.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



The RELIABLE DAYTON MOTOR CAR

The first real successor to the horse.

Reliable Dayton owners have received daily winter service (city and country) where other cars could not be operated—and this service at one tenth the up-keep cost that other machines, previously owned, required in favorable weather and road conditions.

The Reliable Dayton creates a new standard of motor car value. More economical and serviceable than a horse with the added benefits and pleasures of moderate speed. Simple, staunch and serviceable. Proved mechanical features found in no other car of the carriage type. High quality of materials. Good for many years' service. Expensive features of ordinary motor cars eliminated. Solid rubber tires. Has made good in year around use. Returns a dollar's worth of service for every dollar of first cost and up-keep. Not lowest in price but cheapest in the end. Catalogue on request.

Two Passenger Car . . . . . . $780 Four Passenger Car $925
(without tops)

Reliable Dayton Motor Car Co.
Dept. 12, Chicago, Ill.

ARCADIA
MIXTURE

SURBRUG'S
ARCADIA
MIXTURE

In each pound there are three to four hundred pipefuls—it costs $2.00 per pound—three-quarters of a cent a pipe.

If you smoke five pipes a day it's less than four cents—five hours of pleasure for four cents—certainly ARCADIA is cheap enough for you to smoke.

Send 10 Cents for a sample of the most perfect tobacco known.

THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York

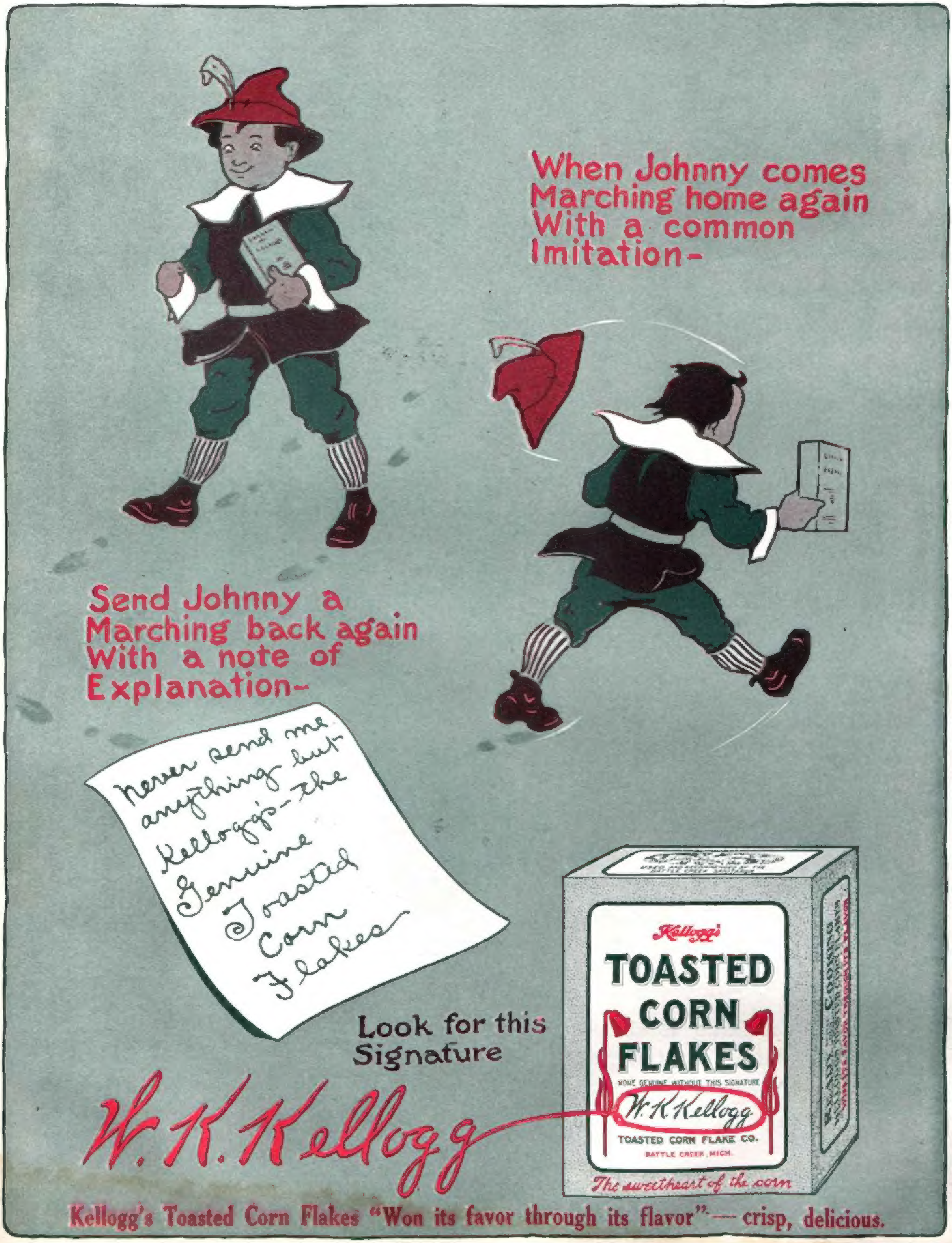
"You don't tell me that's a Spongeable Linen Collar? It looks for the world like real linen." "Yes, I sponge it myself and wear it every day. It is the only water-proof collar I ever saw that looks as good as linen. I wore it to a banquet."

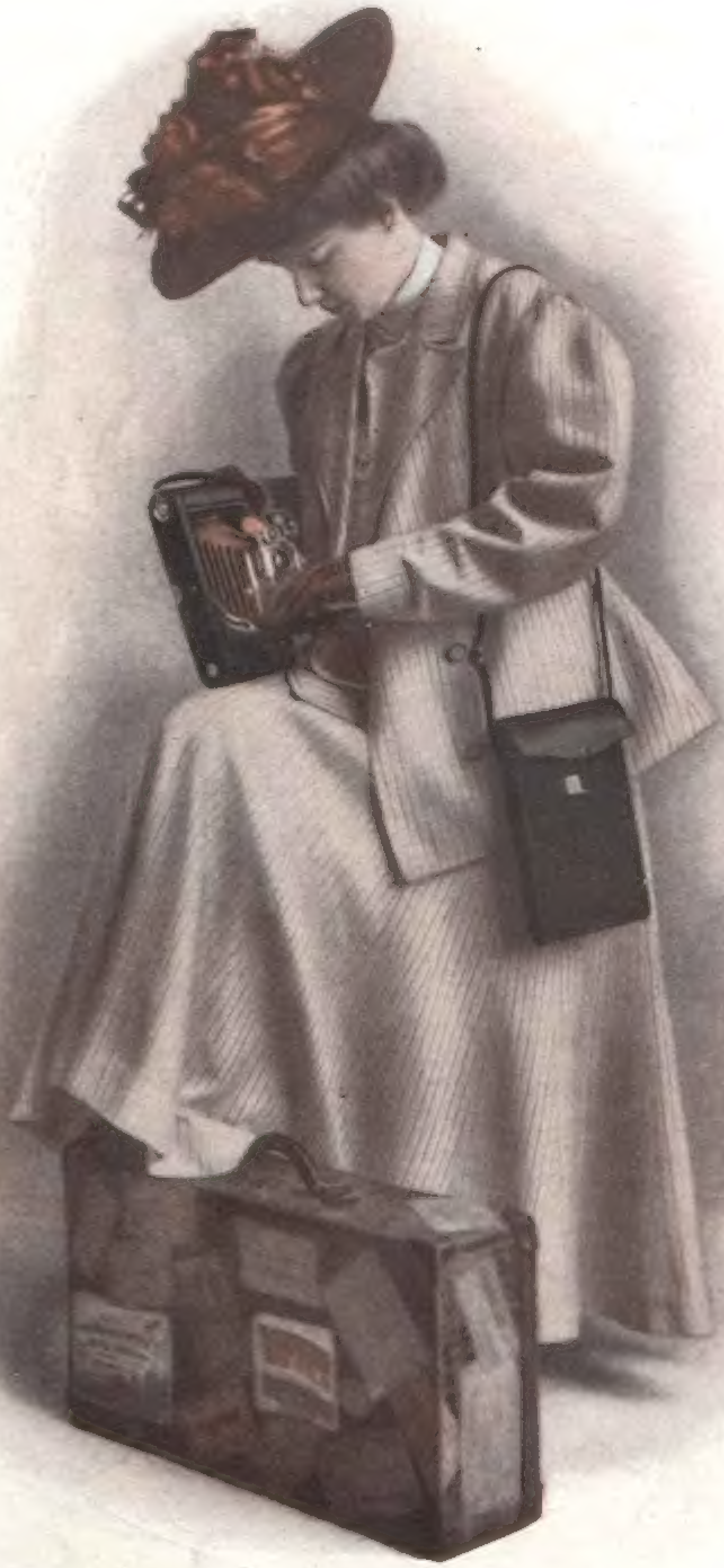
Collars and cuffs of all sizes and styles can be had by addressing the

Spongeable Linen Collar Co.
444 Bradford Block, Cincinnati, Ohio
Send 25c stating size and style. (Cuffs 50c.) Style book sent free.

WURLITZER
BAND
INSTRUMENTS

We Supply the U. S. Government
Prices Cut in Half
this season. Our large new 80-page Band Instrument catalog Sent FREE. Write to-day.
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
119 E. 4th Street, Cincinnati; or,
320 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.


When Johnny comes
Marching home again
With a common
Imitation-
Send Johnny a
Marching back again
With a note of
Explanation-
never send me
anything but
Kellogg's - the
Genuine
Toasted
Corn
Flakes
Look for this
Signature
W. K. Kellogg
Kellogg's
TOASTED
CORN
FLAKES
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE
W. K. Kellogg
TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
The sweetheart of the corn
Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes "Won its favor through its flavor" — crisp, delicious.



Take a
KODAK
with you.

Picture making is simple from start to finish by the Kodak system. Press the button—do the rest—or leave it to another—just as you please. Kodak means photography with the bother left out.

KODAKS, $5.00 to $100.00

Catalog free at the
dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City.*